THE
IDYLLIA, EPIGRAMS,
AND
FRAGMENTS,
OF
THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS,
WITH THE
ELEGIES OF TYRTÆUS,

Tranſlated from the GREEK into ENGLISH VERSE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

DISSERTATIONS AND NOTES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE,
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EXETER:
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DISSERTATIONS AND ESSAYS

ON

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM

BY

FARADAY, FRANKLIN, AND HENRY

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ERRATA.

THEOCRITUS.

Idyllium.	*Line.*	*For*	*Read*
2	21	Shell	Skill
3	30	That I may kiſs, at leaſt	That I may kiſs at leaſt,
6	1	Herdſmen	Herdſman
7	38	Shepherd, Swain	Shepherd-Swain
—	39	Your	Thy
—	184	Shrine.	Shrine?
9	34	it Beauty	its Beauty
12	22	While no	While, no
13	16	Chickens	Chicken
—	41	flowery	flowering
17	104	The	Thy
23	64	pendant	pendent
24	137	EUMOLPHUS	EUMOLPUS
25	52	explain;	explain
27	32	Joke	Yoke
29	14	me who loves	one who loves
Epigram.	*Line.*		
6	5	exlaim	exclaim
14	4	encircles	encloſes

BION.

Idyllium.	*Line.*		
1	102	bright	light

MOSCHUS.

Idyllium.	*Line.*		
1	32	it ſcorches ev'n	its Blaze ev'n dims
2	98	ſudden	ſubtle
3	47	much Grief	ſuch Grief
4	22	hapleſs	helpleſs

DISSERTATIONS.

Page.		
312	MILTGN	MILTON

The minuter Errata in the Punctuation, &c. the Reader may eaſily correct, himſelf.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT

MOUNT EDGCUMBE AND VALLETORT,

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE, LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM OF THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL, JOINT VICE TREASURER OF IRELAND, LL.D.

My Lord,

WERE I disposed to imitate the Language of Dedication, in which the applauded Virtues of the Patron are, commonly, as unsubstantial as his Patronage, the Translator *of* THEOCRITUS *might approach a second* PTOLEMY, *with a Parallel elaborate and splendid, tho' no other than the Offspring of Fancy, and the Sacrifice of Flattery. But I am well aware, that your Lordship's Good-Sense and Judgment would instantly revolt from the Impertinence of indiscriminating Adulation. And, permit me to observe, I am too sensible of your real Merits, to represent you by an imaginary Portrait. Panegyrick, indeed, however just, might appear in these Pages, but ill-placed Compliment. Nor would the Attempt to blazon a Character so well known as your Lordship, any way become a Person so little known as myself.*

Not to be amuſed, therefore, by ſuch frivolous Effuſions, I have only to intimate, that my Deſign of dedicating the following tranſlated Poetry to LORD MOUNT EDGCUMBE, *originated in no other Motive than a real and unfeigned Reſpect——a Reſpect that hath been, in ſome meaſure, hereditary. I have been educated in an habitual Reverence for the* EDGCUMBE *Family: of whoſe friendly and flattering Attentions to my own, I have heard frequent and grateful Remembrances. And tho' I preſume not to hope for a Repetition of ſuch Favors, yet, my Lord, your late Civilities and Expreſſions of Kindneſs encourage me to addreſs you in this Manner, without the ſlighteſt Apprehenſion of being deemed either obtruſive or inſincere. I am convinced, it's true, that the Work I have offered to your Patronage hath but little Pretenſions to ſo diſtinguiſhed an Honor. Yet I by no Means regret the Circumſtance of my having offered it, while it affords me an Opportunity of teſtifying the Gratitude of thoſe, who have taught me to revere your Family; and my own Senſe of your perſonal Virtues, which hath led me to eſteem your Lordſhip.*

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
And moſt humble Servant,

RICHARD POLWHELE.

15 60 JUL

PREFACE.

TO write a Preface, is, of all Things, the moſt embarraſſing. 'Tis here an Author muſt deſcant on himſelf: Hence the Aukwardneſs of his Feelings; hence his Diſtreſs. The preſent *Tranſlator* is, more particularly, in this Predicament: He is under the Neceſſity of ſtating Objections, and, conſequently, of replying to them.

HE hath been aſked, (with ſome Compliments to his "ENGLISH ORATOR") why he deviates into the Province of Tranſlation, to the Interruption of his Purſuits in Original Poetry? And, why, indeed, he tranſlates at all?

To diſcuſs the *firſt Queſtion*, would be to enter into a Detail of Circumſtances with which the Public is but remotely concerned. Yet this he thinks it proper to obſerve, that he would by no Means reſt his poetical Pretenſions, however humble, on the Succeſs of the Work before him.

As to the *ſecond Queſtion*, he freely acknowledges, that the Conſciouſneſs of his poſſeſſing a tolerable Ear for Poetry, was one great Motive for fixing on Tranſlation. In his Opinion, the chief Requiſite in a poetical Tranſlator (underſtanding the two Languages and his Author being taken for granted) is that of a good Ear. It was this rendered POPE ſo eminently happy in his Verſion of the ILIAD. DRYDEN was, unqueſtionably, ſuperior to him in Strength and Brilliancy of Imagination; could expand a fine Thought with equal Advantage; and, perhaps, give a nervous Sentiment the ſame Dignity and Force. Yet the Effect of his VIRGIL is much inferior to that of POPE'S HOMER. And what occaſions this Partiality to POPE? Nothing but the perſuaſive Charm of his Verſification; that Species of ſyllabic Muſick, which, like the Harmony of Coloring, gives Diction its true Proportion; ſo that the Sound of one Syllable, in a Line, ſhall not predominate over the Sound of another. In the mean Time, the *Tranſlator* is aware, that this ſyllabic Muſick requires much Management, and a peculiar Nicety of Ear, to prevent the Monotony of an unvarying Tenor, or the Formality of a mechanical Conſtruction: The one deſtroys its Effect, the other its Graceſulneſs. But to return.

SEVERAL Correſpondents have enquired, 'Why fix on THEOCRITUS?' Againſt ſuch a Choice not a few Objections have been urged; tho', excepting *two*, they have no Claim to a Moment's Attention. The *firſt Objection* is, 'that THEOCRITUS hath been already tranſlated more than once.' The *ſecond*, 'that 'tis impoſſible to tranſlate THEOCRITUS.'

FOR the *firſt*, the *Tranſlator* does not heſitate in aſſerting, that (except FAWKES's) there exiſts no Tranſlation of THEOCRITUS in the Engliſh Language. CREECH's was but a Skeleton, which hath long ago mouldered into Duſt.* Mr. FAWKES's Verſion, on the whole, is entitled to conſiderable Applauſe. Tho' not ſtrikingly elegant, it is, in general, faithful to the Original. Tho' its Verſification is not poliſhed to a Smoothneſs like POPE's, it hath few diſagreeable Aſperities. And, in truth, had the *Tranſlator* been acquainted with his reſpectable Rival, previouſly to the Emiſſion of his Propoſals, he ſhould have been inclined to abandon his projected Publication. He had tranſlated the greater Part of his favourite Poet, before his Introduction to FAWKES,—of whom he had formed, through the Report of others, an erroneous Opinion; and to whom he hath been, ſince, indebted for the Improvement of various Paſſages in his Verſion. Yet, in the Opinion of ſeveral of his Subſcribers, Mr. FAWKES's is but an indifferent Performance. If this be the Caſe, he is apprehenſive they will ſee many Imperfections in his own. Still, however, he truſts that he hath avoided thoſe Inaccuracies, which may juſtly be imputed to his Predeceſſor; and that, by particularizing the following, he may have rendered his own Verſion leſs imperfect, than it might otherwiſe have been.

FAWKES's THEOCRITUS.

IDYLLIUM I.

Line 2. Whoſe boughs, projecting o'er the ſprings, recline—
Harſh—The Original is ſoft and muſical.

Line 36. *With* ivy join'd *with* helichryſe around
Small tendrils *with* cloſe-claſping arms uphold
The fruit rich-ſpeckled *with* the ſeeds of gold.
Inaccurate.

Line 91. Meek heifers, patient cows, and gentle ſteers
Moan'd at his feet, and melted into tears!
Ridiculous.

Line 99. Goatherds and hinds approach'd; the youth they *hail'd*,
And ſhepherds kindly aſk'd him what he *ail'd*.
Awkward Rhyme.

IDYLLIUM

* In the Miſcellany Poems, printed for TONSON, 1684, a few of the IDYLLIA are *done* into Engliſh, by BOWLES, DUKE, and others; but the *third*, *eighteenth*, *twenty-third* and *twenty-ſeventh*, are finely paraphraſed by DRYDEN. In WHALEY's Poems there is a Tranſlation, it ſeems, of the firſt IDYLLIUM, where ὠὰξ is rendered *Kid* inſtead of *tendril*, after the Example of CREECH.

IDYLLIUM II. — Line 9. To the Palæſtra with the morn I'll go,
And ſee and aſk him, why he ſhuns me ſo?

As inſipid as CREECH.

Line 14. Great Goddeſs, and infernal Hecate.
85. Me warmly ſhe requeſted, *breathing love.*
Line 99. I ſaw with Eudamippus, from the crowd
Diſtinguiſhed, for like helichryſus glow'd
The gold down on their chins, &c. &c.

Flat and proſaic.

IDYLLIUM III. Line 39. I'll doff my goat-ſkin, ſince I needs muſt die.
44. You'll laugh to ſee me flouncing in the main—

An Air of Ridicule thrown over a very ſerious Sentiment. Such a Miſrepreſentation is leſs pardonable than any Omiſſions or Additions of the Tranſlator.

Line 61. Beneath yon' pine I'll ſing, *diſtinct* and *clear.*

Tautology. Beſides, it ſhould have been, *diſtinctly* and *clearly.*

Line 85. Stretch'd near your grotto, when I've breath'd my laſt,
My fleſh will give the wolves a rich repaſt,
This will be ſweet as honey to your taſte.

Perplexed and feeble.

IDYLLIUM IV. Line 35. Alas! theſe herds will periſh on the plain.

The original Idea not preſerved.

Line 72. His quondam miſtreſs with the *jet-black* eyes—

Jet-black Eyes not the original Idea.

Line 75. O, nobly done! *laſcivious* old man—

Defective Verſe, unleſs *laſcivious* be eked out in too harſh a Manner "for the poliſhed Ears of the preſent Age"—to borrow Mr. FAWKES's own Words.

IDYLLIUM V. Line 12. It is well known thy maſter ſleeps *without.*

i. e. without a Goat-ſkin.

Line 15. Thou envied'ſt me the preſent, and by theft, &c.

The original Idea totally loſt.

Line 152. See how my goats leap wantonly for joy—

Φερμασσιο ſo ſtrikingly expreſſive of the Tranſport of the Goats, omitted.

IDYLLIUM VI. Line 54. Who, harveſt-home, at *Hippocōōn*'s ſung.

Hippocŏŏn's.

IDYLLIUM VII. Line 4. March'd where the waters of *Halenta* flow.

Hales, not *Halenta.*

Line 49. Me the fond ſwains have honour'd from my *youth*,
And call the Muſes' moſt melodious *mouth.*

A little *uncouth!*

Line 66. Which late laſt ſpring I *labour'd* at my *eaſe.*

Hath not this the Appearance of an Hiberniciſm? Is it hypercritical, to aſk, how a Perſon can *labour* at his *Eaſe?*

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM VIII. Line 85. On oaks ſmooth acorns *ornamental* grow——
Aukward Line, owing to the proſaic Word *ornamental*.
Line 88. Luſty cows *commend* the careful ſwain——
Commend an improper Word.

IDYLLIUM X. Line 25. With muſick's charms our pleaſing toils *prolong*.
To deceive Time, by ſhortening the Duration of Toil, is not uncommon. This is the End of the Laborer's Song. But the Prolongation of Toil is not the ſenſible Effect of "Muſic's Charms."
Line 66. You'll wound your hand by *ſplitting of a bean*——
Proſaic.

IDYLLIUM XI. Line 13. Love *did* the tenour of his mind controul.
Proſaic and ill-expreſt.
Line 23. And with brown horror high impending hung.
Not conſiſtent with the ſimple Beauty of the Original.
Line 88. She never whiſpers ſoft things in your ear.
104. Here I'm a man of no ſmall conſequence.
Thus *Cyclops* learn'd love's torments to endure, &c.
Flat, unpoetical Lines.

IDYLLIUM XII. Line 47. Sure he muſt make to Ganymede his vow, &c.
Line 51. By whoſe bare touch an artiſt can *explore*
The baſer metal *from* the purer ore.
Qu. Explore from?

IDYLLIUM XIII. Line 5. Amphitryon's ſon was taught *his* power to feel——
Obſcure. *His* refers to *Love* in the *firſt* Line.
Line 27. Between Cyāne's rocky iſles ſhe paſt——
Cyăne, not Cyāne.
Line 68. The pride and terror of his *red right hand*.
The Original conveys no ſuch Idea. The Thunder-bolt of JUPITER may be graſped in his *red right Hand*: Not ſo the Club of HERCULES.

IDYLLIUM XIV. 'CYNISCA's Love' is tranſlated with little Spirit or Ingenuity. CREECH's Verſion is not, by many Degrees, inferior.
Line 3. What ails you *now*, &c.
You therefore *grow*, &c.
14. So perverſe you *grow*, &c.
What affects you *now*, &c.
Inelegant and flat.
Line 16. I and *Cleunicus* and the Greek agreed,
With Apis ſkill'd Theſſalian colts to breed,
In my green court, with wine to chear our ſouls:
A ſucking pig I dreſt, and brace of fowls:
Phœnicia's generous wine *that makes us bold* ——
Vapid enough for a Water-drinking Poet!

Line

Line 55. Now twenty days are paſt, ten, nine, and eight,
Two and eleven add---two months compleat ——

Non verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus Interpres.

Line 64. And love her leſs, all would be well again ——
72. On Æſchines, my favourite and friend.
81. Requeſt with reaſon, and he'll grant the thing ——

Miſerable Lines.

IDYLLIUM XV. Line 145. To us there is no fear you *ſhou'd*
Do harm, who cannot do us *good*.

On the whole, this Idyllium is well tranſlated.

IDYLLIUM XVI. FAWKES's Verſion of this Poem is, in general, ſpiritleſs. How unanimated is the Exordium :

It fits the Muſe's tongue, the poet's pen,
To praiſe the immortal gods, and famous men :
The Nine are deities, and gods reſound,
But bards are men, and ſing of men renown'd.

Line 77. 'Tis eaſier far to bleach *the Æthiop foul*
Than turn the tenor of the miſer's *ſoul*.

Æthiop foul, not in the Original.

Line 101. With Ceres thou delighteſt to *partake*
Theſe fair built *walls*, by *Lyſimelia*'s lake ——

Lyſimelia, not *Lyſimelia*. Beſides, to *partake a Wall* ſeems an odd Phraſe.

Line 112. Wind o'er the plain, as *ſlow as foot can fall.*

Slow as Foot can fall, a vulgar Expreſſion. The Original hath no ſuch Idea.

Line 115. Whilſt ſpiders ſtretch their webs along the ſhore ——

Here the Propriety and Beauty of the Original are loſt.

IDYLLIUM XVII. Line 3. But if of nobleſt men the *ſong ye caſt* ——.

Inſipid and vulgar.

Line 8. Hymns are of gods above the honour'd meed.
15. If from his fathers we commence the plan,
Lagus, how *great*, *how excellent* a man !
23. Againſt them, thron'd *in* adamant, *in* view, &c.
45. Whene'er to love the chief his mind unbends,
To his ſon's care the kingdom he commends.
Untraithful wives, diſſatisfied at home, &c.

Flat and proſaic. Was Mr. FAWKES aware, that the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth IDYLLIA are far above the *Paſtoral* Strain ?

Line 55. Thou *caught'ſt* her, ere ſhe went where ſpectres dwell ——
57. And in thy temple *plac'd* the royal fair,
Thine own high honour's priviledge to ſhare.

Harſh and ungrammatical.

Line 97. *Three times ten thouſand towery towns* obey ——

This Alliteration has no good Effect, owing, partly, to the ridiculous Word *towery*.

Line

Line 145. —— Moons *divide* the Year ——
147. —— for holy flames *divide*, &c.

The Recurrence of *divide* in the laſt Line has a diſagreeable Effect.

IDYLLIUM XVIII. Line 79. And ere the *day's loud herald* has begun
To *ſpeak* his early *prologue* to the ſun ——

A Cock ſpeaking a Prologue to the Sun, is truly ridiculous and bombaſt. 'Tis the Language of STATIUS or CLAUDIAN, not of THEOCRITUS.

Line 82. O Hymen, Hymen, at this match rejoice ——

A very ſpiritleſs Concluſion of this animated Epithalamium.

IDYLLIUM XIX. Line 5. Stamp'd *hard* on the ground, &c.

Pleonaſm.

Line 9. Venus ſmiling, her ſon in ſuch *taking* to ſee.

Vulgarity.

IDYLLIUM XX. Line 51. May *ſhe* never behold ſweet Adonis again.

Qu. Doth *She* mean EUNICA or VENUS? If the former, ungrammatical: if the latter, abrupt.

IDYLLIUM XXII. (Part 1ſt) Line 139. —— Their hollow cheeks *they pound* ——
168. Stunn'd with hard *thwacks* ——

Vulgarities.

IDYLLIUM XXII. (Part 2d) Line 27. Princes, my friends, ſhould not, on any ſcore,
Solicit maids that are eſpous'd before.

Theſe Lines may be, ſpeciouſly enough, objected to, in their preſent detached Situation, as flat and proſaic. But conſider them with the Context, and the Objection vaniſhes. They are conceived in the *familiar* Style of Converſation, being a Part of LYNCEUS's Remonſtrance: nor are they *uncharacteriſtic* of the Speaker, who was a *plain* Man, 'ungrac'd with Eloquence.' The *Tranſlator* is not conſcious of having miſrepreſented a ſingle Paſſage in this Manner.

IDYLLIUM XXIII. Line 9. —— no ſoft *look*
—— compaſſion *ſpoke*.
15. —— delight ſhe *took*
—— death was in her *look*.
21. —— with haggard *look*
—— thus he *ſpoke*.

Repetition of *look*, *ſpoke*, &c. objected to.

Line 61. —— tried againſt the wall *to ſhove*.

Inelegant.

IDYLLIUM XXV. Line 96. —— too fierce thy *roar*.

Roar applied to Dogs.

Line 149. —— gaunt *lions* from the mountain's brow, &c.

Yet Mr FAWKES ſays (Line 199) that
—— not in Greece ſuch ſavages are ſeen.

THE

THE *Tranſlator* ſhall no longer detain his Readers on this unpleaſing Topic: He diſmiſſes it with yet aſſuring them, that he, by no Means, oppoſes Mr. FAWKES in the Confidence of literary Vanity.

THE *ſecond* Objection is the moſt formidable. Yet it annihilates the *firſt*. If it be impoſſible to tranſlate THEOCRITUS into *Engliſh*, the Phantom FAWKES no longer terrifies! But what does the *Tranſlator* gain, while his Rival diſappears? Alas! if he have no Antagoniſt, he is left alone, to encounter—Impoſſibilities!——The Truth of the Matter is, that to tranſlate THEOCRITUS, tho' 'tis not impoſſible, is, yet, of all Things the moſt difficult. To give a good Copy of any Picture, where Simplicity is the predominant Feature, is certainly an arduous Taſk. This ſeems to be preciſely the Caſe with the *Sicilian* Poet, who hath been conſidered by many, as incapable of being accurately, and, at the ſame Time, elegantly and happily repreſented. 'Tis on ſuch a View of the Subject, that a well-executed Tranſlation of THEOCRITUS is ſtill wiſhed, tho' not expected by the Critics—a Deſideratum in Poetry, like the Philoſopher's Stone in Chemiſtry. The preſent Undertaking, therefore, may be charged with Arrogance and Preſumption; but let it be obſerved, that the *Tranſlator* does not come forward, with the deciſive Air of Superiority: Nor does he cheriſh any vain Preſentiments of Applauſe. Yet he is engaged in no illaudable Enterprize. 'Tis a literary Adventure, in which if he fail, *magnis tamen excidet auſis*—in which if he ſucceed, his Merit and his Praiſe will be in proportion to the Difficulty.

IN the mean Time, BION and MOSCHUS, being ſubordinate Figures in the Piece, have eſcaped all Animadverſion, relative to the Propriety of their appearing in an *Engliſh* Dreſs. In an *Engliſh* Dreſs they have already made their Appearance, without, indeed, any ſingular Powers of Attraction; tho' Dr. LANGHORNE hath diffuſed a charming Sweetneſs over BION, who is more obliged to this elegant Poet for the "DEATH of ADONIS," than to FAWKES for the Verſion of all his IDYLLIA.

OF the ELEGIES of TYRTÆUS, the *Tranſlator* hath never ſeen an *Engliſh* Verſion. He is acquainted with no Predeceſſor.

BUT he hath deſcanted ſufficiently on what others have done: It may be more to the Purpoſe, to develope what he hath performed himſelf.

THE beſt Maſters have already written ſo diffuſely on Tranſlation, that nothing can be added, in this Place, with any tolerable Effect. The *Tranſlator* ſhall only remark, in order to open an Explanation of his own Manner, "that every Copy ought to preſerve the Character of its

Original." To this End, both Omiſſions and Additions are neceſſary. A literal Verſion of a Poet, cannot poſſibly be characteriſtic. "If you "boaſt, that you have left your Author to ſpeak for himſelf—that you "have neither added nor diminiſhed; you have, in reality, groſsly abuſed "him, and deceived yourſelf." Such is the Opinion of the very beſt poetical Tranſlator this Country can boaſt. At certain Places, the ſtricteſt Compreſſion of Language is requiſite; at others, an expanded Phraſeology. So that additional Epithets or Adjuncts are, frequently, allowable: Nor is an occaſional Introduction of new Images and Ideas to be deemed licentious or daring; tho' 'tis a Liberty, in which Tranſlators ought ſeldom to indulge.

THE Manner of THEOCRITUS is various. Some of his IDYLLIA are characterized by a rude Simplicity. Such are the *fourth* and *fifth*. To give a diſcriminating Idea of theſe, was a Matter of extreme Difficulty. But the *Tranſlator* hath aimed at it (however he may have failed in the Attempt) by a certain Quaintneſs of Phraſe peculiar to People in low Life, by Rhymes of a ruſtical Sound, and by the Interſperſion of a few antiquated Words.

OTHER IDYLLIA are diſtinguiſhed by an elegant Simplicity; particularly, the *firſt* and *ſeventh*. Here the *Tranſlator* hath endeavoured to recommend the ſimple Sentiment, by the muſical Modulation of his Verſes—yet free from all artificial Embelliſhment.

THERE are other IDYLLIA that ſeemed to require an ornamented Diction—the *eighteenth*, in particular; which is remarkable for the Splendor of its Decorations.

THE Heroic IDYLLIA are, ſtill, of a different Kind. They have a grave majeſtic Air, occaſionally relieved by an Intervention of the familiar Style.

THE *fourteenth* and *fifteenth* IDYLLIA are conſpicuouſly diſcriminated from all the reſt. The comic Vein of Humour that runs thro' them, ſeems not inconſiſtent with the Lightneſs and Volubility of *Anſtey*-Verſe.

BION and MOSCHUS are no Manneriſts. Their Features (compared with THEOCRITUS) have little Strength or Variety of Expreſſion. They often dazzle by a Glare of Coloring; tho' they have, ſometimes, a Softneſs of Tint, on which the Eye repoſes with Complacency. The *Tranſlator* ſhall only add, that, in BION's "EPITAPH ON ADONIS" and other Pieces of a ſimilar Nature, he hopes he hath not obſcured the Sentiment, by too much compreſſing it; and that his lax Manner (in ſome Parts of MOSCHUS particularly) was deſignedly adopted, as neareſt approaching the familiar Style of Converſation.

TYRTÆUS

TYRTÆUS hath a Manner peculiar to himſelf—or, to the Poets of uncommercial, unphiloſophic Æras; who lived before the Invention of Abſtract Terms, and whoſe Obſervation and Expreſſion were circumſcribed by the Neceſſity of the Times. This is a material Circumſtance, which, the *Tranſlator* truſts, he hath not forgotten in his Verſion.

NEVERTHELESS, when it is conſidered, that the beſt Tranſlators have flattered themſelves with the vain Imagination of diſcriminative Reſemblances; and that ſuch Attempts at characteriſtic Delineation, have been regarded, by many, as chimerical and romantic, in conſequence of a general Failure in the Execution;—there are few, perhaps, who will be extreme to mark the feebler Lineaments, or unmellowed Shadowings of the *preſent Copies*—more particularly, the *firſt*, whoſe Original is the *untranſlateable* THEOCRITUS. Things excellent, it is true, are aimed at; but nothing is obtruſively offered, or arrogated with that haughty Pretenſion, which juſtly repels the Candor of Criticiſm.

THE **Editions* made Uſe of, in tranſlating THEOCRITUS, were thoſe of WARTON and MARTIN; and, in tranſlating BION and MOSCHUS, that of HESKIN, which, (not excepting the *Paris* Edition by M. de LONGEPIERRE, with a *French* Verſion) is, indiſputably, the beſt. In tranſlating TYRTÆUS (or rather in annotating upon him) the *Glaſgow* Edition, printed in 1759, by ROBERT and ANDREW FOULIS, hath been principally employed. Where the *Tranſlator* hath departed from the common Reading of THEOCRITUS, he hath generally the Authority of WARTON, or one of the firſt Claſs among the Commentators. If he, any where, differ from the Vulgate, without referring to the Paſſage, in his NOTES, he

* THE following are the moſt valuable *Manuſcripts* and *Editions* of THEOCRITUS.

MANUSCRIPTS.

"THE Collations of D'ORVILLE (Author of the *Critica Vannus*) at Amſterdam." During his Travels in Italy and Sicily, he collated above forty MSS.

"THE Collations of Mr. ST. AMAND, left to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, in 1750." Theſe Readings are exhibited, at one View, (under the Title *Collationes*) in WARTON's Edit.

"Two MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. One containing the firſt eight IDYLLIA; the other imperfect, both at the Beginning and the End."

"A MS. of THEOCRITUS, among the Laud. MSS. containing only the firſt eight IDYLLIA."

"IN the public Library at Cambridge, Notes on THEOCRITUS, by ISAAC CASAUBON—MS. Notes in the Quarto Edit. of *Commelin*—and Notes by STANLEY (Author of the *Lives of the Philoſophers*)." CASAUBON's Notes are written on the Margin of H. STEPHENS's *Poetæ Græci*.

"A MS. of the firſt eight IDYLLIA, in Emanuel-College Library, Cambridge." Not worth collating! ſays WARTON.

"A MS. containing only five IDYLLIA, with a few ſelect *Scholia*, in the Britiſh Muſeum." This is a MS. of the fourteenth Century.

"A MS. of THEOCRITUS by Mr. TAYLOR, Cambridge." This MS. Mr. TAYLOR had almoſt prepared for the Preſs.

"MS. Notes and Obſervations for an Edition of THEOCRITUS, left by the late Mr. HOBLYN, of Nanſwydden, in Cornwall."

EDITIONS.

he begs his Readers to ſuſpend their Judgment, 'till they have conſulted WARTON. Yet he does not, at preſent, recollect any ſuch Omiſſion.

IT may be proper to advert, a Moment, to the other Parts of the Book —the DISSERTATIONS and NOTES.

THE DISSERTATION on THEOCRITUS conveys its Author's own Sentiments independent on the Commentators. It was compoſed long before he had Recourſe to WARTON's Edition; by the Aſſiſtance of which, a few Paſſages have been ſince interwoven, and a few Notes appendaged. This, as well as the ſucceeding DISSERTATIONS, (or rather *Eſſays*) contains the LIFE of the Poet whoſe Works are its main Subject. So few and ſo dubious are the Circumſtances tranſmitted to us, reſpecting the Lives of THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS, and TYRTÆUS, that a ſeparate Enumeration of them (unconnected with other Materials) might have diſpleaſed by its Formality, while it contributed nothing to Perſpicuity. The Subſtance of the ARGUMENTS uſually prefixed to the IDYLLIA of THEOCRITUS, is alſo interwoven in the DISSERTATION. Arguments annexed to paſtoral Compoſitions, in particular, have, in the *Tranſlator*'s Opinion, a very unpleaſing Effect. This Species of Anticipation, inſtead of illuminating the Subject of the Paſtoral, deadens its Intereſt in a great Degree, and, in ſome Places, actually deſtroys it. Nor do the other Pieces, of a miſcellaneous Nature, call for any ſuch extraneous Aſſiſtance. They are ſufficiently perſpicuous, without the Help of an explanatory Argument. Of the other two DISSERTATIONS, the *Tranſlator* hath nothing in particular to ſay. He hath already hinted, that ſuch ſlight Performances ought rather to have been ſtyled, *Eſſays*: But they have their preſent Title for the Sake of Uniformity.

THE

EDITIONS.

"THE firſt Edition of THEOCRITUS, printed at Milan, 1493."

"THE ſecond Edition, printed by ALDUS, at Venice, in 1495." This Edition contains the firſt twenty-three IDYLLIA, and the thirtieth. To theſe are added Miſcellaneous Pieces of Moſchus, Bion, Heſiod, Theognis, Phocylides, &c. &c.

"THE Florentine Edition, by PHILIP JUNTA, publiſhed in 1515." This is the Edition ſo often referred to, by H. STEVENS.

"AN Edition by ZACHARIAS CALIERGUS, of Crete, publiſhed at Rome, in 1516." He firſt added the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-ſixth, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth IDYLLIA, beſides the *Syrinx*, nineteen Epigrams, and (thoſe fooliſh Things) the *Hatchet*, the *Wings*, and the *Altar*.

"THE Florentine Edition, by BENEDICT JUNTA, publiſhed in 1540."

"THE Baſil Edition of 1558."

"HENRY STEPHENS's Edition of THEOCRITUS, 1566." The principal Greek Poets who wrote in the heroic Meaſure, are here aſſociated with THEOCRITUS. This is a moſt correct and elegant Edition.

"AN Edition by DANIEL HEINSIUS, 1604."

"THE Paris Edition, printed by JOHN LIBERT, 1627."

"THE Leipſic Edition, by REISKE, 1765."

"WARTON's ſplendid Edition, printed at the Clarendon Preſs, Oxford, in two large Quarto Volumes, 1770." This hath a decided Superiority over all the former Editions.

THE NOTES are a various Miſcellany; of which the moſt uſeful and intereſting are, probably, the Tranſlations from WARTON and TOUP on THEOCRITUS; or, from HESKIN and LONGEPIERRE on BION and MOSCHUS. Theſe may operate in recommending the preſent Work. The Sentiments of WARTON on THEOCRITUS have been, hitherto, inacceſſible to the *Engliſh* Reader; who, if he poſſeſs any literary Curioſity, will now approach them with Pleaſure. In Addition to thoſe neceſſary Notes which relate to obſcure or corrupted Paſſages, the *Tranſlator* hath ſelected what he thought the moſt elegant and amuſing. But, inſtead of an exact Verſion, the learned Reader will perceive, that he hath ſometimes given the general Tenor of the Sentiment, interſperſing a few Alluſions or References of his own. For the Notes derived from other Sources, the moſt conſpicuous are thoſe which illuſtrate the Manners and Cuſtoms of Antiquity, by the correſponding Uſages or Faſhions of modern Times. For ſuch Information, the *Tranſlator* is chiefly obliged to M. GUYS and SWINBURNE. What he hath added purely from his own Knowledge or Conjecture, he hath added with Diffidence and Apprehenſion; conſcious of his Inability to throw any new Light on Authors already criticized by a REISKE, a TOUP, a WARTON, and a HESKIN. It may, poſſibly, be objected, that ſome of the Notes are of too great an Extent; and that, in others, there is an Exhibition of Learning on trifling Topics—apparently oſtentatious. Had the NOTES been given, in one View, with the Text, many Parts would have had the Appearance of Excreſcencies, which may be deemed, in their preſent Situation, a Species of inoffenſive Exuberance. They are thrown together by themſelves, in a remote Corner, where they may be allowed to repoſe unmoleſted. The NOTE which introduces CLAUDIAN to the *Engliſh* Reader, tho' long, may not be unacceptable. No one is under the Neceſſity of peruſing it, to the Interruption of the Text. The ſame may be obſerved of the Fragments of ORPHEUS. The *Tranſlator* had, at firſt, intended to inſert in the Text a Verſion of the principal Fragments attributed to ORPHEUS. But, as the Senſe of the Original is often ambiguous, and he greatly diſtruſts the Merit of the Copy, he hath aſſigned it a leſs conſpicuous Place, amidſt his NOTES. If the *Tranſlator* have indulged in Citations on any trifling Topic, he earneſtly deprecates the Cenſure of Oſtentation. From a profuſive Diſplay of Authorities on trivial Subjects, his Sentiments and his Feelings have ever revolted. Should a few of his NOTES have that Appearance, it may be alledged, that they are in the Manner of the Commentators: And, overwhelmed as he hath been, by Heaps of voluminous Annotation, it was difficult to diſengage himſelf from the Weight of thoſe cumbrous

Maſſes,

Maſſes, without ſome learned Duſt, at leaſt, adhering about him. Thus much for his NOTES and—his Book.

IT remains only, that the *Tranſlator* return his ſincereſt Thanks to the reſpectable Perſons who have encouraged him, in the Proſecution of the Work, with their Aſſiſtance and their Patronage. He hath received, indeed, the Sanction but of a Few: Yet thoſe Few are the INGENUOUS and the LEARNED. The Scheme of his Publication hath never been announced by a ſingle Advertiſement. Had his Plan been more extenſively known, he might, poſſibly, have enlarged the Circle of his Subſcribers. He felicitates himſelf, however, on the Encouragement of thoſe whoſe Names are offered to the public View; and the more ſo, as that Encouragement is not merely the oſtenſible one, of Subſcribers unacquainted with the Author or his Productions.

HE acknowledges, with the moſt perfect Senſe of the Obligation, that ſeveral of his Subſcribers, who are an Ornament to the literary World, have favoured him with a Correſpondence from which he hath derived eſſential Advantages—that they have reviſed and corrected his MSS. (and approved them, he fears, with too flattering a Partiality); and, that others, in the mean Time, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by Abilities than Rank, have honoured him with Intimations of their Intereſt in the Succeſs of the Work. Nor muſt he ſuppreſs his Gratitude to the noble Patron, under whoſe Protection he is more peculiarly placed. The Honor conferred on the *Tranſlator* by LORD MOUNT EDGCUMBE's Acceptance of the DEDICATION, can only be enhanced by HIS polite and condeſcending Manner of accepting it.

'TIS beneath the Shelter of ſuch a Patronage, that he approaches the Verge of Publication: But he draws near with trembling Steps. The Tribunal of Criticiſm appears—His Hopes begin to ſicken—A Damp of Apprehenſion checks his Ardors—Yet he feels not the Terrors of the Guilty!

15 63 JUL

THE

THE

IDYLLIA *and* EPIGRAMS

OF

THEOCRITUS.

ΤΟΙΣ ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΟΙΣ, ΠΛΗΝ ΟΛΙΓΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΕΞΩΘΕΝ, Ο ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΥΧΕΣΤΑΤΟΣ.

LONGINUS.

ADMIRABILIS IN SUO GENERE THEOCRITUS: SED MUSA ILLA RUSTICA ET PASTORALIS NON FORUM MODO, VERUM ETIAM URBEM REFORMIDAT.

QUINTILIAN.

QUINETIAM RITUS PASTORUM, ET PANA SONANTEM
IN CALAMOS, SICULA MEMORAT TELLURE CREATUS:
NEC SYLVIS SYLVESTRE CANIT; PERQUE HORRIDA MOTUS
RURA SERIT DULCES; MUSAMQUE INDUCIT IN AURAS.

MANILIUS.

IDYLLIUM the FIRST.

THYRSIS, *or* The ODE.

THYRSIS and GOATHERD.

THYRSIS.

YON' breezy Pine, whoſe Foliage ſhades the Springs,
In many a vocal Whiſper, ſweetly ſings!
Sweet too the Murmurs of thy breathing Reed:
Thine, GOATHERD, next to PAN, is Muſic's Meed!
For, if the God receive a horn'd He-Goat,
The Female ſhall attend thy *Dorian* Oat!
But if the Rights of ſylvan PAN forbid,
And He the Female claim, be thine a Kid!
Full udder'd, ere we ſtroke its flowing Teat,
We hold the tender Kid, delicious Meat.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter thy Warblings, than the Streams that glide
Down the ſmooth Rock, ſo muſical a Tide!
If one white Ewe reward the MUSE's Strain,
A ſtall-fed Lamb awaits the Shepherd-Swain:
But if the gentler Lambkin pleaſe the NINE,
Then, tuneful THYRSIS, ſhall the Ewe be thine.

THYRSIS.

Say, wilt thou reſt thee, on this ſhelving Bed,
By the cool Tamariſk's ſhady Bower o'erſpread?
Come, wilt thou charm the WOOD-NYMPHS with thy Lay?
I'll feed thy Goats, if thou conſent to play.

GOATHERD.

I dare not, Shepherd, at the Hour of Noon,
My Pipe to ruſtic Melodies attune:
'Tis PAN we fear: From Hunting he returns,
As all in Silence huſh'd the Noonday burns;

And,

And, tir'd, repoſes 'mid the Woodland Scene,
Whilſt on his Noſtrils ſits a bitter Spleen.
But come, (ſince DAPHNIS' Woes to thee are known;
And well we deem the rural Muſe thine own)
Let us, at Eaſe, beneath that Elm recline,
Where ſculptur'd NAIDS o'er their Fountains ſhine;
While gay PRIAPUS guards the ſweet Retreat,
And Oaks, wide-branching, ſhade yon' paſt'ral Seat.
And THYRSIS if thou ſing ſo ſoft a Strain,
As erſt, contending with the Libyan Swain;
Thrice ſhalt thou milk that Goat, for ſuch a Lay;
Two Kids ſhe rears, yet fills two Pails a Day.
With this, I'll ſtake (o'erlaid with Wax it ſtands,
And ſmells juſt recent from the Graver's Hands)
My large two-handled Cup, rich wrought and deep;
Around whoſe Brim, pale Ivy ſeems to creep,
With Helichryſe entwin'd: Small Tendrils hold
Its Saffron Fruit, in many a claſping Fold.
Within, high-touch'd, a female Figure ſhines,—
Her Cawl—her Veſt—how ſoft the waving Lines!

And near, two Youths (bright Ringlets grace their Brows)
Breathe, in alternate Strife, their amorous Vows!
On each, by Turns, the faithleſs Fair-one ſmiles,
And views the rival Pair with wanton Wiles.
Brimful, thro' Paſſion, ſwell their twinkling Eyes!
And their full Boſoms heave with fruitleſs Sighs!
Amidſt the Scene, a Fiſher, grey with Years,
On the rough Summit of a Rock appears;
And laboring, with one Effort, as he ſtands,
To throw his large Net, drags it with both Hands!
So muſcular his Limbs attract the Sight—
You'd ſwear the Fiſher ſtretch'd with all his Might.
Round his hoar Neck, each ſwelling Vein diſplays
A Vigor worthy Youth's robuſter Days!
Next red ripe Grapes, in bending Cluſters glow:
A Boy to watch the Vineyard, ſits below!
Two Foxes round him ſkulk: This ſlyly gapes,
To catch a luſcious Morſel of the Grapes;
But that, in Ambuſh, aiming at the Scrip,
Thinks 'tis too ſweet a Moment to let ſlip—

And cries: " It ſuits my Tooth—the little Dunce—
" I'll ſend him dinnerleſs away, for once!"
He, idly-buſy, with his ruſh-bound Reeds
Weaves Locuſt-Traps; nor Scrip nor Vineyard heeds.
Flexile around its Sides, the Acanthus twin'd,
Strikes, as a Miracle of Art, the Mind.
This Cup (from CALYDON it croſs'd the Seas)
I bought for a She-Goat, and new-made Cheeſe!
As yet unſoil'd, nor touch'd by Lip of mine,
My Friend, this Maſterpiece of Wood be thine,
For thy LOV'D HYMN ſo ſweet, a willing Meed!
Sure ſweeter flows not from the paſtoral Reed!
And yet I envy not thy proudeſt Boaſt—
Thy Song will never reach Oblivion's Coaſt.

THYRSIS.

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
Lo, ÆTNA's Swain! 'tis THYRSIS' Notes that flow!
Where ſtray'd ye, Nymphs, when DAPHNIS pin'd with Love?
Thro' PENEUS' Vale, or PINDUS' ſteepy Grove?

For

For not ANAPUS' Flood your Steps delay'd—
Or ACIS' ſacred Wave, or ÆTNA's Shade!

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
Gaunt Wolves and Pards deplor'd his parting Breath;
And ev'n the Foreſt-Lion mourn'd his Death.

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
Bulls, Cows, and Steers ſtood drooping at his Side,
And wail'd, in Sorrow, as the Shepherd died.

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
Firſt, winged HERMES from the Mountain came:
'Whence, DAPHNIS, whence he cried, this fatal Flame?'

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
The Goatherds, Hinds, and Shepherds all enquir'd—
'What ail'd the Herdſman? and what Fever fir'd?'

PRIAPUS came—and cried—‘ Ah, DAPHNIS, ſay,
‘ Does Love, poor DAPHNIS, ſteal thy Soul away?
‘ She with bare Feet, thro’ Woods and Fountains roves—
‘ Exclaiming: “ Hah, too thoughtleſs in thy Loves!
“ Hah! what tho’ Herdſman be thy purer Name,
“ Sure, all the Goatherd marks thy lawleſs Flame.
“ He views with leering Eyes his Goats aſkance,
“ Notes their keen Sport, and pines in every Glance!
“ Thus, while the Virgin-Train, fleet bounding by,
“ Weave the gay Dance, and titter at thy Sigh;
“ Perfidious Man! each Laugh lights up Deſire,
“ That waſtes thy gloting Eyes with wanton Fire!”
Silent he ſat—ſtill burning every Vein
Throbb’d thro’ dire Love, ’till Death extinguiſh’d Pain.

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
Next VENUS’ ſelf the hapleſs Youth addreſt,
(With faint-forc’d Smiles, yet Anger at her Breaſt)
‘ Well, DAPHNIS, art thou ſtill a Match for Love?
‘ Say, does not CUPID now the Victor prove?’

Begin,

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
But he: ‘ Too true thou ſay'ſt, that Love hath won!
‘ Too ſure thy Triumphs mark my ſetting Sun!

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
‘ Fly, where ANCHISES—to his Arms away—
‘ And ſcreen your Pleaſures from the gariſh Day,
‘ On IDA's Hill: There ſpread o'er-arching Groves;
‘ There many an Oak will hide your covert Loves;
‘ There the broad Ruſh, in matted Verdure, thrives;
‘ There Bees, in buſy Swarms, hum round their Hives.

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.
‘ ADONIS too—tho' delicately-fair—
‘ He feeds his Flocks, and hunts the flying Hare!

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.

‘ Say,

‘ Say,—if arm'd DIOMED ſhould meet thy Sight—
‘ I've conquer'd DAPHNIS—come renew the Fight!

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.

‘ Ye Wolves and Bears and Panthers of the Woods;
‘ Ye Glens and Copſes and ye foaming Floods;
‘ Ye Waters, who your Waves of Silver roll
‘ Near THYMBRIS' Towers, that once cou'd ſoothe my Soul—
‘ And thou, dear—dear auſpicious ARETHUSE!
‘ O once the ſweet Inſpirer of my Muſe,
‘ Farewell!—no more alas! ſhall DAPHNIS rove
‘ Amidſt your Haunts; for DAPHNIS dies of Love!

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.

‘ I—I am he, who lowing Oxen fed;
‘ Who to their well-known Brook my Heifers led.

Begin, dear Muſe, the Strain of paſtoral Woe,
In melting Cadence may the Numbers flow.

‘ PAN—PAN—of all our Woodlands the Delight,
‘ Whether thou roveſt on LYCÆUM's Height,
‘ Or o'er the mighty MÆNALUS, O deign
‘ To viſit ſweet SICILIA's paſtoral Plain.
‘ Leave *Lycaonian* HELICAS' high Tomb,
‘ Tho' Gods revere the monumental Gloom!

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the Tale of paſtoral Woe!
Ah! let the melting Cadence ceaſe to flow!
‘ O PAN, my Reeds ſo cloſe-compacted take,
‘ And call forth all their Tones for DAPHNIS' Sake!
‘ Bent for thy Lip this Pipe be thine to play!
‘ To the drear Grave Love hurries me away!

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the Tale of paſtoral Woe!
Ah! let the melting Cadence ceaſe to flow!
‘ Ye Thorns and Brambles the pale Vi'let bear—
‘ Ye Junipers, produce Narciſſus fair!
‘ Ye Pines, with Fruitage from the Pear-Tree crown'd,
‘ Mark DAPHNIS' Death—while all Things change around—

‘ Let

' Let Stags purſue the Beagles o'er the Plain,
' And Screech-Owls rival Philomela's Strain!'

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the Tale of paſtoral Woe!
Ah! let the melting Cadence ceaſe to flow!
He ceas'd—and VENUS would have rais'd his Head—
But Fate had ſpun his laſt remaining Thread!
And DAPHNIS paſt the Lake! The o'erwhelming Tide
Buried the Nymph's Delight—the Muſe's Pride!

Cloſe, heavenly Muſe, the Tale of paſtoral Woe!
Ah! let the melting Cadence ceaſe to flow!
Now, fairly, Friend, I claim the Cup and Goat—
Her Milk, a ſweet Libation, I devote
To you, ye NINE, Inſpirers of my Lay!
Be mine a loftier Song, ſome future Day.

GOATHERD.

THYRSIS! thy Mouth may Figs *Ægilean* fill!
And luſcious Honey on thy Lips diſtill!

For ſweeter, Shepherd, is thy charming Song,
Than ev'n Cicadas ſing, the Boughs among.
Behold thy Cup, ſo ſcented, that it ſeems
Imbued with Fragrance at the Fountain Streams,
Where ſport the Hours!—Come Ciss! May THYRSIS' Pail
Beſpeak the Richneſs of thy Paſture-Vale!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the SECOND.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

SIMÆTHA.

WHERE—where's the Laurel pluck'd from yonder Grove?
Where the pale Philtre that may charm my Love?
Speed THESTYLIS; and fill the Cauldron full!
Haſte—haſte—and crown it with this purple Wool!
That I may hurry back the Wretch, who ſtrays
Far from my ſilent Gate (theſe twelve long Days),
Nor heeds if poor SIMÆTHA live or die,
While fairer Beauties lure his vagrant Eye.
I'll haſte to the PALÆSTRA with the Morn,
Meet his quick Bluſh, and aſk 'whence comes his Scorn?'

Now, as Enchantment's midnight Powers I hail,
Now, ſacred MOON, in all thy Glory ſail
O'er the dire Rites! The Myſteries of my Song
To thee and Hell-born HECATE belong!—
Pale HECATE, who ſtalks o'er many a Tomb,
And adds freſh Horror to ſepulchral Gloom;

Whilſt

Whilſt reeking Gore diſtains the Paths of Death,
And Blood-hounds fly the Blaſting of her Breath!
Hail HECATE! and give my riſing Spell
Ev'n PERIMEDA's Sorceries to excell;
Bid the ſtrong Witchery match ev'n CIRCE's Shell;
And with MEDEA's venom'd Fury fill!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

See—ſee—the crumbling Cake conſumes away!
Hither—but ſtrait, thou lingering Wretch, obey!
What, am I ſcorn'd? Does Frenzy or Amaze
Poſſeſs thee, Slave? Come, ſtrew, amid the Blaze,
The ſacred Salt; and ſtrewing it, exclaim—
'Thus—DELPHIS' Bones I ſcatter thro' the Flame!'
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

My tortur'd Boſom rues the perjur'd Vow;
But, in Revenge, I give this Laurel-Bough,

The Type of DELPHIS, to the crackling Fires—
That, as the Spirit of his Life expires,
O'er his ſcorch'd Frame, like theſe, may Flaſhes haſte!
Thus his Fleſh tremble! thus a Cinder waſte!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

Ev'n as this Wax evaporates in Fume,
May *Myndian* DELPHIS, ſcorch'd by Love, conſume!
And VENUS, whirl him, at my Door, around,
Swift as this brazen Orbit marks the Ground!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

I ſtrew the Bran: But DIAN's Power can ſhake
Hell's adamantine Gates, and bid all TARTARUS quake!
Hark—the Dogs howling—to the Cymbals fly!
The City-Dogs proclaim the Goddeſs nigh!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

See, ſmooth'd in Calms the ſilent Waves repoſe!
But ah! this Boſom no ſuch Quiet knows!
Relentleſs Love! no more, alas! I boaſt
Unſpotted Fame, my Virgin-Honors loſt!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

The due Libations, thrice, O MOON, I pour!
Thrice hail, with magic Song, this hallow'd Hour!
O thro' whatever Flame he faithleſs proves,
Be his the blank Oblivion of his Loves!
Such as, in Times of old, o'er THESEUS ſtole,
When ARIADNE's Image fled his Soul!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

Fir'd by the *Arcadian* Plant, the foaming Horſe
Breaks o'er the Mountains with infuriate Force!
Thus may I ſee the perjur'd DELPHIS roam,
And from his wonted Sports ruſh madd'ning home!

IYNX,

IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

Rent from the Robe of him who works my Woe,
This Fringe, now rending, to the Flames I throw!
Ah Love! why leech-like cling, too cloſe to part,
Suck my Life-blood, and drain my fainting Heart!
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

Soon ſhall the Wretch my direr Vengeance prove;
And a cruſh'd Lizard bend his Soul to Love!
Now, at his Threſhold (tho' no more his Care,
Still my fixt Paſſion fondly lingers there)
Go, ſtrew theſe magic Poiſons—haſte away,
And 'DELPHIS' Bones I ſcatter'—muttering, ſay.
IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms!

SHE's gone!—and ſhall I give my Sighs to flow?
Trace their ſad Source, and tell my Tale of Woe?

What Time her Offerings fair ANAXO paid,
Ill-ſtarr'd, alas! to DIAN's Grove I ſtray'd;
Where a gaunt Lioneſs, and many a Beaſt,
In ſlow Proceſſion led, adorn'd the Feaſt.
Say, ſacred MOON, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

THEUCARILA's lov'd Nurſe could ev'n perſuade
My Steps to wander (Peace attend her Shade!)
I went—in CLEARISTA's Garments dreſt;
And train'd the Trappings of a borrow'd Veſt.
Say, ſacred MOON, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

There then my DELPHIS (ſtill I fondly trace
Near LYCON's Houſe, the well-remember'd Place)
My DELPHIS' Glories all my Soul abſorb!
O Moon, his Boſom as thy ſilver Orb,
Bright from the Sports! His Chin the golden Hues
Of Helichryſe, in downy Glow, ſuffuſe!

Say,

Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

O how I ſaw! what Frenzy ſeiz'd my Brain!
Throbb'd my full Heart, and thrill'd each beating Vein!
The inſipid Pomp no more I wiſh'd to ſee!
Its Novelties, alas! were loſt on me!
Abrupt I hurried off, with trembling Frame,
Sinking reach'd Home, but knew not how I came!
There, on my Bed, of pale Diſeaſe the Prey,
Ten lingering Days, and ten long Nights I lay!
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

Then my pal'd Cheeks appear'd, like Thapſus, dead;
And my Hair periſh'd, on my fainting Head!
For Eaſe, to many a Sorcereſs I applied!
What Arts were practis'd! and what Charms were tried!
In vain!—For nothing could the Flame allay:
Dim Life decay'd, and Time flew ſwift away!

Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

At length, no longer able to endure
My ſecret Wound, and pine without a Cure,
To THESTYLIS,—(by Shame and Grief o'erborne);
I ſhew'd the Venom of the rankling Thorn!
And 'go,' I cried, '(ſince now too plain appears
'The Source of all my Anguiſh—all my Tears)
'To TIMAGETUS fam'd PALÆSTRA go—
'There (if alone he rove) a Nod beſtow,
'Or tip a gentle Wink, and, whiſpering, ſay:
"SIMÆTHA calls—Come DELPHIS—come away!"
I ſpoke—and THESTYLIS obey'd—He came—
But O! what ſudden Tremors ſhook my Frame!
Cold Dews, as he advanc'd with eaſy Pace,
Like Southern Damps, diſtilling from my Face!
Stiff as this golden Necklace—ſtiff as Froſt—
I ſtrove to mutter—but my Voice was loſt!
Not on my fainting Lips ſuch Accents hung
As murmur, feeble, from an Infant's Tongue!

When

When querulouſly dreaming on her Breaſt
His Mother lulls him into gentler Reſt.

Say, ſacred MOON, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

Then thus the Youth (tho' now relentleſs) cries,
Whilſt on my Couch he ſat, with downcaſt Eyes:
'In Truth, as erſt PHILINUS I outrun,
'The Prize of CUPID hath SIMÆTHA won!

Say, ſacred MOON, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

'For I had come (by ſweeteſt Love I ſwear)
'Tho' no kind Cail had mark'd thy partial Care,
'Join'd by ſelect Aſſociates of the Town,
'Thro' Night's dun Shade, to meet thy Smile or Frown!
'My poplar Wreath with purple Ribbons dreſt,
'And the Love-Apples bluſhing in my Breaſt.

Say, ſacred MOON, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

' And if admitted—Love had crown'd my Prayer;
' (For know, I'm nam'd the Active and the Fair)
' Yet had I reſted happy in the Bliſs,
' Had I from theſe ſweet Lips but ſnatch'd a Kiſs!
' But if thy Pride had giv'n the bolting Bar
' To kindle, with its harſh Repulſe, the War,
' Then had I bid the ſtronger Axe aſſail,
' And many a flaſhing Torch had turn'd thee pale.
Say, ſacred Moon, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

' Be thine, O VENUS, at this happier Hour,
' A Heart's warm Homage that adores thy Power!
' And, next, this Tribute may SIMÆTHA claim,
' Who ſweetly call'd, and ſnatch'd me from the Flame.
' Ah! Lightning Love, more fierce than ÆTNA's Blaze,
' Pours—on his Victim pours, conſuming Rays!
Say, ſacred MOON, whence firſt this Paſſion came!
What caus'd my Anguiſh, and what fed the Flame!

' Full oft hath Love with wild Diſorder ſway'd
' The roving Conſort, and the frenzied Maid!
' Venom'd alike, the dark Contagion ſpreads
' Thro' Virgin Chambers, or thro' bridal Beds.'
He ceas'd. But thou, O Moon, who know'ſt my Grief—
Ah me too credulous!—while fond Belief—
Ah! while ſeducing Fancy fir'd my Breaſt—
Let Tears and burning Bluſhes tell the reſt!
Yet Bliſs was our's, thro' ſweet Deluſion's Aid!
Suſpicion ſlept, and mutual Vows were made!
Yet till, this Day, ſhone out the roſy Morn
By the Sun's rapid Steeds from Ocean borne,
I cheriſh'd what I deem'd no hopeleſs Flame—
When lo! my little Minſtrel's Mother came;
And, ' from the cleareſt Signs,' averr'd, ' She knew,
' That Delphis—perjur'd Delphis, was not true!
' For, ' oft, ſhe ſaid, he drank ſome favorite Love—
' Then went in Haſte—while round his Rooms were wove
' Of flowery Garlands many a gay Feſtoon'—
Too certain all! ſince here, at Morn and Noon,

His conſtant Viſits he was wont to pay;
Or left his *Doric* Box, at Cloſe of Day.
Twelve Days are paſt! no more that Face I ſee!—
Heavens! Does that Heart no more remember me?

Hail, Philtres! hail! If ſtill he ſcorn the Spell,
By Fate, I'll force him to the Gates of Hell!
Such potent Sorceries an *Aſſyrian* taught,
As to a magic Charm the Drugs he wrought!
But now farewell! in ſpotleſs Glory fair!
(For, as I've borne my Griefs, I yet will bear)
Farewell bright Moon! In all thy Splendor, go
To the dark Manſions of the Waves below!
And, ye attendant Orbs, farewell—that light
With many a twinkling Ray, the Car of Night!

IDYLLIUM the THIRD.

AMARYLLIS.

GOATHERD.

BEHOLD! I haſten, on the Wings of Love,
To meet my AMARYLLIS, in the Grove!
Meantime, my Goats ſhall crop this Paſture-Hill;
And, TITYRUS, guide them to their wonted Rill.
Yet, whether Stream or Paſturage be thy Care,
That *Libyan* Ram, with butting Head, beware.

Say, lovely AMARYLLIS, why, no more,
As thou wert wont, thy charming Accents pour;
Near yonder Cave recline, at Cloſe of Day,
And ſunk in ſoft Endearments, melt away?
Say, am I hated? Do my Looks offend?
Thy Scorn, alas! will bring me to my End!
Yet lo! (too fondly I remember thee)
Ten Apples, gather'd from thy favorite Tree!
Ten more, dear Maid, To-morrow will I give—
Ah! ſoothe my aching Heart, and let me live!

O were a little Bee's my happier Lot!
Then would I waft me to thy ſhady Grot;
Unheeded, thro' its Fern and Ivy creep;
And with ſoft Murmurs, lull my Love to ſleep!

I know thee, CUPID! thee, (whoſe ſubtle Flame
With thrilling Ardors ſhoots thro' all my Frame)
A Lioneſs, beſmear'd with human Gore,
Amid the Wildneſs of the Foreſt bore;
Nurs'd thee, dire God, familiar to her Den,
And form'd thee ſavage as the howling Glen!

Sweet-ſmiling Nymph, whoſe ebon Eye-brows own
Beauty's ſoft Touch, tho' all thy Heart be Stone;
Come, claſp me in thy languiſhing Embrace,
That I may kiſs, at leaſt thy lovely Face!
For ev'n ſuch empty Kiſſes lull to Reſt
The fever'd Fury of the throbbing Breaſt!
Ah no! thy proud Diſdain will bid me tear
This Garland—ſcatter'd to the breezing Air—

This Wreath, of Ivy pale and Parſley wove,
With unblown Roſes—as the Pledge of Love!

Alas! what Sorrows preſs! What Power can ſave
A Wretch undone—I'll ruſh into the Wave,
Where, yonder, OLPIS, on the rocky Steep,
His Tunnies marks, reflected from the Deep:
Tho' buoyant on the Surge my Body lie,
At leaſt, 'twill pleaſe thee, that I meant to die.

Soon by the withering Orpine-Leaf, I found
Some Change: ſtruck hollow, yet it gave no Sound!
Ah! not in vain (I could not but believe)
Mutter'd the wrinkled Hag, and turn'd her Sieve:
Too true ſhe ſung, prophetic of my Fate,
Paſſion, but ill requited by thy Hate!

The Goat ſo ſnowy-white, that Kidlings bears,
(Since now I'm ſlighted by thy haughty Airs)
I give ERITHACIS: 'Tis true, ſhe's brown—
And yet, ſhe will not meet me with a Frown!

My right-Eye itches! Shall I ſee her ſtill?
I'll ſit me down beneath the wildwood Hill;
And, haply, as I pipe, the wandering Maid
May hear my Muſic from the Pine-Tree Shade!
And ſhe may look on me, perchance; and grant
My Prayer: For ſure, ſhe is not Adamant!

HIPPOMANES, to catch the Virgin's Eyes,
Threw out the golden Lure, and won the Prize:
How ATALANTA felt the trancing Spell,
And, down the Depths of Love, in Frenzy, fell:
From OTHRYS' Top, the Seer MELAMPUS drove
His Herds, to *Pylian* Plains, impell'd by Love:
The beauteous Mother of a wiſer Maid
To melting BIAS all her Charms diſplay'd:
And could not, on his Hills, ADONIS fire
The raving Goddeſs with ſuch wild Deſire,
That to her Breaſt ſhe drew his quivering Breath,
And lock'd his Limbs in her's, tho' chill'd by Death?

Tho' CYNTHIA's Favors were ENDYMION's Boaſt,
'Tis his eternal Sleep I envy moſt!
And ſuch high Tranſports bleſt JASION knew—
A Tale too hallow'd for the vulgar Crew!

My faint Head throbbs! Yet what avails the Sigh?
No Tear of Pity melts thy ſcornful Eye!
Here then, I throw my vain—vain Pipe away,
And lay me down to ravening Wolves a Prey;
While my torn Limbs, aſunder as they part,
Shall pleaſe, like Honey to the Taſte, thy Heart!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the FOURTH.

THE SWAINS.

BATTUS, a Shepherd, and CORYDON, a Neatherd.

BATTUS.

PRAY CORYDON, are theſe PHILONDA's Cows?

CORYDON.

No—ÆGON's: 'Tis my Charge, to ſee them browſe.

BATTUS.

By Stealth, thou milk'ſt them, I ſuppoſe, at Eve?

CORYDON.

No—no—'Tis hard my Maſter to deceive!
Oft as the Calves are ſuckled, he ſtands by,
And marks my Motions, with ſo ſhrewd an Eye,
'Twere vain, to practiſe on the Carle a Fraud—

BATTUS.

But where's thy Maſter? Is he gone abroad?

CORYDON.

Not heard?—He's gone with MILO, to the Game,
To gain, on ALPHEUS' Banks, the Wreſtler's Fame.

BATTUS.

BATTUS.

When could his Eyes have ſeen the Wreſtler's Oil?

CORYDON.

They ſay, he'd match ALCIDES in the Toil—

BATTUS.

Indeed! Believe my Mother, if thou can,

And I than POLLUX am a better Man.

CORYDON.

He's gone then—driving with him full a Score

Of Sheep; while, in his Hand, a Spade he bore.

BATTUS.

What cannot MILO? Sure he can perſuade

Ev'n Wolves to Madneſs!—

CORYDON.

Here, along the Shade,

His Heifers crop no more the tender Blade!

BATTUS.

Poor Beaſts! how bad a Maſter!

CORYDON.

Poor indeed!

They low in Sorrow, and no longer feed!

BATTUS.

BATTUS.

Yes—in yon' Cow a Skeleton we view!
What! like Cicadas, does ſhe live on Dew?

CORYDON.

No—at ÆSARUS' Streams ſhe loves to ſtray;
And feeds on Bundles of our fragrant Hay.
Oft too, ſhe friſks around LATYMNUS' Hill,
And, in the ſhady Foreſt, eats her Fill.

BATTUS.

And that red Bull—of Bones a very Bag!
May the LAMPRIADÆ no better brag
For JUNO's Shrine—curs'd Race!

CORYDON.

Yet PHYSCUS' Woods,
The Marſh, the Groves that hide NEÆTHUS' Floods
He wanders o'er—where bloſſom'd Buckwheat grows;
And ſweet, the Honeybell—the Cowſlip glows.

BATTUS.

Yes! and to Hell too, will thy Cattle go—
And rove, poor ÆGON, in the Shades below!

While

While, vainly, thy abſurd Ambition tries
To bear away the Bubble of a Prize!
Thy Pipe may moulder into Duſt away,
Fram'd by thy Hands, in Troth, for quick Decay.

CORYDON.

No, BATTUS, by the NYMPHS, the Pipe's my Boon!
He gave it me; and I know many a Tune!
I chaunt ſweet GLAUCA's Songs and PYRRHUS' Lays;
Salubrious CROTON and ZACYNTHUS praiſe!
And, as I view LACINIUM's Eaſtern Site,
There, well remember what unrival'd Might
Our ÆGON, (who devour'd alone, that Day,
Full fourſcore Cakes) ruſh'd onward to diſplay;
When boldly ſeizing by his Iron Hoof
(While eager Expectation hung aloof)
He dragg'd the Bull infuriate, down the Hill,
That vainly ſtruggled againſt Strength and Skill,
And gave it AMARYLLIS! 'Midſt the Crowd
The Women ſhouted, and he laugh'd aloud.

BATTUS.

BATTUS.

My ſweeteſt AMARYLLIS! lovely Maid!
Tho' thou art gone, thy Memory ne'er ſhall fade!
Ah Fate! what Evils mortal Man betide!
Dear as the Goats I tend, the Virgin died.

CORYDON.

Cheer up, my Swain! Another Day may riſe,
Tho' now perhaps it lours, with kindlier Skies!
Hope ſhines in Life: In Death there's not a Spark:
At Times, the Heavens are bright—at Times, are dark.

BATTUS.

I'm not caſt down—But ſee, thy Heifers prey
On my fat Olives: *Whiteface*, hiſt—away.

CORYDON.

Hoh *Colly*, to the Bank: Not ſtir an Inch—
If I approach thee, faith, I'll make thee flinch!
See now—ſhe comes again! the Villain—look—
By PAN, I wiſh I had my Leveret-Crook!

BATTUS.

A Thorn pricks ſore my Leg! See here the Wound—
How thick theſe matted Briars o'erſpread the Ground!

Haſte

Haſte CORYDON! Doſt ſee't? Plague take the Beaſt!

CORYDON.

See here!

BATTUS.

Tho' ſmall, its Pain was not the leaſt.

CORYDON.

Then climb no more the Mountain's pathleſs Steep—
Or, thro' its furzy Thickets raſhly creep,
With Feet unſandal'd: On the Mountain grow
Brambles and ſpindling Thorns, to work thee Woe.

BATTUS.

But CORYDON, pray tell me, whether, ſtill,
Thy grey old Maſter revels at his Will?
Hath yet the Carle a thirſty Soul to quench?
Does he yet follow the dark-eye-brow'd Wench?

CORYDON.

Yes—Yes—he ſtill purſues his Girl—the Goat—
Laſt Night, I caught him in the hurdled Cote.

BATTUS.

Well done! no *Satyr*, with his Spindle-Shanks,
Not PAN with thee, ſalacious Fellow, ranks!

IDYLLIUM the FIFTH.

THE TRAVELLERS.

COMATES, a Goatherd, and LACON, a Shepherd.—
Woodman MORSON, the Umpire.

COMATES.

FLY—fly, my Goats, that wicked *Sybarite*—
The Rogue—He ſtole my Goatſkin, but laſt Night!

LACON.

Lambs, from the Brook—my tender Lambkins, fly—
For he, who ſtole my Flute, ſtands ſkulking by!

COMATES.

Thy Flute? What Song can ſervile LACON play?
Indeed, with Brother CORYDON, thy Lay
Drew many a laughing Lout, who heard and ſaw
Thy ſqueaking ſcrannel Reed, of wretched Straw!

LACON.

No—LYCON gave me a melodious Flute!
But could I ſteal a Goatſkin from a Brute?
Thy Maſter's Limbs on no ſoft Skin recline:
Sure, ſuch a Luxury was never thine.

COMATES.

COMATES.

Yes! 'Twas the ſpeckled one, of ſpecial Note,
My Neighbour gave me, when he kill'd the Goat!
Thou know'ſt the Time: For then thy envious Eyes
Glanc'd Theft; and now, thy Hands have ſtol'n the Prize!

LACON.

By PAN 'tis falſe—by PAN, who guards our Shore—
Or, may I never be call'd LACON more!
Or, into CRATHIS' Streams that roll ſo deep,
In Madneſs, may I plunge, from yonder Steep!

COMATES.

And, by the NYMPHS, the FOUNTAIN-NYMPHS, I ſwear,
In yonder Fane propitious to my Prayer;
COMATES never ſtole a Flute of thine—

LACON.

If I believe, may DAPHNIS' Woes be mine!
'Nought's ſacred!' Yet, ſince thus thy Tongue defies,
Stake down a Kid; I warrant, I've the Prize!

COMATES.

'MINERVA's Sow!' Of wrangling to get rid,
If thou wilt ſtake a Lamb, I lay a Kid.

LACON.

LACON.

Hah! ſhrewd COMATES! thy Propoſal's deep!
But who e'er ſheer'd a Goatling for a Sheep?
In vain might ſuch a Flam a Booby bilk—
Who ever left a Goat, a Bitch to milk?

COMATES.

He, who the Prize, like thee, would vainly graſp—
To the Cicada ſhrill, a humming Waſp.
But if a Kidling be no equal Stake,
That full-grown Goat, that browſes yonder, take!

LACON.

Yet why ſuch Haſte? Beneath the friendly Shade
Of this wild Olive-Tree that ſkirts the Glade,
While there the cooling Stream glides ſoft along,
May breathe, in ſweeter Tones, thy boaſted Song.
Here graſſy Beds—here tender Herbage ſprings—
Here, perch'd on high, the noonday Locuſt ſings.

COMATES.

I'm not in Haſte—but feel it a Diſgrace,
That ſuch a Lout confronts me, Face to Face!

That he, whom yet a Boy, I taught, ſhould dare
With Rivalry repay his Maſter's Care.
Thus train'd and fed, the Favor to requite,
A Wolf will eat thee, and a Dog will bite!

LACON.

But tell me, Caitiff, when wert thou ſo kind?
For not one Ditty I recall to Mind.
Yet, Boaſter, ſince thy Tongue can run ſo faſt,
Come, to the Grove along, and ſing thy laſt.

COMATES.

No—Swain: Here flouriſh Oaks—here Ruſhes thrive—
Here ſweetly buzz the Bees round many a Hive.
Here two freſh Fountains cool the Heats of Day,
And prattling Birds enliven every Spray!
Here, whilſt thy Bowers a ſlighter Umbrage own,
The cluſtering Pine-Tree ſcatters many a Cone.

LACON.

Here, on the Fleeces of the Lambkin, ſpread
Softer than Sleep, thy eaſy Steps ſhall tread!
But for thy Goatſkins laid on yonder Bank,
Not ev'n their Goatherd Maſter ſmells ſo rank.

Here, to the NYMPHS, be mine the pleaſing Toil
To crown one Bowl of Milk, and one of Oil.

COMATES.

No—come with me—for here, the Fern ſhall meet
With the Horn'd-Poppy's tender Flower, thy Feet!
While my Kid-Carpet's ſofter far than thine,
Of Milk I'll crown eight Goblets, for the Shrine
Of PAN; and heap'd delicious to the Brim,
In eight Straw Hives ſhall Combs of Honey ſwim.

LACON.

Then to thy Oaken-Umbrage let's away—
But who ſhall judge the Merits of our Lay?
I wiſh LYCOPAS with his Herds, were near;
He, ſure, would liſten with impartial Ear.

COMATES.

No Need: Thy Maſter's Woodman, if thou will,
Who cleaves the Billets on yon' Foreſt-Hill,
Will judge.

LACON.

Agreed—

COMATES.

COMATES.

Then call him—

LACON.

Hither Friend!

The Umpire of our rural Songs, attend.
But hear, good MORSON; let no Favor guide,
And lean not partial on COMATES' Side.

COMATES.

Yes—by the NYMPHS, be ſure determine true—
Nor give that LACON more than LACON's Due.
Of SYBARIS, I tend EUMARAS' Goats—
He drives SYBARTAS' Sheep, from *Thurian* Cotes.

LACON.

By JOVE, the Fellow hath a flippant Tongue;
Who aſk'ſt thee, pray, to whom theſe Flocks belong?

COMATES.

Hearkee—I do not vainly boaſt, forſooth;
Nor rail, but tell each Tittle of the Truth.

LACON.

Come ſing then (if thou canſt) contentious Clown!
Let but thy Umpire reach alive the Town.

COMATES.

The NINE, to whom two Kids, in Sacrifice,
I gave, my Ditties above DAPHNIS' prize!

LACON.

Lov'd by APOLLO, who my Stores increaſt,
A goodly Ram I fatten for the Feaſt.

COMATES.

My Goats with Twins I milk: A tittering Maid
Paſs'd by; and 'Ah! doſt milk, thyſelf?' ſhe ſaid.

LACON.

Pheugh! Twenty Vats with Cheeſe can LACON fill!
And taſte, on Flowers, ſoft Pleaſures, at his Will.

COMATES.

Oft CLEARISTA pelts with Apples criſp
Her Swain; and, in a Whiſper, loves to liſp.

LACON.

Oh how I tremble as I meet my Fair,
While o'er her Boſom ſtreams her wanton Hair.

COMATES.

But who compares the Sweet-Briar's meaner Buſh,
Or the light Paſs-Flower, with the Roſe's Bluſh?

LACON.

Who ſays, the Oak's rough Acorn ever grew
Bright as the gloſſy Cheſnut's honey'd Hue?

COMATES.

COMATES.

I have a gentle Ringdove for my Fair,
In yonder Juniper: Her Neſt is there!

LACON.

For a ſoft Raiment I'll preſent my Dear
A vi'let-colour'd Fleece when next I ſhear.

COMATES.

Off from the wildling Olive, Goats: Here browſe,
Where ſpreads the Tamariſk, o'er the Slope, its Boughs.

LACON.

Ho—*Conarus*—*Cymætha*—from the Shade
Of that dim Oak; and crop this Eaſtern Glade.

COMATES.

For her, whoſe Love inſpires my tuneful Tale,
I have a rich-wrought Bowl, and Cypreſs-Pail.

LACON.

For my ſweet Shepherdeſs a Dog I keep—
To guard from prowling Wolves her friſky Sheep.

COMATES.

Ye crouding Locuſts! from my Vineyard hence—
Touch not theſe nurſling Shoots—nor paſs the Fence.

LACON.

Cicadas! ſee the Goatherd's ill at Eaſe!
The Reapers thus, with ſhrill-ton'd Voice, ye teaze!

COMATES.

I hate the bruſh-tail Foxes, that eſcape
From MICON's Vineyard, ſtealing many a Grape.

LACON.

And I the wheeling Beetles, that ſcarce leave
PHILONDA's luſcious Figs, to drone at Eve.

COMATES.

Doſt recollect, when gnaſhing at each Stroke,
I laſh'd, and made thee cling to yonder Oak?

LACON.

No—but remember, when I ſaw thee bound
To that ſame Tree, and anguiſh'd ſtamp the Ground.

COMATES.

See—ſee—the wincing Ape what Choler fills—
Go, Fool—and from the grey Tomb pluck the Squills.

LACON.

Hah! but a ſmarter Sting can ſome one feel—
To HALES, Fool; and dig my Lady's Seal.

COMATES.

Be HIMERA Milk; and roſy CRATHIS bluſh
All Wine—with Fruit on every bending Ruſh!

LACON.

LACON.

Be SYBARIS Honey; and our Girl, with Urn
Dipt into luſcious Sweets, at Dawn, return!

COMATES.

My Goats eat Cytiſus; o'er Lentiſk tread,
And Strawberries compoſe their ſhrubby Bed!

LACON

My Sheep ſtray ſportive, where the Thyme Flower blows—
And Ivy flaunts, the Rival of the Roſe!

COMATES.

Lovely no more ALCIPPE's Form appears—
She kiſt not for my Dove, or preſt my Ears.

LACON.

But I my Sweet-heart love! The Wink ſhe tips—
Sighs for a Kiſs—and ſweetly pouts her Lips.

COMATES.

But ſtop thy wretched Pipe, vexatious Swain,
Nor idly rival a ſuperior Strain:
Thus with the ſtately Swan might Lapwings vie—
Or with the Nightingale the ſcreaming Pie.

MORSON.

MORSON.

Ceaſe, Shepherd, ceaſe: COMATES wins the Prize—
Nor thou forget me at thy Sacrifice!—

COMATES.

No—by the Sylvan PAN!—Hark! hark! my Boy!
How my whole Flock of Goats ſnorts wild for Joy!
With Leaps of Tranſport how they friſk around!
I too could reach the Immortals, at a Bound!
Ah! fooliſh Shepherd! all thy Boaſt's a Flam!
Go hang thee, LACON! I have won the Lamb!
But ye, my Goats! my Kids in Triumph run!
Come, my horn'd Flock! To-morrow as the Sun
O'er SYBARIS ſhall aſcend, with ſlanting Beams,
I'll waſh you in the Fount's tranſlucent Streams.
Ho! ruttiſh Goat! thy wanton Gambols ſtay!
Ere to the NYMPHS my votive Rites I pay!
Still gameſome? Thou ſhalt ſmart then, I'll be ſworn,
Or, like MELANTHIUS, may my Limbs be torn!

IDYLLIUM the SIXTH.

THE HERDSMEN.

DAMÆTAS and DAPHNIS.

Addreſſed to ARATUS.

LATE, Herdſmen DAPHNIS and DAMÆTAS fed
Their Herds, ARATUS, to one Paſture led.
Ruddy DAMÆTAS' Beard, while ſprinkled thin
Scarce grew the Down on DAPHNIS' tender Chin!
Beſide a Brook they ſung at Summer-Noon;
The Herdſman challeng'd, and thus pip'd his Tune:

DAPHNIS.

'With Apples GALATEA pelts thy Flocks,
'And thee, rude POLYPHEME, gay-tittering, mocks!
'Sweet as thou pip'ſt, ſhe calls thee Goatherd-Churl!
'And ſee—thy Sheep-Dog pelts—a ſkittiſh Girl!

'He

' He, on the lucid Wave, his Form ſurveys;
' And, on the Beach, his dancing Shadow bays!
' Call—call him, leſt he ruſh upon the Fair!
' Leſt her emerging Limbs the Rover tear!
' Yet lo! the frolic Maiden ſports at Eaſe,
' Light as the Down that floats upon the Breeze;
' When Summer dries the Thiſtle's ſilver Hair,
' Its Softneſs melting into azure Air!—
' Her Lover, led by ſtrange Caprice, ſhe flies;
' And views her Scorner with complacent Eyes!
" The King's in Check!" Sure, *Cyclops*, oft we prove,
' That Faults are Beauties, when ſurvey'd by Love.'

Thus DAPHNIS ſung: DAMÆTAS thus began:

DAMÆTAS.

' I ſaw her pelt my Flock I ſwear by PAN!
' By this one Eye! this precious Eye I ſaw—
' Heaven guard it till my Life's laſt Breath I draw!
' Still may I keep it in the Prophet's Spite—
' And on his Houſe the dire Prediction light!

' But

‘ But, as in careleſs Mood, the Girl I vex—
‘ And hint—I love ſome other of the Sex!
‘ She hears—ſhe pines—and jealous, from the Waves
‘ Springs forth; looks round, in Fury, on my Caves;
‘ And wildly-roving, every Sheep-Cote marks,
‘ Whilſt at her Heels my Dog obedient barks.
‘ For when I lov'd, he fawn'd and gently whin'd,
‘ And ſoftly on her Knees his Head reclin'd.
‘ Thus while diſſembled Love its Cunning tries,
‘ She'll ſend me, ſure, ſome Tidings of her Sighs.
‘ And yet, unleſs an Oath the Sea-Jilt take
‘ To preſs with me the Bed herſelf ſhall make,
‘ Far from her Caverns, on this firſt of Iſles;
‘ I'll bar my Doors, nor heed her wanton Wiles.
‘ Nor is my Perſon ſo deform'd and rude—
‘ On the ſmooth Ocean, late, my Face I view'd—
‘ Fair ſeem'd my ſingle Eye, and fair my Beard:
‘ Whiter than *Parian* Stone, my Teeth appear'd.
‘ Leſt Faſcination my Repoſe diſturb
‘ Thrice on my Breaſt I ſpat,—its Power to curb—

'I learnt this Virtue from a Sorcereſs' Tongue—
'The Hag who to HIPPOCOON's Reapers ſung.'

Ceaſing he kiſs'd the Boy—and, for a Flute,
Strait gave a Pipe—his lovely Lip to ſuit!
Young DAPHNIS pip'd—his Flute DAMÆTAS play'd—
Both match'd alike, the unyielding Strain eſſay'd;
Whilſt o'er the Graſs, their Heifers danc'd for Joy,
Charm'd by DAMÆTAS and the Herdſman Boy.

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTH.

THE HARVEST-FEAST,

OR

The VERNAL VOYAGE.

'TWAS at the Time, when reigns the rural Joke,
That EUCRITUS and I, from City-Smoke,
(Join'd by our Friend AMYNTAS) pac'd our Way
To the freſh Fields that green round HALYS lay.
There LYCOPS' Sons their Harveſt-Offerings paid,
And the rich Honors of the Feaſt diſplay'd—
Great LYCOPS' generous Sons—if any Good
Flow down, tranſmitted with illuſtrious Blood!
From CLYTIA's and from CHALCON's Line they came,
Ev'n CHALCON ſhining in the Rolls of Fame;
From whoſe ſtrong Knee impreſt upon the Rock,
In ſudden Springs the *Burine* Fountain broke!
Elms, riſing round, in various Verdure glow'd!
And the dim Poplar's quivering Foliage flow'd!

Scarce half the Journey meaſur'd (ere our Eyes
Could ſee the Tomb of BRASILAS ariſe,)
Glad we o'ertook young LYCIDAS of CRETE,
Whoſe Muſe could warble many a Ditty ſweet!
His ruſtic Trade might eaſily be ſeen,
For all could read the Goatherd in his Mien.
A Goat's white Skin that ſmelt as newly-flay'd,
His Shoulders looſely with its Shag array'd:
His wide-wove Girdle brac'd, around his Breaſt,
A Cloak, whoſe tatter'd Shreds its Age confeſt!
His right-Hand held a rough wild Olive-Crook,
And as we join'd, he caſt a leering Look
From his arch hazel-Eye—while Laughter hung
Upon his Lips, and Pleaſure mov'd his Tongue:
'Where—where my Friend SIMICHIDAS ſo faſt—
'Ere now the Heats of ſultry Noon are paſt?
'While ſleeping in each Hedge the Lizard lies;
'And not a creſted Lark ſwims o'er the Skies?
'Hah! thou art trudging for ſome dainty Bit!
'Or tread'ſt, before, the Wine-Preſs for a Cit!

'Struck

‘ Struck by thy hurrying Clogs, the Pebbles leap!
‘ And, I’ll be ſworn, they ring at ev’ry Step!’

‘ Well met, dear LYCIDAS (I ſtrait replied)
‘ No Shepherd, Swain, or Reaper, e’er outvi’d
‘ The Muſic of your Pipe, as Stories tell;—
‘ I’m glad on’t—Yet, I hope, I pipe as well!
‘ Invited by our liberal Friends, we go,
‘ Where rich the Firſt-Fruits of the Harveſt flow;
‘ To bleſs the fair-veil’d Goddeſs, who with Stores
‘ Of ripen’d Corn, high-heap’d their groaning Floors.
‘ But let us carol the bucolic Lay,
‘ Since ours one common Sun, one common Way:
‘ Alternate Tranſport may our Songs infuſe—
‘ The “ honey’d Mouth ”—all name me—of the Muſe!
‘ All praiſe, in Rapture, my poetic Worth!
‘ But I’m incredulous, I ſwear by Earth!
‘ I rival (conſcious of my humbler Strain)
‘ PHILETAS or SICELIDAS, in vain!
‘ And tho’ my Melodies may ſoothe a Friend,
‘ A croaking Frog with Locuſts, I contend!’

Thus

Thus I with Art—but ſmiling arch, the Youth
Exclaim'd: ‘ Thou art a Sprig of Jove, in Truth!
‘ And need'ſt not, ſure, from juſt Appplauſes ſhrink—
‘ This Crook be thine, to witneſs what I think.
‘ I ſcorn the Builder, as of mean Account,
‘ Whoſe lofty Fabric would o'ertop the Mount
‘ Of proud Oromedon! Thus idly vie
‘ The Muſe-Cocks, who the *Chian* Bird defy.
‘ But let's begin, ſince Time is on the Wing;
‘ And each, in Turn, ſome ſweet Bucolic Sing!
‘ I'll chaunt (your Ear with Pleaſure may they fill)
‘ The Strains I lately labor'd, on the Hill.

“ O may the Ship that wafts my Daphne, glide
“ To *Mitylene*, o'er a favoring Tide!
“ Tho' Southern Winds their watery Pinions ſpread,
“ And ſtern Orion broods o'er Ocean's Bed.
“ So may her Smile a lenient Med'cine prove,
“ To cool the Fever of conſuming Love!
“ And may the bleak South-Eaſt no longer rave,
“ But gentle *Halcyons* ſmooth the ripling Wave!

“ Sweet

" Sweet *Halcyons*, lov'd by all the *Nereid* Train,
" Above each Bird, that ſkims, for Food, the Main.
" O may my Fair-one reach the quiet Bay ;
" And every Bleſſing ſpeed her deſtin'd Way !
" Then with white Vi'lets ſhall my Brows be crown'd—
" With Aniſe-Wreaths, or roſy Garlands bound !
" Then, at my Hearth, the *Ptelean* Bowl be quaff'd—
" And the parch'd Bean add Flavor to the Draught !
" Then, as my Elbows high, my Couch ſhall ſwell,
" Of Parſley form'd, and golden Aſphodel !
" Then to my DAPHNE's Health I'll drink, at Eaſe,
" The ſparkling Juice, and drain it to the Lees !
" Whilſt with their Pipes two Swains delight my Ear ;
" And TITYRUS ſweetly ſings, reclining near—
" How Herdſman DAPHNIS lov'd the frowning Maid ;
" And, with vain Sighs, o'er many a Mountain ſtray'd :
" How the rough Oaks, where *Himera*'s Waters flow,
" Told to the paſſing Stream, his Tale of Woe.
" For as on *Caucaſus* or *Atho*'s Brow,
" Or *Rhodope*'s, he breath'd the fruitleſs Vow—

" Or

" Or *Hæmus'* Hill; he ſunk, thro' Love, away,
" Like Snows diſſolving in the Solar Ray.
" Next ſhall he ſing—how Tyranny oppreſt
" The Goatherd, priſon'd in his ample Cheſt!
" And how the Bees from flowery Meadows bore
" Their Balms, and fed him with the luſcious Store!
" For on his Lips the Favor of the Muſe
" Diſtill'd the Nectar of her ſweeteſt Dews!
" To thee, COMATES, tho' confin'd ſo faſt,
" Sure, with quick Pace, the vernal Seaſon paſt!
" Happy, amid thy Priſon, all Day long,
" While Honey dropp'd delicious on thy Tongue!
" O hadſt thou liv'd with us, a Brother Swain,
" How oft my charmed Ears had caught thy Strain!
" Thy Goats upon the Mountains had I fed,
" Or o'er the tufted Vales, with Pleaſure, led!
" Then had thy Voice its ſweeteſt Powers diſplay'd,
" Beneath the embowering Oak, or Pine-tree Shade."

He ceas'd—and thus alternate I replied:

' Sweet LYCIDAS, of Goatherd-Youths the Pride!

' What

‘ What Time I drove my Herds, the Hills along,
‘ The charming Wood-Nymphs taught me many a Song!
‘ Then hear, (ſince thou haſt gain'd the Muſe's Love)
‘ Strains, whoſe high Fame hath reach'd the Throne of Jove!
‘ Then hear the choiceſt of the Lays I know!—
‘ In Honor of thy Name, the Numbers flow!

“ On me the Cupids ſneez'd, who Myrta love,
“ As Kids the Verdure of the vernal Grove!
“ With the ſame Fires my dear Aratus glows!
“ And this, full well, the ſoft Aristis knows!
“ Aristis, who can Phœbus' Self inſpire—
“ In ſweet Accordance ev'n with Phœbus' Lyre!
“ O Pan, for whom fair Omole diſplays
“ Its green Abodes, attend Aratus' Lays!
“ O bid her fly uncall'd into his Arms,
“ Whether dear Myrta, or Philina charms!
“ So may, no more, *Arcadian* Youths deface
“ With ſcaly Squills, thy Form, tho' vain the Chace!
“ But if thou ſmile not on the Lover's Cauſe,
“ Be ſtung by Nettles—torn by Harpy-Claws;

" Freeze, in mid Winter, near the torpid Pole,
" On EDON, where the Streams of HEBRUS roll;
" And, as an *Æthiop*, burn, while Summer glows,
" Where the hot *Blemyan* Rocks o'er NILUS close.
" Ye Loves, whose Cheeks the Apple's Bloom outvie—
" Come—from your BYBLIS' favorite Murmurs fly!
" Leave—leave the Waves of HYETIS; and bless
" The yellow-hair'd DIONE's sweet Recess!
" Shoot, with unerring Aim, the tinctur'd Dart;
" And pierce PHILINA's yet unwounded Heart!
" But—'as the melting Pear'—(the rival Maids
" Exclaim)—'PHILINA's mellow Beauty fades!'
" Then, dear ARATUS! let us watch no more;
" Nor wear, with nightly Toil, the bolted Door!
" Some other, as the Morn begins to peep,
" May the Cock's Clarion give to broken Sleep!
" His Limbs in listless Languor may he stretch,
" And so we rest, a Halter end the Wretch!
" Ours be Repose—and some Enchantress wait,
" To ward, far off, each Evil from ourGate."

I sung,

I ſung, and (as, preſenting me his Crook,
He ſmil'd)—the hoſpitable Token took!
Then, parting, to the Left, for PYXA's Towers
He turn'd, while we to PHRASIDAMUS' Bowers
Slop'd o'er the right-hand Path, our ſpeedy Way—
And hail'd the Pleaſures of the feſtal Day!
There, in kind Courteſy, our Hoſt had ſpread
Of Vine and Lentiſk, the refreſhing Bed!
Their breezy Coolneſs Elms and Poplars gave,
And Rills their Murmur, from the NAIDS Cave!
Cicadas now retiring from the Sun,
Amid the ſhady Shrubs, their Song begun.
From the thick Copſe we heard, far off, and lone,
The mellow'd Shrillneſs of the Woodlark's Tone!
Warbled the Linnet and the Finch more near,
And the ſoft-ſighing Turtle ſooth'd the Ear!
The yellow Bees humm'd ſweetly in the Shade,
And round the Fountain's flowery Margin play'd.
All Summer's Rédolence effus'd Delight!
All Autumn, in luxuriant Fruitage bright—

The Pear's—the thick-ſtrown Apple's vermeil Glow,
And bending Plums, that kiſs'd the Turf below!
Our Wines four Years had mellow'd in the Caſk—
And could ALCIDES boaſt ſo rich a Flaſk,
(Say NYMPHS of CASTALY) when CHIRON gave
The generous Juice, in PHOLUS' ſtony Cave?
Or did ſuch Nectar, at ANAPUS' Stream,
Rouſe to the Dance, the *Cyclops* POLYPHEME
(Who hurls the Mountain-Rocks acroſs the Brine)
As, NYMPHS, ye mix'd, at CERES' glowing Shrine.
Oh! may I fix the Purging-Fan, again,
(Delightful Taſk!) amid her Heaps of Grain;
And, in each Hand, the laughing Goddeſs hold
The Poppy's vivid Red—the Ears of Gold!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the EIGHTH.

THE BUCOLIC SINGERS.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, GOATHERD.

Addreſſed to DIOPHANTUS.

ONCE, DIOPHANTUS, up the breezy Grove
His lowing Herds the bonny DAPHNIS drove;
To meet MENALCAS, with his Charge of Sheep,
'Mid the dark Umbrage of the Mountain-Steep.
Both, in the Bloom of beardleſs Manhood young,
Or breath'd the *Dorian* Reed, or ſweetly ſung;
While ſtarting from their lovely Foreheads, glow'd
Their flamy Locks, or down their Shoulders flow'd.
Then Silence, firſt, the blythe MENALCAS broke,
And deftly ſmil'd on DAPHNIS, as he ſpoke.

MENALCAS.

'Come Herdſman! Keeper of the bellowing Kine!
'Say, will thy ruſtic Reed contend with mine?

'Yet

‘ Yet ſhall, at laſt, thy tuneful Ditty fail!
‘ Behold the ſweeteſt Piper of the Dale!’
Fair Daphnis cried:

DAPHNIS.

‘ Thou poor ſheep-tending Swain
‘ Sing, ’till thou burſt, thy Numbers will be vain!

MENALCAS.

‘ But ſhall we try?

DAPHNIS.

With all my Soul!

MENALCAS.

Agreed!

‘ Say, what ſhall we depoſit, as the Meed
‘ Our Skill deſerves?

DAPHNIS.

If thou wilt ſtake a Lamb,
‘ (Full-grown I mean, and equal to its Dam,)
‘ I ſtake a Calf.

MENALCAS.

A Lamb I cannot lay;
‘ For, oft as duſky Evening dims the Day,

‘ The

' The ſtricteſt Watch my peeviſh Parents keep,
' And count, with jealous Eye, my Flocks of Sheep.

DAPHNIS.

' What's then the Prize?—

MENALCAS.

A ſweet-ton'd Pipe, my Friend,
' Of nine ſmooth Reeds, o'erlaid at either End
' With whiteſt Wax: This fair Depoſit take;
' (But ought my Father claims I dare not ſtake)
' Form'd freſhly by theſe Hands the Pipe's my own—

DAPHNIS.

' And I too have a Pipe, of equal Tone;
' Its nine ſweet Voices all compacted tight
' With the ſoft Cement of a Wax as white:
' 'Tis juſt as new; ev'n now my Finger bleeds,
' Splinter'd while, framing it, I ſlit the Reeds.
' But who's the Umpire of our rival Lays?

MENALCAS.

' Yon' *Goatherd*, whom that ſnowy Sheep-Dog bays,
' Perchance, to judge our Numbers, nought forbids;
' Suppoſe we call him from his wanton Kids?'

The

The *Goatherd* not unwilling to decide,
As, in alternate Songs, the Rivals vied;
They haſten'd with contending Pipes to play:
And firſt MENALCAS breath'd the rural Lay.

MENALCAS.

'Ye Vales, ye Streams, Heaven's Progeny belov'd!
'If Pleaſure e'er MENALCAS' Carols mov'd;
'Feed—feed my Lambs! If hither DAPHNIS' Kine
'Repair, O paſture his, no leſs than mine.'

DAPHNIS.

'Ye Herbs, ye Fountains, that enrich the Dale,
'If DAPHNIS ever match'd the Nightingale,
'Fatten theſe Herds! If ought MENALCAS lead
'To Paſturage, his be every fruitful Mead.'

MENALCAS.

'Strait, if my Fair approach, the Spring appears,
'And all the brightening Scene new Beauty wears!
'The fattening Lambs amid Luxuriance bleat,
'And milk more richly flows from every Teat!
'But, in her Abſence, ſee the Paſture-Scene—
'A pining Shepherd—and a faded Green!'

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

'There Ewes and Goats, with Twins, o'erſpread the Hill,
'There Bees their Hives with fragrant Honey fill—
'There the tall Oaks expand a wider Shade
'Where MILO treads! But, ſudden, from the Glade,
'Quick as he goes, Delight and Plenty fly!
'The Herdſman withers, and his Cows are dry!'

MENALCAS.

'O Goat, the Huſband of the ſnowy Flock!
'Ye Kids, wild-hanging from the rifted Rock,
'Haſte, where yon' Wood its Gloom romantic flings,
'And, with its Depth of Foliage, hides the Springs!
'There ſcreen'd he lies! Go, murmur at his Shed,
'That PROTEUS, tho' a God, his Sea-Calves fed.'

DAPHNIS.

'I wiſh not to outſtrip the Winds, or hold
'PELOPS' vaſt Realms, or brood o'er CRŒSUS' Gold!
'Be mine to triumph in the *Dorian* Lay;
'Beneath that Rock, to ſhun the Glare of Day;
'Enjoy, with thee, my Girl! the breezy Sea,
'And view the paſtur'd Sheep—yet claſping thee!

MENALCAS.

‘ Nets are the Terror of the feather’d Brood!
‘ And Snares entrap the Beaſts that range the Wood!
‘ The Storm uproots the Beeches of the Hills!
‘ And the red Sunbeam dries the ſhrinking Rills!
‘ While Man, alas! no direr Evil proves
‘ Than Frowns, ſo killing, from the Maid he loves!
‘ Indeed—not I alone of Love complain!
‘ Ev’n thou, O Father Jove, haſt felt the Pain.’

Thus then the Boys the alternate Ditty play;
And thus Menalcas tunes his cloſing Lay.

MENALCAS.

‘ Spare Wolf! O ſpare me—nor my Kidlings eat—
‘ Becauſe I’m little, and my Flocks are great.
‘ Hah *Brightfoot!* How, my Dog! So faſt aſleep?
‘ Here truſting to a Boy ſuch numerous Sheep?
‘ But feed, dear Flock, and fearleſs crop your Food;
‘ Feed on—’twill quickly ſpring, and be renew’d.
‘ Then come with ſwelling Udders, from the Vales,
‘ Suckle your bleating Lambs, and fill the Pails.’

Next DAPHNIS ſung.

DAPHNIS.

' As, Yeſter-Morn, I drove
' My lowing Heifers thro' the tangled Grove,
' (Her arched Eye-Brows join'd) a lovely Maid
' Stood peeping from a Cave, and ſportive ſaid:
" Sure, he's a pretty Youth!" With downcaſt Eye
' I went my Way, nor aught could I reply.
' Sweet is the Breath of Cows—the Breath of Steers—
' Sweet too the Bullock's Voice the Herdſman hears!
' And, in the dewy Vale, at Evening-Cloſe
' Sweet the Hill-Echoes, when the Heifer lows!
' But ſweet, at Noon, the Shade embowering deep,
' Lull'd by the Murmur of a Stream, to ſleep.
' Smooth Acorns crown their Oaks; and Fruits of Gold
' Fair on the branching Pippen, we behold!
' Sleek Calves their Mothers grace; and udder'd Cows,
' The Glory of the watchful Neatherd, browſe.'

Thus ſung the Boys: And eager to decide,
With honeſt Energy the GOATHERD cried:

GOATHERD.

'How charm'd, the Muſic of thy Voice I hear—
'That melts, my Swain, far ſweeter on the Ear,
'Than Honey-Drops diſtil upon the Tongue—
'Take—take the Pipes!—To thee the Pipes belong!
'O! if thou wilt but teach me ſuch a Lay—
'While merrily my Kidlings round me play;
'That Goat be thine, with mutilated Horn—
'She fills a brimming Bucket every Morn.'

Strait DAPHNIS danc'd, with Pleaſure's heartfelt Glow,
As the light Fawn ſkips nimbly by the Doe—
Shouting—while nought could ſad MENALCAS ſay,
But went, deep-ſighing as a Bride, his Way.
Thus DAPHNIS ſhone; and bright in youthful Charms—
Erelong the lovely NAIS bleſt his Arms.

IDYLLIUM the NINTH.

The SHEPHERD.

DAPHNIS and MENALCAS.

DAPHNIS, begin—begin thy ruſtic Note!
And next, Menalcas, breathe thy *Dorian* Oat!
Tho' firſt ye bid, beneath theſe leafy Boughs,
The Heifers join their Bulls—the Calves, their Cows!
While, 'midſt the Herd, along the Copſe they ſtray,
Daphnis, begin the blythe bucolic Lay;
And, rival Shepherd! in reſponſive Strains,
Awake the ſleeping Echoes of the Plains!

DAPHNIS.

'Sweet lows the Steer! and ſweet the Heifer lows!
'Sweet is the Reed! and ſweet the Herdſman blows
'His vocal Pipe! and ſweet I ſing! My Bed
'Beſide the cooling Waters have I ſpread!
'And the ſmooth Skins of milk-white Heifers form
'Its ſoft Repoſe! Alas—the Southern Storm

'Down

' Down yonder ſhrubby Steep thoſe Heifers flung—
' Yon' Mount where, cropping Arbutus, they hung !
' There ſultry Summer I regard no more,
' Than dreaming Lovers heed their Father's Lore.'

Thus DAPHNIS ſings: MENALCAS thus replies:

MENALCAS.

' ÆTNA's my Mother; and my Dwelling lies
' A fair-ſcoop'd Grotto, 'midſt her living Rocks;
' While in the Mountain-Shadow browſe my Flocks—
' Full many a bleating Sheep, and many a Goat—
' Not Scenes ſo rich in airy Slumbers float!
' To them I owe the Softneſs of my Bed!
' Skins at my Feet, and Fleeces at my Head.
' For freezing Winter I have Stores of Wood—
' Dry Beech and Oak that blaze to dreſs my Food!
' Thus I regard, as toothleſs Fellows hold
' Hard Nuts when Pulſe is near, the wintry Cold.'

I gave them both Applauſe—and both, their Due:
To DAPHNIS a ſtrong ſhapely Club, that grew
Amid my Father's Woods, a ſingle Plant—
So fair—ev'n Artiſts might it Beauty grant.

The

The Shepherd-Swain a fine-wreath'd Conch I gave,
Brought from the Murmur of the *Icarian* Wave—
Whoſe Fleſh (I found it on the Rocks alive)
Luxurious Dainty! was a Feaſt for five.
O'erjoy'd he ſtruck the Shell:

MENALCAS.

'Ye Powers of Song!
'Inſpire (nor do I fear a bliſter'd Tongue)
'Inſpire me, rural Muſes, with the Strains
'I deftly carol'd to the wondering Swains.
"Hawks mix with Hawks, and Ants with Ants agree;
"Cicadas with their own—the MUSE with me.
"O that ſhe fill'd my ſoft melodious Hours!
"For neither to the Honey-Bee the Flowers
"So ſweet—or eaſy Sleep, and early Spring,
"That Balms ſo ſoothing to the Laborer bring—
"Charm like the MUSE! And they, on whom ſhe ſmiles,
"May brave ev'n CIRCE's Cup—ev'n CIRCE's Wiles."

IDYLLIUM the TENTH.

THE REAPERS.

MILO and BATTUS.

MILO.

WHAT ails thee, BATTUS, that thou reap'ſt awry;
And flinching, let'ſt thy Neighbour paſs thee by?
How, thro' hot Noon, 'till Evening, wilt thou reap,
Thus early lagging, like a wounded Sheep?

BATTUS.

Thy Drudgeries Noon and Night, be thine to brag:
But tell me, Fragment of the flinty Crag!
Did never in thy Heart a Kindneſs lurk,
That, for a Moment's Pauſe, delay'd thy Work?

MILO.

No—No—ſuch Thoughts ſhould ne'er the Laborer haunt!
Thy ſilly Dream of Idleneſs avaunt!

BATTUS.

BATTUS.

But, MILO, didſt thou never watch for Love?

MILO.

Not I!—Love's Watchings may I never prove.
His Tongue in Lambkins-Blood if *Rover* ſteep;
Rover will ever feel a Thirſt for Sheep.

BATTUS.

Ah MILO! I have lov'd ten Days and more!

MILO.

Enjoy it, Friend! I envy not the Store!
Of meagre Vinegar I've ſcarce a Flaſk!
Thou, rich in Wine, canſt pierce the purple Caſk!

BATTUS.

Ah! hence it is, my Fallows are unſown.

MILO.

But who's the woundy Nymph!

BATTUS.

To thee I own,
Old POLYBUTAS' Girl, whoſe Madrigal
So ſeiz'd our Reapers' Ears, and charm'd them all.

MILO.

Faith, thou art rightly ſerv'd! a luſcious Bite!
Go claſp her! Hug thy little chirping Fright.

BATTUS.

Hah! mouthing it ſo big! Thou need'ſt not flout!
CUPID's as well as PLUTUS' Eyes are out.

MILO.

I mouth it—no—but throw thy Sickle by—
Come—come—cheer up! Some amorous Ditty try.
Deftly thy Tale of ſweet BOMBYCE tell!
For once, if well I ween, few ſung ſo well!

BATTUS.

Pierian MUSES! be my Nymph your Care!
My ſlender Nymph! for all ye touch are fair!
Sweet Girl! So ſunburnt and ſo thin, 'tis ſaid,
Yet, in my Eyes, a honey-color'd Maid!
The letter'd Hyacinth and Vi'let brown
Are the firſt Flowers that grace the rural Crown!
Kids follow Thyme, and Wolves ſoft Kids, the Crane
Purſues the Plough—and thee, thy faithful Swain!

O that

O that the Wealth of CRŒSUS were but mine,
Then would we ſtand, at VENUS' ſacred Shrine,
Two richly-ſculptur'd Images of Gold;
While thy dear Hand a Roſe or Lute ſhould hold,
Or vermeil Apple, and thy Swain be dreſt,
New-ſandal'd, in a Dancer's gaudy Veſt.
Delightful Girl! How beauteous are thy Feet!
And O! the Muſic of thy Voice how ſweet!
How ſmooth thy Ankles, with ſo ſoft a Swell!
But for thy Manners—no rude Song can tell!

MILO.

Hah! we miſtook his Talents! What a Strain!
He hath not meaſur'd Harmony in vain!
Hah! no more Wiſdom! Yet ſo wiſe a Beard!
But haſt thou LYTIERSES' Numbers heard?

' Prolific CERES, bleſs our fruitful Soil,
' Ripen the redd'ning Ear, and crown our Toil.
' Bind—bind your Sheaves; leſt Travellers ſcoffing ſay
" Such wooden Fellows ill deſerve their Pay."

‘ Rear to the North or Weſt, ye Reaping-Train,
‘ Your Shocks; ſo Gales ſalubrious ſwell the Grain.
‘ Sleep not at Noon, ye Threſhers; from the Corn
‘ When in briſk Eddies the light Chaff is borne.
‘ Riſe, Reapers, with the Lark (yet ſeek the Shed
‘ At Noon) and with the Lark retire to Bed.
‘ Sweet is the Life of Frogs: They never thirſt,
‘ For they may drink, my Striplings, ’till they burſt.
‘ Boil, Pinch-penny, the Lentils whole, nor ſtint
‘ Your Slaves; You’d ſlit a Bean, or flay a Flint.’

Thus ſhould the Reapers carol Toil away;
Thus paſs, with uſeful Songs, the ſultry Day.
But go—ſuch love-ſick Lays as fill thy Head—
Such Dreams may ſuit thy Mother’s Ears in Bed!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the ELEVENTH.

THE CYCLOPS.

Addreſſed to NICIAS.

NICIAS, how vain the Labor, to remove
By Drugs or healing Herbs, the Fire of Love!
'Tis for the MUSE alone, tho' rare her Art,
To quench, in lenient Balms, the burning Dart!
Dear to the MUSE, 'tis thine full well to know,
We boaſt no ſweeter Remedy below!

'Twas thus fam'd POLYPHEME, in elder Days,
Charm'd all his Soul to Reſt, with ſoothing Lays—
When GALATEA firſt inſpir'd the Vows
Of Love—and Youth ſprung vivid on his Brows!
Yet, tho' the ruſtic Swains their Paſſion breathe
O'er braided Treſſes, or the roſy Wreath;
With no ſuch Gifts of calm Delight he lov'd—
But all his madd'ning Breaſt the Furies mov'd.

Oft,

Oft, as he wander'd on the ſedgy Shore,
(Love all his Care—his Flocks review'd no more)
From graſs-green Meads his Sheep were wont to roam—
Or ſeek their Cotes alone, returning Home.

Meantime, his GALATEA, all Day long,
The Burthen of his ſweet-repeated Song,
He pin'd, with Love's keen Arrow at his Heart,
Yet found a Med'cine for the venom'd Dart;
While from a Rock that o'er the Billows hung,
He view'd the watery Waſte, and ſighing ſung:

'O ſoft as Lambkins, than the Curd more white,
'And as the Vine's unripen'd Fruitage bright—
'O wanton as the Calf, my ſnowy Maid,
'Why thus with Scorn are all my Vows repaid?
'For tho', in Sleep, I ſee thy Form ſo fair,
'I wake, and all the Viſion melts in Air!
'Ah then thy Beauties vaniſh from my Eyes!
'Thus from the hoary Wolf the Lambkin flies.
'Then firſt I lov'd (and drank of Love my Fill)
'When, wandering round the Hyacinthine Hill,

'Fair

‘ Fair Nymph! thy guardion Mother by thy Side,
‘ I led thee to its Flowers, a willing Guide.
‘ Ah from that hapleſs Period have I pin'd;
‘ Nor felt one Pauſe of Quiet in my Mind:
‘ And yet, proud Maid! my Pangs no Pity move!
‘ Nor gain from thee a Moment's Sigh, by Jove!
‘ Indeed I gueſs the Cauſe of all thy Pride —
‘ My Eye-brow ſtretch'd ſo ſhaggy and ſo wide!
‘ One Socket only, where my large Eye glows!
‘ And o'er my blubber Lips ſuch Prominence of Noſe.
‘ Yet, tho' I'm ſuch, I feed a thouſand Sheep!
‘ Milk the rich Stream, and drink its Beverage deep!
‘ And from the Fatneſs of the o'erflowing Pails,
‘ Curdle the ſofteſt Cheeſe that never fails!
‘ Still, if the tepid Zephyr fan the Spring,
‘ My plenteous Curd lies ready for the Wring!
‘ Still, if the Summer ſcorch, the Winter freeze,
‘ My Shelves are loaded with abundant Cheeſe.
‘ No *Cyclops*, here, outvies my vocal Pipe,
‘ Chaunting thy Charms ſo luſcious and ſo ripe!

‘ Yes!

‘ Yes! Apple of Delight! I ſing, with Glee,
‘ Oft, at the midnight Hour, myſelf and thee!
‘ For thee ten Does, all mark'd with Moons, I rear;
‘ And four fine Cubs—I plunder'd from a Bear!
‘ Come then—nor heed the Daſhing of the Wave,
‘ Repoſe, each Night, more ſweetly in my Cave!
‘ Come Nymph! and I will give thee nothing leſs
‘ Than thy own Grotto yields thee, to poſſeſs!
‘ There, Ivy round my Bays and Cypreſs twines!
‘ There, Grapes delicious load my bluſhing Vines.
‘ There, from deep-ſhaded ÆTNA's melting Snows
‘ The cooling Spring's ambroſial Beverage flows.
‘ And who, my Fair-one, would prefer to theſe
‘ The dull drear Proſpect of a Waſte of Seas?
‘ But if my Beard—my Eye-brows be too rough,
‘ I've Oaken Billets, and I've Fire enough:
‘ On the red Hearth unquench'd my Embers live;
‘ Then to the Flame my Beard—my Eye-brows give.
‘ For ev'n to burn my Life-Blood I could bear—
‘ Or this far dearer Eye, to pleaſe my Fair.

‘ O had

' O had I ſprung (alas! my hapleſs Doom)
' With Fins, like Fiſhes, from my Mother's Womb;
' Soon for thy Waters I had left the Land,
' Div'd down, and kiſs'd, if not thy Lips—thy Hand!
' Then had I brought thee Lilies white as Snow;
' And Poppy-bells, with Leaves that deeply glow!
' But yet, at once, my Flowers I could not bring;
' For theſe in Winter riſe, and thoſe in Spring.
' Now—now—dear Maiden, will I learn to dive,
' If ſome kind Sailor at our Coaſt arrive;
' That I may ſee what Bliſs is thine below—
' What Pleaſures I would wiſh thee to forego.
' Yet come, my charming GALATEA, come—
' Forget (as I on this lone Spot) thy Home!
' Come, leave the Covert of thy native Rocks!
' And milk with me, my Love, and feed my Flocks!
' Mix the ſharp Runnet with the curdling Cream,
' And from the Cheeſes preſs the ſourer Stream.

' Ah! 'tis my Mother I accuſe alone—
' Who, tho' ſhe daily hears my waſting Groan,

'Ne'er whiſper'd thee a Word: But ſhe ſhall ſee
'Theſe Legs—this throbbing Heart—and grieve with me.
'O *Cyclops*, where is all thy vaniſh'd Senſe?
'Go weave thy Baſkets—go—and hie thee hence,
'Where each green Tree its tender Twigs ſupplies—
'Freſh Fodder for the Lambs—awake—be wiſe.
'Go—milk the firſt that offers on the Plain:
'Why thus purſue the flying Sheep in vain?
'Come—let me give this Fooling to the Wind—
'Another Girl, ſtill fairer, may be kind.

'Full many a pretty Maid, at duſky Eve,
'My Smiles and Jokes with frolic Laugh receive;
'And hail me, as I join their ſportive Band:
'Tho' ſcorn'd at Sea, I'm ſome-one on the Land.'

Thus could fond POLYPHEME his Paſſion calm
Thro' the ſweet Influence of the MUSE's Balm,
That gave his love-ſick Heart more lenient Eaſe,
Than Med'cines dearly bought by laviſh Fees.

IDYLLIUM the TWELFTH.

To a FRIEND.

SAY, art thou come, now three long Days are paſt—
To crown the Wiſhes of my Heart, at laſt?
Far as the Apple's Pulp outvies the Sloe;
Or vernal Meads the wintery Waſtes of Snow;
Far as the milky Mothers of the Plain
Bear Wool more weighty than their Lambs ſuſtain;
Far as the Virgin, in the Prime of Life,
Excells the Matron, three Times dubb'd a Wife;
Or the light Fawn the Calf—or Nightingales
Surpaſs the rival Minſtrels of the Vales;
So far thy Converſe cheers! To thee I run,
As Travellers to the Beech that ſcreens the Sun.

O that our Fame of Friendſhip long may live—
And to recording Bards new Luſtre give!

O may we, thro' a deathleſs Being, prove
The golden Joys of harmonizing Love!
Then, after many an Age hath roll'd away,
May ſome-one meet my Shade, and ſweetly ſay:
' Your Friendſhip blooms, the Theme of every Tongue,
' And prompts the Shepherd's Tune—the Poet's Song.'
Such are my Prayers! May ſuch the Fate diſpoſe—
While no diſhoneſt Pimple on my Noſe,
I with a firm-ton'd Energy maintain:
' The Joy I've felt with thee, outweighs the Pain.'

Ye Megarensians, who, in equal Time,
The Muſic of your Oars ſo ſoftly chime;
Bleſt may ye flouriſh; ſince the *Athenian*'s Cauſe
Gain'd, at his cloſing Hour, your juſt Applauſe—
Above all Strangers honour'd, ſince ye pay
Due Rites to Diocles, each feſtal Day.
Then ſprightly Boys, when Spring begins to bloom,
Sport, in ſoft Conteſt, at their Hero's Tomb;
And who the ſweeteſt Kiſs hath Power to breathe,
Bears to his Mother many a roſy Wreath.

Bleſt is the Man, with more than vulgar Bliſs,
Whoe'er he be, that judges of the Kiſs!
Fair GANYMEDE—who makes the Thunderer bow;
Whoſe lenient Smile can ſmooth his angry Brow;
His Fury with a magic Power command,
And ſtop his Lightning, in his lifted Hand—
Had ſuch a Lip (or Fame hath often ly'd—
And Fame errs ſeldom on the better Side)
As, a true Touchſtone, tried the proffer'd Joy,
And the pure Ore diſtinguiſh'd from Alloy.

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the THIRTEENTH.

HYLAS.

Addreſſed to NICIAS.

HOW vain the Opinion (argue all we can)
That Love, dear NICIAS, is confin'd to Man!
How vain, that Beauty blooms for us alone!
Mortals, who idly deem one Day our own!

With Iron Boſom, tho' the Beaſt he ſlew,
The Charms of melting Love ALCIDES knew!
He cheriſh'd HYLAS, with his golden Hair;
Felt all the Fondneſs of parental Care;
And taught him, as a Sire inſtructs his Son,
By manly Virtues how Renown is won!
Himſelf alike the Model and the Guide
He watch'd aſſiduous at his HYLAS' Side;
Whether their Courſe AURORA's white Steeds run
From JOVE's high Dome; or blaz'd the noon-day Sun;

Or

Or the Hen ſhook her Wings, by Twilight's Gleam,
Gathering her Chickens to the ſmoky Beam—
That, tutor'd on Inſtruction's ſteady Plan,
The Boy, in Wiſdom's Way, might riſe to Man.

But when bold JASON, for the golden Fleece,
Brav'd the rough Billows, with the Sons of GREECE,
Who, duly choſen from the Cities, came,
(Princes of high hereditary Name)
'Twas then, at rich IOLCOS' crouded Strand,
ALCMENA's toiling Offspring met the Band:
And HYLAS, with a filial Friendſhip fraught,
Cloſe at his Side, the firm-deck'd ARGO ſought.
'Midſt CYANE's dread Rocks the Veſſel paſt,
And with an Eagle's Swiftneſs cleft the Waſte;
But, 'till the vernal Breeze in Safety curl'd
The heaving Wave, her Sails in PHASIS furl'd.

Soon as the PLEIADS ſhone, and milder May
Bade the light Lambs o'er ſpringing Verdure play;
The Flower of Heroes, with a Southern Gale,
Spread on the HELLESPONT, their rapid Sail;

And thro' the ſmooth PROPONTIS bent their Prows,
Where rich *Cyanean* Fields in Furrows roſe.
There landing on the Beach, in Pairs they ſpread
Quick for their Evening-Viands, many a Bed;
Tho' ſome for ampler Cates their Couch provide
More ſpacious, where a ſhadowy Mead ſupplied
Sharp Ox-tongue's flowery Plant, and Ruſhes broad,
That on the tufted Ground the Chieftains ſtrow'd.
Swift HYLAS o'er the Meadow runs, to bring,
In brazen Vaſe, freſh Water from the Spring,
For HERCULES and TELAMON, who ſtor'd
(Sworn Comrades at the Feaſt) one common Board.
Strait, in the Boſom of a lowly Dell,
He found beſet with Plants, a ſhaded Well:
On its cool Marge the fringing Herbage grew;
The mingling Dyes of Celandine ſo blue,
With verdurous Parſley, Maidenhair's bright Green,
And Vervain: While amid the watery Scene,
NAIDS, the Dread of ev'ry ruſtic Wight,
Led the gay Dance, and revel'd thro' the Night:

Young MALIS and EUNICA form'd the Ring,
And ſweet NYCHEA, like the blooming Spring.
His Vaſe now dipping in the ſable Lymph,
Fair HYLAS ſtruck each fond enamour'd Nymph!
They ſeiz'd! Down—down he dropp'd, as from Heaven's Height
Shoots glittering to the Main a ſtarry Light.
—' Unfurl your Sails'—(aloud the Boatſwain cries)
' Speed my brave Boys! Propitious Gales ariſe!'
With ſoft Addreſs the Nymphs ſoothe HYLAS' Fears,
And lull him on their Laps, and kiſs his Tears.
Meantime, ALCIDES, clouded o'er by Grief,
Graſp'd (the dread Image of a *Scythian* Chief)
His long-bent Bow; and, Wildneſs in his Look,
The Club familiar to his Right Hand ſhook.
And thrice (the Clamor rent the trembling Air)
On HYLAS call'd, in Accents of Deſpair!
From the deep Waters HYLAS thrice replied—
Tho' near, each feeble Murmur, as at Diſtance, died!
Ev'n as the Lion, if far off a Fawn
Cry with ſad Plaint along the duſky Lawn,

Starts from the Covert of his Mountain-Wood,
And ruſhes on his ready Feaſt of Blood;
Thus HERCULES, in dire Diſorder, takes
His Way thro' Thickets and thro' devious Brakes;
And ſtrides (how wretched is the Lover's Lot)
O'er Hills and dreary Glens—the Fleece forgot.
Now fitted for the Deep the Veſſel lay;
(AMPHITRYON's Son expected with the Day)
For all at Night unfolded to the Breeze
Her Pendants ſtream'd acroſs the ſhadowy Seas.
He, in dark Frenzy, ruſh'd thro' Ways untrod!
For Love had pierc'd his Heart—a cruel God!
In vain—his HYLAS, number'd with the BLEST,
The ſtarry Seats, in blooming Youth, poſſeſt.
In vain—Immortal HYLAS heard no more—
And ARGO ſaw the quick-retiring Shore:
Her Chiefs aſperſing his unſpotted Fame,
Affix *Deſerter*—to ALCIDES' Name;
Yet ſoon, on Foot, with Hero-ſoul ſublime,
He reach'd rude PHASIS' Haunts, and CHOLCOS' Clime.

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the FOURTEENTH.

CYNISCA's LOVE.

ÆSCHINES and THYONICHUS.

ÆSCHINES.

GOOD-Morrow, THYONICHUS! welcome—

THYONICHUS.

Good-Morrow!

ÆSCHINES.

Well—I ſee you at laſt!

THYONICHUS.

What a Face, full of Sorrow!

ÆSCHINES.

Too true!

THYONICHUS.

So it ſeems, by your rough buſhy Forehead,
Your Viſage drawn out, and Muſtachios ſo horrid!
I never, till Yeſterday, ſaw ſuch another—
A Beggar from ATHENS, in Leanneſs your Brother!

Not a Shoe to his Foot, the poor ſqualid *Pythagoriſt*
Believe me, was alſo in Love—with a Bag of Griſt!

ÆSCHINES.

My Friend you are jocular—I'm full of Woe—
The lovely CYNISCA hath ſlighted me ſo!
Ah! nobody gueſſes what Pain I endure;
I'm ſcarce a Hair's-breadth from a Maniac I'm ſure.

THYONICHUS.

I know you, my Friend—rough or ſmooth is your Brow,
As it happens—But what hath befallen you now?

ÆSCHINES.

CLEONICUS and I, at a Villa of mine,
Met the *Argive* and *Theſſalan* Jockey, to dine
On a roaſt Pig and Couple of Fowls I had kill'd—
When we heartily ate—and as heartily ſwill'd!
Alas! little thought I indeed of a Scrape;
While fragrant and briſk was the Juice of the Grape,
Tho' bottled four Years from the Vintage (the Savor
Of Cockles and Garlick enriching the Flavor.)
And now with our Toaſts the full Bumpers were crown'd,
As the Name of each Miſtreſs went merrily round.

But

But *ſhe* not a Tittle: 'Twas very diſtreſſing;
Quoth the *Jockey* aſide—'Now I'll give her a Dreſſing—
'*Mute* hath met with a *Wolf*, that no Word can eſcape her'—
How ſhe fluſh'd! at her Face you might kindle a Taper!
It ſeems there's one WOLFE—very ſlender, in Truth,
Tho' cried up, as a handſome and delicate Youth!
With him long ago ſhe was ſmitten, I heard;
But I let the Thing lie, and ſtill cheriſh'd my Beard.
In fine, we had all of us drank, and were mellow—
When the Jockey, arch APIS, a miſchievous Fellow,
Struck up, on a ſudden, a frolicſome Ditty,
Of 'WOLFE who was lovely and ſighing and pretty!'
Like an Infant ſhe ſobb'd—when, in violent Pique,
(You know me) I hit her a Blow on the Cheek!
Then, ſwelling with Paſſion, I hit her another—
I ſhall never forget—'twas ſo horrid a Pother!
And 'Miſchief! (ſaid I) was I right in my Fears?
'Begone, nor inſult me! a Curſe on thy Tears!'
Quick-riſing, ſhe gather'd her Veſt in a Knot,
And fleet, as from under the Roof of a Cot

The

The Swallow (juſt fed her yet clamorous Brood)
Skims around, for another Proviſion of Food;
She flew from her Chair, in a frantic Diſorder,
Glided over the Lobby; and then thro' the Foredoor
Glanc'd away—ſure the Proverb is true to my Coſt—
'The Bull in the midſt of the Thicket is loſt!'
Two Months will to-morrow be gone, ſince I've ſeen her—
Since here I've been ſighing—'How fatal a Dinner!'
And never, alas! from that terrible Day, Sir,
Hath my Beard (like a *Thracian*'s) felt Edge of a Razor!
Ever ſince hath ſhe liv'd Day and Night with her *Wolfe*,
Regardleſs of me a poor Shade, or the Gulf
Into which ſhe has plung'd me! I wiſh I could hate her,
And riſe, over Head as I am—in Love-water.
Like the Mouſe that hath bitten the Pitch I complain,
Attempting to ſwallow the Morſel in vain.
THYONICHUS, what ſhall I do, to get rid
Of my Paſſion? I'll do as my Neighbour SIM did!
You know, tho' he lov'd the proud Girl to Diſtraction,
He enliſted—and fought away Love in an Action!

And

And I too—no daſtardly Fellow I wiſt—
To fight it away, am reſolv'd to enliſt!

THYONICHUS.

I wiſh thee Succeſs with the little wing'd God!
But, if thou'rt determin'd on Warfare abroad,
King PTOLEMY, beſt of all Kings, I engage, is
Full ready, my Boy, to reward thee with Wages.

ÆSCHINES.

Is he generous?

THYONICHUS.

He boaſts a benevolent Spirit,
Attach'd to the Freeborn, encouraging Merit!
Good-nature and Courteſy welcome the Gueſt;
And Pleaſantry adds to his Dainties a Zeſt:
Yet whilſt for his Friends Generoſity ſhapes him,
Believe me, an Enemy never eſcapes him.
He gives like a Monarch, nor ever refuſes—
Beſides, he's the Patron and Boaſt of the Muſes!
Go therefore (thy Love ſwallow'd up by Ambition)
To ÆGYPT, and offer a modeſt Petition!

Go arm thee, and throw the ſhort Cloak o'er thy Shoulder—
To meet the fierce Phalanx ſtand bolder and bolder;
But haſten—In Life there's no Room for Delay—
Ev'n now, my dear Boy, we begin to decay!
Age ſilvers the Brow, to the Cheeks ſtealing on—
'Tis in Vigor of Youth that the Battle is won! 90

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the FIFTEENTH.

THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

[An Interlude, in three Acts.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

GORGO

EUNOE

PRAXINOE

OLD WOMAN

MAN

STRANGER

GREEK SINGING-GIRL.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE, PRAXINOE's Houſe, in the Suburbs of ALEXANDRIA.

GORGO, PRAXINOE, EUNOE.

GORGO.

MY dear little Girl, is PRAXINOE at home?

EUNOE.

She is—but how late, Mrs. GORGO, you come!

PRAXINOE.

Indeed! I thought Madam her Head would ne'er puſh in—
But EUNOE, ſee for a Chair and a Cuſhion.

EUNOE.

I have——

PRAXINOE.

Pray ſit down—

GORGO.

What a terrible Din!
What a Pother! 'tis well I eſcap'd in whole Skin!
What a brave Heart have I! to paſs ſo many Folks
That clatter'd in Sandals, and joſtled in Cloaks!
And Coaches—you cannot imagine the Throng!
I'm quite out of Breath—and the Way is ſo long!

PRAXINOE.

PRAXINOE.

Too true: 'Tis the Fault of my plaguy old Soul!
And here muſt we live, and put up with a Hole.
What a Deſart! To vex me he tries all he can;
He was ever a ſtrange unaccountable Man!
He knew I could almoſt have died for the Loſs
Of your Chat—but my Schemes 'tis his Pleaſure to croſs.

GORGO. [Pointing to the Child.]

Huſh Madam—obſerve him—how earneſt his Eye—
Don't talk of your Huſband, when ZOPY is by.

PRAXINOE.

I don't mean your Papa, my ſweet little Jewel!

GORGO.

But he underſtands—no—Papa's not ſo cruel.

PRAXINOE.

This Fellow then (we may diſguiſe it, you know,
And talk of the Thing as if ſome Time ago)
This Block of a Fellow once happen'd to ſtop,
To buy me ſome Nitre and Paint, at a Shop;
When, for Nitre, he purchas'd Bay-ſalt; and, for Rouge,
The long-lubber Gawky bought yellow Gambouge.

GORGO.

Lord! mine is as bad! you could hardly have thought,
For five Fleeces like Dogs-hair, and dear in a Groat,
That he ſquander'd away ſeven Drachms! the ſweet Honey!
Well might it be ſaid, he was *fleec'd* of his Money!
But come, take your Cloak—to ADONIS we haſte—
And faſten your Robe with its Claſps to your Waiſt:
Our Queen is preparing a Sight ſo divine—

PRAXINOE.

Aye—all Things, beſure, with fine People are fine!
But deſcribe to me theſe Preparations, ſo novel
To me, who am coop'd in this lone little Hovel.

GORGO.

'Tis high Time to go; and we'll talk at our Leiſure.

PRAXINOE.

Bring Water: Come quickly, you Slut! What a Pleaſure
Theſe Cats muſt enjoy on the Down of a Bed!
Go drive them away: But, you Statue of Lead,
Firſt bring me the Water: See—ſee how you fill!
Enough!—And how dare you ſo careleſsly ſpill

Such a Flood on my Gown? Well, I'm waſh'd—God be bleſt!
Here Huſſey—and give me the Key of my Cheſt.

GORGO.

Your Robe—let me ſee—I proteſt, 'tis not clumſy:
Pray what did it coſt? Nay, it vaſtly becomes ye.

PRAXINOE.

Don't aſk me—it coſt two good Pounds and a Crown;
And my Life I'd near into the Bargain laid down.

GORGO.

No Waſte of your Time or your Money however.

PRAXINOE.

True GORGO: Come bring me my Scarf, and be clever
In putting it on—and ſee there my Umbrella.
But as for my ZOPY, the dear little Fellow—
You cannot go with us; the Horſes will bite;
You may cry—but the Goblin will come in the Night:
Cry on, if you pleaſe, Sir! you ſhall not get hurt—
Yet, Girl, pray endeavour the Child to divert!
Bolt the Door; but firſt call in the Houſe-dog to watch;
And ſee you don't lift, while I'm abſent, the Latch.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

SCENE, the Street at ALEXANDRIA.

PRAXINOE, GORGO, OLD WOMAN, MAN, &c.

PRAXINOE.

Good Heavens! What a Tide! How or when ſhall we ſtem it?
The Street is as full as the Bank of an Emmet!
O PTOLEMY, great are the Deeds thou haſt done,
Since thy Father hath left, for OLYMPUS, the Throne!
A Thief or a Robber how ſeldom we meet;
Tho' Pickpockets formerly crouded the Street!
—Heavens! what ſhall we do? The War-horſes advance!
Friend! do not ride over me! See how they prance!
That terrible Bay how he rears! let's be gone—
Come, EUNOE—the Rider, I'm ſure, will be thrown.
Thank Heaven that my Boy is at Home—let us haſte—

GORGO.

Chear up, dear PRAXINOE—the Danger is paſt.

PRAXINOE.

Well—now I begin to recover my Fright—
From a Child I've been ready to faint at the Sight

Of

Of an Horſe or an Adder—But let's keep our Ground—
The Mob from all Quarters is thronging around.

Enter OLD WOMAN.

GORGO.

From the Hall, Mother?

OLD WOMAN.

Yes.

GORGO.

Can we preſs, thro' the Swarm, in?

OLD WOMAN.

That's a Point which the Trial can only determine.
He only, my Daughter, who tries, can enjoy—
By trying, the *Greeks* became Maſters of TROY.

Exit.

GORGO.

The Crone! what a learned—oracular Exit!
Sure Women have Knowledge—but love to perplex it!
So high is their ſoaring Sagacity carried—
They can tell you, how JOVE to his JUNO was married.

PRAXINOE!

PRAXINOE! ſee what a Crowd at the Gate!

PRAXINOE.

Immenſe! but 'tis troubleſome, GORGO, to wait!
Come, give me your Hand! and thou, EUNOE, ſtick
(Take Care not to loſe her) to Madam EUTYCK!
Let us enter together! Good God! what a Gap!
My Spring-ſilk has met with a horrid Miſhap!
And my Scarf in a Moment—Oh! oh! Sir—forbear—
And may JUPITER bleſs you—

MAN.

Dear Madam, my Care
Be aſſur'd—

PRAXINOE.

How they thruſt! I am ſure I am hurt!

MAN.

Good Madam! chear up, we are riding in Port!

PRAXINOE.

And there may you ride, Sir, this Year and the next—
Still EUNOE's terribly joſtled and vext!
Struggle ſtoutly, my Girl!—Very well! as *he* cried—
" We're all in!"—when he lock'd himſelf up with his Bride.

Scene cloſes.

IDYLLIUM

ACT the THIRD.

SCENE, the Hall of the Palace.

GORGO, PRAXINOE, STRANGER, GREEK SINGING GIRL.

GORGO.

PRAXINOE! ſee the rich-tapeſtried Room!
How exquiſite! ſure it was wrought in the Loom
Of the Gods!

PRAXINOE.

And how ſtriking! how bold the Deſigns!
No Pencil could draw ſuch elaborate Lines!
MINERVA! they riſe above critical Strictures!
For what Animation enlightens the Pictures!
Man's indeed a wiſe Animal! See how they move!—
Nay—ſtart from the Hangings! They cannot be wove!
But look on yon' Figure! How charming he lies!
All Silver the Couch, and ſo vivid the Dyes
Of his young downy Beard—'tis not hard to diſcover
The Features of VENUS's beautiful Lover.

STRANGER.

Ceaſe—ceaſe—idle Dames, your impertinent Tattle!
As hoarſe and as broad as the Pidgeons ye prattle.

GORGO.

Indeed! who are you? Tho' we talk, ſhall you curb us?
Seek thoſe who will liſten, nor dare to diſturb us!
Doſt think *Syracuſians* will tamely knock under—
That can trace to the City of CORINTH their Founder?
No, Maſter Officious! 'Tis ſeldom you hear of one
A Slave, that's deſcended from mighty BELLEROPHON.
And as to our Tongue, you've no Reaſon to teaze us—
'Tis our own Mother Language of PELOPONNESUS.

PRAXINOE.

We have Huſbands, beſides, that will bluſter and cuff!
One Tyrant, beſure, is, in Conſcience, enough.

GORGO.

Huſh—huſh—my dear Life! She's preparing the Song!
The ſweet little *Grecian!* How ſtill is the Throng!
She'll excell penſive SPERCHIS! See—ſee her prepare
With a Languiſh ſo ſoft—ſo delicious an Air!
So meltingly plaintive her muſical Tone is!
But hark!—She's beginning the Death of ADONIS.

The GREEK GIRL *ſings.*

SWEET-SMILING Arbitreſs of Love,
Queen of the ſoft *Idalian* Grove;

Whom

Whom GOLGOS and the *Erycian* Height—
And thy fair Fanes of Gold delight!
How lov'd the Down-ſhod HORÆ led
Thy own ADONIS from the Dead;
To all thy ardent Wiſhes dear,
Reſtor'd—to bleſs the cloſing Year!
Still, tho' they move on lagging Wing,
Some Balm of Life the HORÆ bring!

Hail, Daughter of DIONE, hail,
Whoſe Power from dark AVERNUS' Vale
Caught BERENICE to the Bleſt,
And with Ambroſia fill'd her Breaſt!
For thee, bright Goddeſs of the Skies,
To whom a thouſand Temples riſe,
The Child of BERENICE comes
ARSINOE! (*Helen-like* ſhe blooms)
With Nature's Luxuries to adorn
Thy lov'd ADONIS' feſtal Morn!
Lo! Fruits whate'er Creation yields!
Lo! the ripe Produce of the Fields

And Gardens, mingling many a Dye,
In ſilver Baſkets round him lie!
See, richly-cas'd in glowing Gold,
Yon' Box of Alabaſter hold
The Sweets of *Syrian* Groves; and ſtor'd
With honey'd Cakes, the luſcious Board!
Obſerve, whatever ſkims the Air,
Or lives on Earth, aſſembled there!
And green Shades, arch'd with Aniſe, riſe,
Where many a little CUPID flies,
Like the young Nightingales that love
New-fledg'd, to flutter thro' the Grove—
Now perching, now with ſhort Eſſay
Borne on weak Wing from Spray to Spray!
Of Gold—of Ebon what a Store!
And ſee two Ivory Eagles ſoar,
Swift carrying to the Seats above
The blooming Cup-bearer of JOVE!

Behold that Tapeſtry diffuſe
The Richneſs of the *Tyrian* Hues!

Ev'n

Ev'n they who tend *Mileſian* Sheep
Would own, 'tis ſofter far than Sleep!

Amid this Bed's relieving Shade,
Mark roſy-arm'd ADONIS laid!
And on that Couch ſurvey the Bride,
Rejoicing in the vernal Pride
Of him, whoſe ſmooth and ruby Kiſs
Is bath'd in Quinteſſence of Bliſs!
Now let her joy—But ere the Morn
Shall dry the Dews that gem the Thorn,
His Image to the Shore we'll bear,
With Robes unzon'd, and flowing Hair—
With Boſoms open'd to the Day;
And warble thus the choral Lay:

'Thou—thou alone, dear Youth, 'tis ſaid,
'Canſt leave the Manſions of the Dead;
'And paſſing oft the dreary Bourne,
'Duly to Earth's green Seats return!
'Such Favor not the ATRIDÆ knew,
'Nor who the fleecy Flocks o'erthrew!

'Nor

' Nor HECTOR, his fond Mother's Joy;
' Nor PYRRHUS, proud of plunder'd Troy!
' Nor ev'n PATROCLUS great and good;
' Nor they who boaſt DEUCALION's Blood!
' Nor PELOPS' Sons; nor, firſt in Fame,
' The high PELASGIANS blazon'd Name!'

Propitious, O ADONIS, hear;
Thus bring Delight each future Year!
Kind to our Vows ADONIS prove,
And greet us, with returning Love!

GORGO.

How ſweetly ſhe ſings! Lord! how much ſhe muſt know!
Happy Minſtrel! but bleſs me, 'tis high Time to go—
Should my Huſband return before Dinner is ready,
With his bluſtering Vagaries my Head would be giddy:
Adieu then, at preſent, my ſweeteſt ADONIS!
And again may you meet ſuch a Croud of your Cronies!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the SIXTEENTH.

THE GRACES,

OR

HIERO.

WHILE each fair Action of celeſtial Birth,
JOVE's Race record, and Bards the Deeds of Earth;
The deathleſs MUSE and mortal Poet ſhare
Touch'd with a kindred Flame, a kindred Care.
Yet who, beneath the circling Sun, repays
With grateful Preſents, our applauſive Lays?
Lo! from the proud unhoſpitable Dome
Our Panegyrics haſte ungifted home;
Indignant, of the cold Regard complain,
Sigh o'er our Song, and mourn the Journey vain!
Then recommitted to their lonely Seat,
An empty Cheſt's chill comfortleſs Retreat;
Timid and pinch'd by Penury, they freeze,
And preſs with fainting Heads their ſhivering Knees.

Far

For ah! who values now the plauding Lyre?
Who feels the Patriot's—who the Hero's Fire?
Alas! no Chieftains, as in antient Days,
Love the fair Meed, and tremble for our Praiſe!
All—all the ſordid Miniſters of Gain,
Heed not the hollow Tinkling of our Strain;
Wiſer to ſolid Heaps of Silver truſt,
Nor ev'n impart an Atom of its Ruſt.
'Led by an Alien's Dreams let others roam—
'I care not—Charity begins at home!
(With Hand upon his Breaſt, the Miſer cries)
'Money is all I want—Be others wiſe!
'My humble Prayer is only to be rich—
'Heaven will provide the Poet with a Nich:
'Beſides, had I a Wiſh for ſterling Senſe,
'I've HOMER; and can read, without Expence.'
Say, Wretch, what profits all thy precious Ore?
Say, what avails, to heap the ſhining Store?
Not thus the Wiſe their proſper'd Riches uſe,
The Friends and Benefactors of the MUSE:

While

While Prudence for themſelves reſerves a Part,
Their Kindred praiſe the hoſpitable Heart;
Each Fellow-being owns their generous Cares,
And every God his due Libation ſhares.
'Tis theirs to welcome every coming Gueſt;
And bleſſing each departing Friend, be bleſt:
But chiefly theirs, to mark with high Regard
The MUSE's laurel'd Prieſt—the holy Bard!
Leſt in the Grave their unſung Glory fade,
And their cold Moan pierce ACHERON's dreary Shade;
As the poor Laborer, who, with Portion ſcant,
Laments his long hereditary Want.
What tho' ALEUA's and the *Syrian*'s Domes
Saw crouding Menials fill their feſtal Rooms;
What tho' o'er SCOPAS' Fields rich Plenty flow'd,
And Herds innumerous thro' his Vallies low'd;
What tho' the bountiful CREONDÆ drove
Full many a beauteous Flock, thro' many a Grove;
Yet when expiring Life could charm no more,
And their ſad Spirits ſought the *Stygian* Shore;

Their Grandeur vaniſh'd with their vital Breath,
And Riches could not follow them, in Death!
Lo theſe, for many a rolling Age, had lain
In blank Oblivion, with the vulgar Train,
Had not their Bard, the mighty *Ceian*, ſtrung
His many-chorded Harp, and ſweetly ſung
In various Tones, each high-reſounded Name,
And giv'n to long Poſterity their Fame!

Verſe can alone the Steed with Glory grace,
Whoſe Wreaths announce the Triumph of the Race!
Could LYCIA's Chiefs, or CYCNUS' changing Hues,
Or ILION live, with no recording Muſe?
Not ev'n ULYSSES, who thro' Dangers ran
For ten long Years, in all the Haunts of Man;
Who ev'n deſcended to the Depths of Hell,
And fled, unmangled, from the CYCLOPS' Cell—
Not he had liv'd, but ſunk, Oblivion's Prey,
Had no kind Poet ſtream'd the unfading Ray!
Thus too PHILŒTIUS had in Silence paſt,
And nameleſs old LAERTES breath'd his laſt;

And good EUMÆUS fed his Herds in vain,
But for IONIA's Life-inſpiring Strain.

Lo, while the Spirit of the Spendthrift Heir
Wings the rich Stores amaſs'd by brooding Care—
While the dead Miſer's ſcattering Treaſures fly;
THE MUSE FORBIDS THE GENEROUS MAN TO DIE!
Yet 'tis, at leaſt, as eaſy an Eſſay,
From the red Brick to waſh its Hues away;
Or, when the ſtormy Billows beat the Shore,
To mark each Wave, and count their Number o'er;
As from his Wealth the Miſer's Soul to part,
Or bid one liberal Thought expand his Heart.
Peace to all ſuch! Be theirs the countleſs Store,
And ſtill augmenting may they covet more!
For me, be ever my firſt Wiſh, to prove
Above the Price of Gold, Eſteem and Love.
For me, who now purſue the Paths of Fame,
Tho' rough thoſe Paths, and dim the MUSE's Flame,
Unleſs a Patron's kind Regard inſpire,
And JOVE's auſpicious Omens fan the Fire.

The unwearied Sun ſtill rolls from Year to Year;
Still ſhall proud Victors in the Race appear!
Great as the ſtern PELIDES' Self, erelong
A Man ſhall ſhine, the Subject of my Song;
Or in the Might of towering AJAX riſe,
Who fought on SIMOIS' Plain, where ILUS lies.
Ev'n now where LIBYA views the weſtering Day,
Phœnician Armies ſhrink, in pale Diſmay!
Ev'n now the *Syracuſians* take the Field,
Couch the ſtrong Spear, and bend the ſallow Shield;
While, as the Chiefs by hymning Poets bleſt,
Great HIERO comes, and nods the horſe-hair Creſt.

Hear O MINERVA, and paternal JOVE,
And ye, who honour with your guardian Love
The Walls of wealthy SYRACUSE, that throw
Their awful Shadows on the Lake below—
Hear!—and may Deſtiny o'erwhelming ſweep
Our Foes away, far diſtant thro' the Deep!—
Far from this Iſle, a ſcatter'd few, to tell
Widows and Orphan Sons, what Myriads fell!

And may the Cities they had raz'd, ariſe
Girt with new Strength, and tower into Skies—
Each old Inhabitant his own reſume,
And all the rural Scene its former Bloom!—
There thouſand Flocks thro' rich Luxuriance play,
And Droves of Oxen croud the Travellers Way!
There may the Fallow-fields be plough'd again,
And ſown with each Variety of Grain;
What Time ſhrill-ſinging, from the topmoſt Trees
Each ſunburnt Swain the perch'd Cicada ſees.
Then Spider's Webs ſhall fill the ruſted Shield,
And every Soldier ſhall forget the Field—
Thee, HIERO, while exulting Bards proclaim,
And ſpread, beyond the *Scythian* Sea, thy Name;
Bid ev'n SEMIRAMIS' high Towers attend,
And her *bitumen'd* Walls in Terror bend!
'Weak are my Powers'—yet many a Bard ſhall join,
Who ſtring their Harps belov'd by all the Nine,
To hymn SICILIA's Tribes—her ARETHUSE,
And HIERO, blazon'd by the warlike Muſe!

Ye Sister-Maids who love the Stream, that flows
Where your first Votary's breathing Incense rose;
Here tho' in still Suspense may sleep my Lyre,
Should no kind Whisper wake the trembling Wire—
Yet, if a Patron's Voice invite the Muse,
Shall my dull Ear the soothing Tone refuse?
No—in your Bowers for ever may I dwell,
And thus the heavy Gloom of Life dispel!
Unblest by you, what Charm can Being give?
With you, ye Sister-Maids, be mine to live!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTEENTH.

PTOLEMY.

YE Muses, if ye hymn the firſt above,
With Jove begin the Strain, and end with Jove!
To Ptolemy, the firſt on Earth, belong
Your Harp's preluding Tones—your cloſing Song!
Heroes of old enjoy'd the immortal Meed
Of Bards, who blazon'd each diſtinguiſh'd Deed!
Thus in my Lays ſhall Ægypt's Sovereign live,
Such Lays, as ev'n to Gods new Glory give!
The Woodman loſt in Ida's Shades of Oak,
Doubts where to ſtrike, and long delays the Stroke!
Thus while around the princely Splendors ſtream,
I heſitate amidſt the various Theme!

Say, Muse, how bright the high-ſoul'd Father ſhone—
What peerleſs Wiſdom deck'd his envied Throne!
Him Jove receiv'd with Honors, as a God,
A golden Palace his ſublime Abode!

And

And near, above the proſtrate *Perſian* great,
The mitred AMMON holds his living Seat;
While, oppoſite, the Foe to Monſters gaunt,
ALCIDES ſits enthron'd in Adamant—
Where, 'midſt the Immortals, with Ambroſia bleſt
He views his Heirs, and hails each Son a Gueſt;
And joys, that deathleſs thro' the Lapſe of Years,
His Progeny the Bloom of Glory wears!
For, ſprung from HERCULES the laſt, they trace
To Heaven the Lineage of a godlike Race!
When (as each Vein the fragrant Nectar fires)
To taſte connubial Rapture he retires;
To this he gives, ſo fatal to the Foe,
His ſhafted Quiver, and his long-bent Bow;
To that his iron Club in Charge allots—
Ponderous in all the ſolid Strength of Knots:
Thus, with his Arms, they lead the Son of JOVE
To ſilver-footed HEBE's Bed of Love.

But BERENICE—Gods! her Sexes Pride—
What Prudence crown'd the Beauties of the Bride!

Sure

Sure, VENUS' Self her odour'd Boſom preſt,
And breath'd the Soul of Love into her Breaſt!
Touch'd by ſuch Merits her Adorer came,
And Huſband never felt ſo pure a Flame!
Her glowing Ardors heighten'd all her Charms,
And more than equal Fondneſs bleſt his Arms!
How oft, diſcarding all the Monarch's Care,
The Lover's Luxuries he was wont to ſhare;
Pleas'd on his Sons the Burthen to remove,
And taſte the ſweet Delights of wedded Love!
Ah! how unlike the faithleſs Conſorts Joys,
While far from home her vagrant Paſſion flies!
Tho' numerous Sons announce her guilty Fire,
Not one reflects the Image of the Sire.
Thro' the fond Favor of thy guardian Eye,
O thou, the faireſt Daughter of the Sky,
The lovely Queen, O VENUS, ſcap'd the Grave,
Yet never wafted o'er the moaning Wave;
But (ere ſhe ſaw the infernal Waters flow)
Snatch'd from the griſly Ferry-man below—

Amid the Radiance of thy Temple plac'd,
And with a Share of all thy Glory grac'd:
There kind to all who worſhip at her Shrine,
She breathes ſoft Loves, and Sighs that equal thine.
His ſable-eye-brow'd Spouſe to TYDEUS bore
Stern DIOMED, who carnag'd ILION's Shore:
To PELEUS THETIS bare the warlike Boy,
Whoſe far-whirl'd Darts were deſtin'd to deſtroy:
'Twas BERENICE's happier Fate to bear
Thee to high LAGUS an unequall'd Heir!
Then brightening Coos, as ſhe ſaw thee born,
With unfeign'd Triumphs hail'd thy infant Morn!
For, there invok'd, benign LUCINA came,
And breath'd ſoft Languors o'er thy Mother's Frame!
While, beauteous Offspring, Coos laugh'd to ſee
Thy Father's Features all reviv'd in thee—
While, as her Eyes ſurvey'd thy lovely Charms,
She claſp'd thee, ſhouting, to her eager Arms:—
'Bleſt Boy! ſuch Glories on my Iſland ſhed,
'As PHŒBUS on his DELOS ſtream'd!' (ſhe ſaid)

'Thro'

'Thro' thee exalted, may the *Dorians'* Fame
'Vie, in fair Honors, with RHENÆA's Name!'
She ceas'd: And thrice, the Clouds quick opening round,
JOVE's ſoaring Eagle clang'd the auſpicious Sound:
The ſacred Omen ſpoke peculiar Love,
And mark'd, as ſoon as born, the Elect of JOVE.
Such Favorites, Heaven-protected at their Birth,
Wield the bright Sceptre o'er the ſubject Earth;
While, riſing from the rich prolific Shower,
Wide Plenty waves, and Myriads bleſs their Power.
Yet, where the Fatneſs of the NILE o'erflows,
With more abundant Fruits old ÆGYPT glows:
See her low Meads in freſh Luxuriance teem,
Deep as their Glebe imbibes the triturating Stream.
Here too, O PTOLEMY, beneath thy Sway,
What Cities glitter to the Bluſh of Day!
Lo! with thy ſtatelier Pomp no Kingdom vies,
While round thee thrice ten thouſand Cities riſe!
Struck by the Terror of thy flaſhing Sword,
SYRIA bow'd down—ARABIA call'd thee Lord!

PHŒNICIA trembled, and the *Lybian* Plain
With the black ÆTHIOP, own'd thy wide Domain!
Ev'n LESSER ASIA and her Iſles grew pale,
As o'er the Billows paſs'd thy Crowd of Sail!
Earth feels thy Nod—and all the ſubject Sea—
And each reſounding River rolls for thee!
And, while around thy thick Battalions flaſh,
The proud Steeds neighing for the warlike Claſh;
Thro' all thy Marts the Tide of Commerce flows,
And Wealth, beyond a Monarch's Grandeur, glows.
Secure from Ravages, or ſlaughtering Arms,
The Ruſtics reap the Produce of their Farms;
Paſture their Herds, where NILE o'erflows the Coaſt,
Nor dread the Navies of the invading Hoſt.

Such gold-hair'd PTOLEMY! whoſe eaſy Port
Speaks the ſoft Poliſh of the manner'd Court;
And whoſe ſeverer Aſpect, as he wields
The Spear dire-blazing, frowns in tented Fields:
And tho' he guards, while other Kingdoms own
His conquering Arms, the hereditary Throne;

Yet

Yet in vaſt Heaps no uſeleſs Treaſure ſtor'd
Lies, like the Riches of an Emmet's Hoard;
But, with his Gifts adorn'd, each holy Shrine,
And ev'n the Domes of Kings and Subjects ſhine:
Nor from the ſacred Feaſts, where many a Choir
Wake to high Minſtrelſy the rival Lyre,
His Bards, with melancholy Step, depart;
But triumph in the Meed that crowns their Art.
Hence then, the MUSE's grateful Prophet ſings
His honour'd PTOLEMY—ſupreme of Kings!—
Can Patrons in a fairer Aim rejoice
Than thus to purchaſe Fame's enduring Voice?
This nobler Wealth while ſtill the ATRIDÆ hold,
TROY buried lies—and all their Heaps of Gold!
Lo! PTOLEMY, on Virtue's arduous Road,
Hath in the Footſteps of his Father trode;
Yet riſing over every fervent Trace
His manlier Mien diſplays ſuperior Grace!
He—he alone, by all the NINE rever'd,
The fragrant Temple to his Parents rear'd;

Bade their bright Forms in Gold and Ivory riſe,
And ſmile upon the ſolemn Sacrifice.
There, with his Queen, he duly decks the Shrine,
(When roll the Months around) with Rites divine;
And fatten'd Bullocks, as the Flame aſpires,
Burns in the bluſhing Altar's holy Fires;
Fair at his Side ARSINOE's blooming Grace,
Than whom no lovelier Queen, of mortal Race,
The Bleſſings of ſo great a Conſort proves—
The Brother and the Huſband of her Loves.
Thus too the Gods—thus JOVE and JUNO wed;
And odour'd IRIS ſhapes the immortal Bed!
Great Monarch hail! Be mine to bid thee riſe;
And reach, with Brother Demigods, the Skies!
My Verſe the Praiſe of future Times ſhall prove—
But thou, aſk Virtue of almighty JOVE!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the EIGHTEENTH.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.

IN SPARTA, once, when ATREUS' younger Son
The Prize of peerleſs Charms in HELEN won,
Twelve Maids, the faireſt of the *Spartan* Fair,
(Soft hyacinthine Wreaths adorn'd their Hair)
Twelve lovely Maids, LACÆNÆ's nobleſt Pride,
Approach'd the tap'ſtried Chamber of the Bride;
Led their gay Dances at the bridal Room,
And fill'd with choral Song the feſtive Dome;
To the light Meaſure as they beat the Ground,
And glanc'd their many-twinkling Feet around.
'Why ſleep, dear Bridegroom! (was the nuptial Lay)
'Ere Night's pale Curtain ſhades the twilight Day?
'Why thus repoſe thee on thy downy Bed?
'Say, have too plenteous Wines oppreſt thy Head?
'Dear Bridegroom, ſlumber, if thou wilt, at Eve—
'Yet leave the Bride—the lovely HELEN leave!

'Come,

‘ Come, with her Fellow-Virgins let her play;
‘ And own a Mother's Care, 'till Dawn of Day!
‘ For, if a few ſhort Maiden Hours be paſt,
‘ Think, think, impatient Man, they are her laſt!
‘ From Morn to Night—from Year to Year thy Wife,
‘ Thrice happy Bridegroom, ſhe is thine for Life!
‘ Sure, CUPID's lucky Sneeze inſpir'd thy Love,
‘ To ſeek a Father in *Saturnian* JOVE;
‘ And bleſt among the Demigods, to gain
‘ The brighteſt Nymph of all the *Achaian* Train.
‘ If, featur'd with their Mother's Charms, they riſe,
‘ Well may thy beauteous Offspring grace the Skies!
‘ Of all our Virgin Tribes, that oft are ſeen
‘ Anointed for the Revels of the Green,
‘ Beſide EUROTAS' cooling Baths—not one
‘ A ſpotleſs Form, compar'd with HELEN, ſhone.
‘ For, as the Cypreſs in the Garden, fair,
‘ Or the tall Steed that draws THESSALIA's Car,
‘ Or as the Riſing of the purple Morn,
‘ When far—far off the wint'ry Clouds are borne—

‘ Ev'n

‘ Ev'n as the Morn, when Spring's ſoft Zephyr blows,
‘ With roſeate Charms the golden HELEN, glows.
‘ In Toil unrivall'd, as in Beauty's Bloom,
‘ Behold her various Labors of the Loom!
‘ In Webs, no *Spartan* Female e'er diſplay'd
‘ Such Colors melting into mellow Shade.
‘ See, with unequall'd Grace ſhe ſweeps the Strings,
‘ Whether to her according Harp ſhe ſings
‘ MINERVA's Name, or wakes the liquid Fire,
‘ In chaſte DIANA's Praiſe, along the Lyre!
‘ See, (as the lyric Murmurs ſweetly die)
‘ Love, charming Boy, ſits playing in her Eye.
‘ Ah, gentle Girl! no longer of our Train—
‘ Yet we, when Morning-light illumes the Plain,
‘ Will crop the Meadow-leaves, that ſweetly breathe,
‘ To weave for thee a variegated Wreath!
‘ And mourn thee, as the ſolitary Lamb
‘ Laments with plaintive Cries its abſent Dam.
‘ Be flowering Lotus twin'd, that loves the Ground,
‘ And with its Wreath the Plane-tree Branches crown'd;

' While dropping on the ſhaded Turf below,
' From ſilver Shells ambroſial Unguents flow.
' And let us grave this Line, in *Dorian* Strain,
" Revere me, Traveller: I am HELEN's Plane."

' Hail, happy Pair, by ſmiling HYMEN led!
' Hail, happy Pair, may VENUS bleſs your Bed!
' May kind LATONA mark your mutual Love!
' May Riches crown your Bliſs—the Gift of JOVE!
' Long may they grace the hereditary Throne;
' And roll, in ſplendid Tides, from Sire to Son!
' Now ſleep—and breathing on each Breaſt Deſire,
' Temper with ſweet Eſteem your amorous Fire!
' Yet riſe, as Crimſon ſtreaks the Orient grey—
' Remember—we ſhall chaunt the choral Lay,
' Soon as the Cock ſhall ſtretch his plumed Throat,
' Shake his gay Creſt, and ſound his early Note!
' Sleep on, bleſt Pair! A numerous Offspring raiſe;
' And give to HYMEN's Joys your golden Days!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the NINETEENTH.

The HONEY-STEALER.

As Cupid, once, the errant'ſt Rogue alive,
Robb'd the ſweet Treaſures of the fragrant Hive,
A Bee the frolic Urchin's Finger ſtung—
With many a loud Complaint his Hands he wrung,
Stampt wild the Ground, his roſy Finger blew;
And ſtrait, in Anguiſh, to his Mother flew.
'Mother (he cried, in Tears all frantic drown'd)
'Twas but a little Bee! And what a Wound!'
But ſhe with Smiles her hapleſs Boy ſurvey'd,
And thus, in chiding Accents, ſweetly ſaid:
'Of thee a truer Type is no where found—
'Who, tho' ſo little, giv'ſt ſo great a Wound!'

IDYLLIUM the TWENTIETH.

EUNICA,

OR

THE NEATHERD.

LORD! when I tried to kiſs the City-Maid,
How proud ſhe look'd; and flouted me, and ſaid:
'Away, thou Ruſtic! nor my Lips profane—
'Doſt think I ever learnt to kiſs a Swain?
'No—I delight in City-Lips alone—
'Thou ſhould'ſt not kiſs me in a Dream—begone.
'How ſweet thy Accents! What a charming Air!
'How ſoft thy downy Beard! Thy Locks how fair!
'No—Caitiff—Hands ſo tawny—Lips ſo thick—
'And ſuch a Smell! Begone! for I am ſick!'
She ſpoke—and ſpitting thrice, the ſaucy Slut
Titter'd, and ey'd me o'er from Head to Foot;
And frown'd, and winc'd about to ſhew her Shape,
And laugh'd aloud, and mutter'd—'What an Ape!'

Wild

Wild as ſhe flung away, I ſpeechleſs ſtood!
In Anger boil'd the Current of my Blood!
Quick to my Face the fluſhing Crimſon flew;
And like a Roſe I look'd, o'erchang'd with Dew!
Still—ſtill Reſentment in my Breaſt I bear—
That ſhe ſhould ſcorn a Youth ſo paſſing fair!

But ſay, my Comrade-Swains, and tell me Truth—
Am not I bright in all the Bloom of Youth?
Or elſe what God hath faſhion'd me anew?
Erſt my fair Form ſhone lovely to the View!
My Beard, ſoft-ſpread, like claſping Ivy, clung;
My Locks, like Parſley, down my Temples hung!
White o'er my ſable Eye-brows—ſnowy-white—
My open Forehead ſeem'd one luſtrous Light!
My Eyes, a living Azure as they ſtream'd,
Ev'n than MINERVA's Eyes more ſweetly beam'd.
My Lips, like Cream, with dulcet Sounds replete,
Drop'd Muſic, than the Honey-comb more ſweet;
And all enchanting flow'd the liquid Note,
Or from my Pipe or Flute, or *Dorian* Oat!

The

The Girls upon the Hills confeſs my Charms,
And long to claſp me in their ardent Arms!
But for this Flirt—ſo tinctur'd with the Town—
Who ſcorn'd, forſooth, the Proffers of a Clown;
She never knew, that BACCHUS, tho' divine,
Paſtur'd, amidſt the Vales, his lowing Kine!
That VENUS ev'n to Cits a Swain preferr'd,
And help'd him, on the Hill, to feed his Herd;
Or, fir'd by fair ADONIS, that, in Groves,
The *Paphian* Queen enjoy'd and mourn'd her Loves.

And was not ſweet ENDYMION's ſelf a Swain—
Whom LUNA lov'd, deſcending to the Plain,
Whilſt for the *Latmian* Lawn ſhe left her Sphere?
And did not RHEA hold a Herdſman dear?
Nay—'twas thy Will thro' wild-wood Haunts to rove
Ev'n for a little Herdſboy, Father JOVE!

And yet a Neatherd's Love EUNICA thinks
Beneath her Notice—the conceited Minx!
And vaunts her Graces—ev'n unmatch'd, I ween,
By RHEA, CYNTHIA, or the *Cyprian* Queen!

Bewitching

Bewitching Beauty! Tho', beſure, we ſee
A ſecond CYTHEREA bloom in thee,
O may'ſt thou ſigh, for aye—and ſigh in vain—
To kiſs thy Lover of the Town again!
Deſpis'd by every Cit, be thine to prove
The Hill's rude Breezes for a Herdſman's Love!
But may the Ruſtic's Scorn thy Crime atone,
And ſlighted, may'ſt thou ſleep all Night—alone!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-FIRST.

THE FISHERMEN.

ASPHALION and FRIEND.

Addreſſed to DIOPHANTUS.

'TIS Penury, DIOPHANTUS, keeps alive
The various Arts, and bids Invention thrive;
Yet breaks the Laborer's little Share of Reſt,
And fills with anxious Thought his throbbing Breaſt.
For lo—if gentle Sleep his Eye-lids cloſe,
Some Care burſts in, and murders his Repoſe.

Two good old Fiſhermen in Slumber lay,
On the dry Sea-weed, where the Poplar-ſpray
Wove to a Hut of artleſs Texture, ſpread
Its Leaves umbrageous o'er their ſhelter'd Bed.
Beſide them, many an Inſtrument of Toil
To lure, or ſeize, or bear their finny Spoil—

The

The Hook, the Net that Sedges cloſe entwine,
The Rod, the Baſket, and the horſe-hair Line;
Skins, gibbous Seins, and Weels of Oſier dank,
And Wires; and drawn upon a creaking Plank
(Their Caps upon its Stern) a long-worn Boat;
A Mat their Pillow; and their Rug, a Coat;
All mark'd their Labor great, their Treaſure ſmall—
Theſe were their Stores—this little was their all.
Not ev'n a Dog or Pot was theirs: Tho' poor,
And lone without a Neighbour on the Shore,
They paſs'd their Hours, with Poverty their Friend;
(To fiſh—their ſimple Being's Aim and End)
And deem'd their Shed a Palace; liv'd in Glee;
Nor fear'd the welcome Viſit of the Sea,
Whoſe ripling Waves roll'd round them, every Tide,
And waſh'd their little Hovel's tottering Side.

Not yet the Moon had travell'd half the Skies,
When Thoughts of friendly Toil unſeal'd their Eyes;
And ſhaking from their Lids the ſleepy Dews,
They cheer'd their Boſoms with an artleſs Muſe.

ASPHALION.

Sure, Friend, they lie, who ſay, the Summer-light
Soon brings the Day-ſpring, and curtails the Night.
For I have ſeen, this Night, full many a Dream—
Tho' yet far diſtant from the Morning-beam!
Have I forgot? In Truth, I am not wrong!
The tedious Hours lag heavily along.

FRIEND.

How vain to blame the Summer-ſun's Delay!
The Hours unvarying urge their deſtin'd Way:
'Tis Care that lengthens out the Gloom, more deep
At every tedious Pauſe of broken Sleep!

ASPHALION.

Pray, haſt thou learnt, my Friend, the happy Art
A Dream's myſterious Meaning to impart?
To thee I would unfold my nightly Care,
And, as we ſhare our Fiſh, the Viſion ſhare.
Come then, I tell thee, 'twas a charming Sight,
And truſt thy Genius will interpret right.
He ſeems, my Friend, the ſhrewdeſt Judge of Dreams,
In whom the Spirit of Conjecture beams.

We've ample Time: Here ſleepleſs on a Bed
Of Leaves, the Billows gurgling round our Shed,
What ſhall we do? Indeed the living Light
In PRYTANEUM, burns both Day and Night.

FRIEND.

Come then, recite this Viſion to thy Friend,
Whoſe Ear ſhall every Incident attend.

ASPHALION.

When, weary from our Labors on the Deep,
Laſt Evening, I had clos'd my Eyes in Sleep;
(Nor was my Stomach full—for ſupping late
A ſparing Meal we haſtily had ate)
Methought upon a ſhelving Rock I ſtood,
And ey'd the Gambols of the ſcaly Brood;
Let down, as I was wont, my baited Hook,
And oft the glancing Lure impatient ſhook.
Then one (in Sleep we image what we wiſh—
Dogs dream of Bones, and Fiſhermen of Fiſh)
A huge one gorg'd the Bait; and flouncing, dy'd
With guſhing Crimſon the tranſparent Tide.

I ſtretch'd my Arm, and fill'd with anxious Hope
Looſen'd the Line, and gave him ampler Scope;
Yet, if my bending Rod aſunder ſnapt,
Fear'd the ſtrong Animal was vainly trapt—
Debating, how I could contrive, at all,
To take ſo large a Fiſh, with Hook ſo ſmall.
At length I cried: 'Doth ſtill thy Vigor brave
'My Toils?'—as graſping him above the Wave
He prick'd full ſorely: Yet o'ercome at laſt
He faintly ſtruggled, and I held him faſt.
But how amaz'd, when all my Labor o'er,
I ſaw a Fiſh of Gold upon the Shore!
Fear crept thro' all my Frame. 'Perchance (thought I)
'It may be one of NEPTUNE's favorite Fry!
'Or AMPHITRITE's Treaſure!'—So I took,
And gently loos'd him from my faithful Hook,
Left from his gliſtening Mouth a Grain of Gold
Might ſtick about the Barb: And now, more bold,
With Cords I drew him on the Beach—and ſwore
'That I'd ſet Foot in Fiſhing-boat no more;

'But

'But here, ſince Gold would purchaſe every Thing,
'I'd live, at Home, at Leiſure, like a King.'
I ſtrait awoke: But what am I to do?
Tell me—I fear my Oath—and tell me true.

FRIEND.

Fear not: 'Tis all a Phantom of the Brain;
Vain is thy Fiſh of Gold—thy Oath is vain.
To realize thy Hopes, be thine to take
The finny Fry, not ſleeping, but awake.
Go then—for Fiſh more ſolid try the Stream,
Nor die, for Hunger, in a golden Dream.

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SECOND.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

PART the FIRST.

LEDA's and JOVE's great Sons my Verſe inſpire—
The Sons of JOVE, their Ægis-bearing Sire!
CASTOR;—and POLLUX dreadful in the Liſts,
The Cæſtus brac'd with Thongs around his Wriſts!
My frequent Song ſhall hymn your manly Grace,
Ye Twins, the Glory of the *Spartan* Race!
Powers, who protect us from the Foe, and ſhield
Our ſcar'd Steeds trampling on the carnag'd Field!
Powers that o'erlook the ſtruggling Ship, and ſave,
When Stars ariſe malignant o'er the Wave!
Behold the looſen'd Tempeſts ſwell the Tide,
Laſh the high Helm, and bulge each burſting Side,
And pour into the Poop the Mountain-ſurge;
While the rent Veſſel reels upon the Verge

Of

Of Fate—its torn Sails hanging in the Blaſt,
And wildly daſh'd around each ſhatter'd Maſt!
Clouds big with Hail the midnight Heavens deform,
And the broad Ocean thunders to the Storm!
But ye, tho' now the cloſing Waves purſue,
Quick reſcue from the Chaſm the dying Crew!
Lo! the Clouds break! their ſcatter'd Fragments fly,
Whilſt the drear Winds in whiſpering Murmurs die;
And each mild Star that marks the tranquil Night
Gilds the repoſing Wave with friendly Light.
O both the Friends of Man, to whom belong
The Gauntlet and the Horſe, the Lyre and Song!
Whoſe Proweſs firſt ſhall dignify my Lays?
'Tis POLLUX firſt I ſing: Yet both ſhall meet my Praiſe.

'Midſt Shores, that threat'ned, as in Act to cloſe
Their adverſe Rocks, and PONTUS drear with Snows,
When ARGO paſt, (her Freight the Sons of Gods)
And reach'd BEBRYCIA's inhumane Abodes;
Strait down the Veſſel's Sides the Chiefs deſcend,
And o'er the ſhelter'd Beach their Footſteps bend;

Place

Place on the kindling Fires the Vaſe; and ſpread
All on a ſhaded Spot, their leafy Bed.

The Royal Brothers, eager to explore
The ſylvan Scenes, far wander'd from the Shore;
O'er a fair Mountain's woodland Summits ſtray'd,
The varied Beauties of its Brow ſurvey'd;
And, tracing the Receſſes of the Mount,
Found, deep-retir'd, a cool perennial Fount:
Brimful beneath a craggy Rock it ſtood;
Whilſt, at the Bottom of the ſhelving Wood,
Full many a Pebble ſparkled to the Light,
As Chryſtal or as poliſh'd Silver bright.
Beſide this Spot, the Plane-tree quivering play'd,
And penſive Poplars wav'd a paler Shade;
While many a Fir in living Verdure grew,
And the deep Cypreſs darken'd on the View:
And there each Flower that marks the balmy Cloſe
Of Spring, the little Bee's Ambroſia, blows!

Hard by (his Couch the Rock) a Chieftain frown'd,
His Ears freſh reeking from the Gauntlet's Wound.

Dire was his giant Form! and amply ſpher'd
The broad Projection of his Breaſts appear'd!
Like ſome *Coloſſus* wrought too firm to feel,
His Back all ſinewy ſeem'd of ſolid Steel!
On his ſtrong brawny Arms his Muſcles ſtood,
Like Rocks, that, rounded by the torrent Flood,
Thro' the clear Wave their ſhelving Ridges ſhow
One ſmooth and poliſh'd Prominence below.

Rough round his Loins a Lion's Spoils were flung;
Suſpended by the Paws the Trophy hung.
Victorious POLLUX view'd, uncheck'd by Dread,
The ſavage Chief, and thus complacent ſaid:

POLLUX.

Health, Friend, whoe'er you are—Say, who the Race
That Fate hath ſettled in ſo bleſt a Place?

AMYCUS.

How Health—when I ſee Men I never ſaw?—

POLLUX.

Fear not—You ſee no Fugitives from Law.

AMYCUS.

Fear not?—Believe me, I have liv'd too long,
To learn that Leſſon from a Stranger's Tongue.

POLLUX.

How captious! Rude as Clowns that break the Clod!

AMYCUS.

I'm as thou ſeeſt! thy Shore I never trod!

POLLUX.

Come, and you'll find a Welcome!

AMYCUS.

Welcome—no—
I ne'er accept a Welcome, or beſtow.

POLLUX.

Strange! May I taſte that Riv'let?

AMYCUS.

Tell me, firſt,
Whether thy burning Lips are parch'd by Thirſt?

POLLUX.

What is your Price? Here's Silver—

AMYCUS.

In the Fight
To prove, Man cloſe oppos'd to Man, thy Might;

With

With ſteady Eye, with Gauntlet-Arm alert,
By Artifice or Force thy Powers exert.

POLLUX.

But whom am I to fight?

AMYCUS.

Thy Match is near—
Thou ſee'ſt no deſpicable Gauntleteer!

POLLUX.

Where's then the Prize?

AMYCUS.

Why he who wins the Day
Shall have the Vanquiſh'd for his Slave—

POLLUX.

Cock's Play!
The Victor-Bird his ſcarlet Creſt may ſhake—

AMYCUS.

Or Cock's or Lion's, 'tis the Prize I ſtake.

This ſaid, his hollow Conch the Giant blew;
And, ſtarting at the Signal, ruſh'd to View
(Their long Hair flowing) his *Bebrycian* Troop:
A ſpreading Plane o'erarch'd the ſturdy Groupe:

While mighty CASTOR haſten'd to invite
The choſen Chiefs, Spectators of the Fight.

Soon as the Combatants with bull-hide Bands
Had fix'd the maſſive Gauntlets to their Hands,
And 'round their Shoulders brac'd the leathern Thong,
They breath'd Defiance 'mid the circling Throng.
Now the dread Trial of their Art begun,
Each ſtriving to elude the glancing Sun!
POLLUX! with thee thy Rival vainly vies!
The Rays ſhot full on AMYCUS's Eyes.
Enrag'd he quick advanc'd upon his Foe,
And aim'd, with Hands high-rais'd, a deadly Blow!
But wary POLLUX the 'mid Fury broke,
And rung upon his Cheeks a ſtunning Stroke.
Still more incens'd the Giant's Boſom boil'd,
As thus his Vengeance on himſelf recoil'd;
And bending downwards for a ſurer Aim—
His brave BEBRYCIANS rais'd the loud Acclaim.
Nor leſs the ſhouting GREEKS their Champion cheer'd;
For fill'd with fond Anxiety, they fear'd—

Fear'd—

Fear'd—that the enormous Chief might onward ruſh,
And with a TITYUS' Weight the Hero cruſh.
But he, ſtill firm—ſtill dext'rous to engage,
Curb'd, with repeated Strokes, his Rival's Rage.
Drunk with the Blows the Son of NEPTUNE ſtood,
Streams guſhing from his Mouth of purple Blood.
Inſtant the Warrior-Worthies, as they ſaw
The ſhatter'd Remnant of his broken Jaw,
His gaſh'd Cheeks ſwoln, his ſocket-ſunken Eyes,
Fill'd with triumphant Shouts the rending Skies.
The Prince, yet eager in the Fight, provokes
His rival Combatant, with feintful Strokes;
His leſs evaſive Steps now ſtaggering plies;
Then, ſeizing on the Moments of Surprize,
Full on his Brow betwixt his Eye-brows daſh'd,
And to the Bone the rended Forehead maſh'd.
Supine to Earth, amidſt the dread Affray,
He fell, and on the reeking Plane-leaves lay.

But ſoon he rear'd his Stature from the Ground;
And both vindictive dealt the mutual Wound.

In

In hurried Onſet, on the Neck and Breaſt
The madd'ning Tyrant of BEBRYCIA preſt;
Whilſt in new Strength unvanquiſh'd POLLUX roſe,
Still driving at the Head his deadlier Blows.
As in black Sweat each Limb collapſing ſhrunk,
The giant Champion's vaunted Vigor ſunk!
Yet POLLUX ſtood in more majeſtic Grace,
And manlier Bloom ſprung freſh'ning o'er his Face.

Say, MUSE, how JOVE's high Son (for you can tell)
Had Power the ſavage Monſter to repel:
Your faithful Bard, I finiſh or prolong
The varied Tale, as you inſpire my Song.

Bent, in one deſperate Effort, to remand
His ſcattering Honors, on the GREEK's Left Hand
Wild, with his own, he ſeiz'd; then turn'd oblique
To ſhun the threat'ning Chief prepar'd to ſtrike—
The pond'rous Gauntlet of his Right Hand ſped
Death-menacing—but miſs'd the Royal Head
That ſlid eluſive of the Blow! Elate
The Hero of the GREEKS aim'd ſurer Fate!

Full

Full on the Creſt of AMYCUS it flew;
And the gor'd Temples gap'd diſclos'd to View;
While, ſudden, ſpouting from the Iron Wound
The black'ning Crimſon trickled to the Ground.

Quick and more quick the Strokes redoubling flaſh—
Livid the Monſter's Cheeks! With many a Craſh
The ſhatter'd Teeth fell ſtrangling down his Throat,
As, unoppos'd, avenging POLLUX ſmote.

Stretch'd on the cold Earth, dim Life's trembling Light,
His Hands he lifted—to renounce the Fight.
But POLLUX (tho' his Triumphs clos'd the Fray)
Tarniſh'd by no baſe Deed the ſplendid Day:
While AMYCUS by Father NEPTUNE ſwore,
'That he would injure Strangers—never more!'

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SECOND.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

PART the SECOND.

NEXT CASTOR riſe (ſince now thy Brother's Praiſe
Hath kindled the rapt MUSE's hymning Lays)
Riſe, mailed Chief, who lov'ſt the heroic Courſe,
Thou mighty Maſter of the Warrior-horſe!

The bold Twin-offspring of immortal JOVE
Wrought up to Frenzy by the Power of Love,
Had borne, rapacious, from their Father's Dome
LEUCIPPUS' Daughters—fair in Virgin-bloom!
APHAREUS' Sons the injurious Deed ſurvey'd,
(The future Bridegrooms of each raviſh'd Maid)
And ſtrait purſued the BROTHERS, in their Flight,
IDAS ſtrong-limb'd, and LYNCEUS, ſharp of Sight.

But when the Heroes reach'd the ſacred Way
Where high-entomb'd APHAREUS' Aſhes lay;

Each

Each leap'd impetuous from his lofty Car,
All arm'd with Spears and Targets for the War.
' Why thus (aloud beneath his Caſque he ſpoke)
' Why (LYNCEUS cries) the frantic Fight provoke?
' For others Brides, ſay, whence this Fury came?
' And why, unſheath'd, your ready Faulchions flame?
' Long ſince LEUCIPPUS hath affix'd their Dowers,
' Betroth'd, and with an Oath confirm'd them ours.
' And ſure, 'twas baſe, thro' Cunning, to prevail,
' With dazzling Lures of Gold their Sire aſſail;
' Hurry their Mules and Herds and Wealth away,
' And make our Property your lawleſs Prey.

' Oft have I argued, tho' my Words are few—
(A plain Remonſtrance, but, alas! too true)
" Say, hath not ELIS—Nurſe of many a Steed,
" The *Arcadian* Vallies that improve the Breed
" Of beauteous Kine, and SPARTA's wide Domain,
" And proud MESSENE's State, and ARGOS' Plain,
" And where rich CORINTH opes her ample Bay,
" All GRECIA's Towns in populous Diſplay—

" Say, have not theſe, of Maids a numerous Tribe,
" Bright-blooming, to be won without a Bribe?
" Virgins, that boaſt, in Mind as Beauty fair,
" The genial Nurture of parental Care.
" For you, who from a Lineage great and good
" Draw the pure Current of heroic Blood,
" How eaſy, while their honor'd Sires rejoice,
" Amidſt the lovely Train, to fix your Choice!
" My Friends, it ill becomes a Prince, I've ſaid,
" Inſidious, to ſupplant the Bridal Bed!
" Our Nuptials but allow us to purſue,
" And we'll engage to find fit Brides for you."
' Such were my Words—but ah! the Breezes gave
' Their Sound, all unavailing, to the Wave!
' Yet tho' no Prayers your ſtubborn Boſoms bent,
' Ev'n now (for we are kin) ev'n now relent!
' But if our warlike Proweſs muſt be tried,
' And hateful Arms be fix'd on, to decide;
' If Vengeance bid the Blood of Kindred ſtain
' In Fight too ominous, the liſted Plain;

' Let

'Let IDAS and the valiant POLLUX yield
'To CASTOR and to me, the doubtful Field!
'Let us, the younger Two, contend alone,
'Nor leave our wretched Parents to bemoan
'The general Death! Let ſome return to chear
'Their drooping Friends, and wipe the Virgin's Tear,
'And to ſupply the Place of thoſe who died—
'Each the fond Bridegroom of a happy Bride.
'Thus lighter Miſchiefs may our Houſe befall,
'Nor the dire Conteſt ſpeed the Fates of all.'
He ſpoke, nor vainly: On the Ground, in haſte,
Their Armour IDAS and brave POLLUX plac'd.
But LYNCEUS, boldly marching to the Field,
Shook his ſtrong Spear, beneath his circling Shield.
Then CASTOR brandiſh'd his uplifted Lance,
And their plum'd Helmets wave, as they advance.

Firſt with their Spears they tried the warlike Art
To find, ill-guarded, ſome more vital Part:
But all in vain the alternate Weapons ſtruck;
The ſharp Points breaking to their Targets ſtuck!
Next, the bright Faulchions from their Sheaths they drew,
And to the cloſing Fight with Fury flew!

At the broad Buckler of his vengeful Foe,
And nodding Caſque, while CASTOR aim'd the Blow;
The quick-ey'd LYNCEUS all his Powers diſplay'd,
And lopp'd the rival Plumage with his Blade.
But ſoon that Blade its Force too feeble found,
Struck with the Hand that held it to the Ground.
And fruitleſs now each Effort to withſtand—
Hurrying he ſought, with mutilated Hand,
His Father's Tomb, where IDAS had reclin'd
To view the inteſtine Fray, with anxious Mind.
With unabated Rage, the Son of JOVE
Ruſh'd on; and riſing, thro' his Navel drove
The forceful Faulchion! From the gaping Wound
His Bowels guſh'd, and welt'ring gor'd the Ground.
To Earth he falls! and gaſping as he lies,
Death's dim Suffuſion veils his glaring Eyes.

Nor ever was ill-omen'd IDAS led
By his fond Mother, to the Nuptial Bed!
For, as vindictive of his Brother's Doom,
He tore a Column from APHAREUS' Tomb,
Aiming its maſſive Vengeance at the Foe
With wild uplifted Arm, in Act to throw—

Heaven's

Heaven's ſovereign Lord elanc'd a flaming Brand
That daſh'd the ſhattering Marble from his Hand!
Thro' all his writhing Frame the Lightnings ſped,
And, in a Craſh of Thunder, he fell dead!

The BROTHERS thus unrival'd Fervor fires,
Brave in themſelves, and ſprung from valiant Sires!
Hail Sons of LEDA! let each noble Name
Give to my hymning Harp a deathleſs Fame!
For every Poet, kindling, as he ſings
Your Deeds, and HELEN's, and the heroic Kings
Who levell'd ILION's Pride, in antient Days,
Lives in your Spirit, and partakes the Praiſe!
His lofty Lyre to warlike Glory ſtrung,
Your high Renown the *Chian* Poet ſung,
With *Argive* Fleets, and Battles fam'd afar,
And TROY, and THETIS' Son the Tower of War.
I too chaunt martial Numbers; nor refuſe
The humble Offerings of my votive Muſe!
Such as the NINE inſpire, my Verſe appears—
Poetic Honors charm immortal Ears!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-THIRD.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

AN amorous Shepherd lov'd a cruel Maid;
And breath'd vain Wiſhes all with Scorn repaid.
Her beauteous Figure but bely'd her Mind—
A Form too lovely, with a Soul unkind!
She knew not Cupid, or his bitter Dart;
She knew not Cupid's Power, to tame the Heart.
No Bluſh of Love in ſoft Suffuſion bloom'd;
Nor Pity's dewy Light her Eyes illum'd.
His raging Wound ſhe ne'er eſſay'd to calm;
Nor pour'd, in Kiſſes or in Sighs, a Balm!
But ſavage as the wildeſt Beaſt that prowls,
That on the Foreſt-Hunters grimly ſcowls,
No Parley could her Fury-ſpirit brook;
Lour'd her dark Eyes, and Death was in her Look!
Oft from her Face the roſeate Color flew,
And her whole Soul in Anger ruſh'd to View!

Yet

Yet was ſhe fair, and ev'n Diſdain had Charms—
He ſigh'd to ſnatch her frowning to his Arms!
At length, bewilder'd in the Gloom of Fate,
He ſought with trembling Steps the Virgin's Gate;
Kiſs'd the bare Threſhold, hung his throbbing Head,
And his Tears guſhing in a Torrent, ſaid:
'Ah, cruel Fair! in ſome wild Foreſt born!
'Thy Hatred—Love, and all thy Pleaſure—Scorn!
'Thy Nurſe—the bloody Lioneſs alone;
'Thy cold, cold Heart—impenetrable Stone!
'Take—take this Cord—'tis all I now can give—
'I go (nor longer will thy Torment live)
'To where the Wretched find Relief I go—
'Where Lovers drink Oblivion of their Woe!
'Yet what—this ſcorching Fever—what can tame?
'Alas! all LETHE could not quench the Flame!
'Adieu, ye Gates, to meet theſe Eyes no more;
'Farewell! I ſee what Time reſerves in Store!
'Fair is the Roſe, yet ſoon its Beauty flies!
'Soon the ſweet Vi'let, ſoon the Lily dies!

'Soon

‘ Soon melts the Whiteneſs of the fleeting Snow;
‘ Thus paſſes Youth! thus fades its vernal Glow!
‘ The Time will come, when ev'n thy Heart ſhall prove
‘ While ſtream thy bitter Tears, the Pangs of Love!
‘ Yet grant this Prayer! alas, I aſk no more,
‘ When thou ſhalt ſee me pendent at thy Door,
‘ Ah, paſs not—paſs not by—but kindly ſhed
‘ A Tear of Pity to embalm the Dead!
‘ And looſe the Cord; and o'er me lightly throw
‘ Your ſhading Robe; and then one Kiſs beſtow;
‘ At leaſt refuſe not ſuch a Boon in Death—
‘ Fear not—no Kiſſes can reſtore my Breath!
‘ Ah! fear not—I ſhall never more ariſe!
‘ Ev'n tho' thou kiſs with ſoft relenting Sighs!
‘ Laſt, duly dug, my Sepulchre provide,
‘ My Love and me its hollow Cell ſhall hide!
‘ And thrice “ Here reſts my Friend”—departing ſay;
‘ Or rather cry “ Here lies my true Love's Clay.”
‘ Then let this ſimple Epitaph be mine,
‘ (My trembling Hand now traces the faint Line)

“ Love

" Love ſlew him, Traveller! Stop—to ſoothe his Shade!
" And pitying ſay, he lov'd a ruthleſs Maid!"
This ſaid, and in deſpairing Frenzy bold,
High by the Wall a pond'rous Stone he roll'd;
Then, climbing, fix'd the Cord above, and tied
The fatal Nooſe, and ſpurn'd the Stone aſide—
Quivering in Death! The Fair-one, when ſhe ſaw
Her pendant Lover, ſhew'd no Signs of Awe,
Nor ſhed one Tear; but ſcornful Glances caſt,
And her light Robe polluted, as ſhe paſt!
Then ran to view the Wreſtlers, in the Grove,
Thence viſiting the Bath devote to Love!
There CUPID's Image, on a marble Baſe,
Stood frowning o'er the conſecrated Place:
And, inſtant, as he ſaw the Fair-one lave,
He fell, and cruſh'd her, in the Fountain-wave!
Life's purple Current ſpouted at the Blow,
And theſe laſt Words came faultering from below:
' Lovers adieu! Behold the Scorner dies!
' Love thoſe that love! For Heaven's Decrees are wiſe!'

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

SOON as ALCMENA bade her pleaſing Care
Waſh'd, and with Milk well fed, for Reſt prepare,
ALCIDES, who ten Months had ſeen the Light,
And IPHICLUS, juſt younger by a Night;
She gently laid them on the brazen Shield
(Which great AMPHITRYON in the tented Field
From PTERILAS had won) on either Head
Plac'd her fair Hands, and fondly-ſmiling ſaid:
'Sleep—ſleep ſecure, my Boys, the Night away;
'Sweet be your eaſy Reſt, 'till dawning Day.'
She ſpoke: And ſtrait their heavy Eye-lids yield
To Slumber, as ſhe rocks the cradling Shield.

But when deſcending URSA mark'd the Skies,
Where the red Rays of broad ORION riſe,
Amid the Shades of Midnight JUNO ſent
(Her vengeful Soul unknowing to relent)

Two

Two Serpents, with Commiſſion to deſtroy
The infant HERCULES, JOVE's vigorous Boy!
Terrific thro' the Portal's Valves they came,
Their Eye-balls ſhooting a pernicious Flame!
Briſtled their azure Scales o'er many a Fold,
Then prone to Earth their blood-ſwoln Bellies roll'd!
And as along the marble Floor they flew,
Fell Poiſon from their Jaws the Monſters threw.
Now hiſſing o'er the Shield the Serpents hung,
Each brandiſhing in Rage his forked Tongue!
When ſtrait (for JOVE ſees all) the Babes awoke,
And thro' the Room a ſteady Splendor broke!
As their dire Fangs caught IPHICLUS's Eye,
The Child to Pity rais'd a ſhort ſhrill Cry;
Quick from his little Limbs the Covering caſt,
And ſought to fly—with ſhivering Fear aghaſt.
But young ALCIDES ſtretch'd (nor ſtretch'd in vain)
His Arms, to claſp them in a deadly Chain.
With eager Hands their ſwelling Throats he ſeiz'd,
And Venom, hateful to the Immortals, ſqueez'd

From their black Jaws! Convuls'd, they writh'd each Spire
Around the Babe who felt the Hero's Fire!
Who, yet unwean'd, ne'er ſhudder'd with Alarms,
Or cried, or blubber'd, in his Nurſe's Arms!
Their Curls relax'd in many a livid Stripe,
At length they yielded to an Infant's Gripe.

Starting ALCMENA firſt o'erheard the Cries—
'Ariſe! AMPHITRYON! much I fear! ariſe!
'Wait—wait not for your Sandals! much I fear!
'Our younger Son poor IPHICLUS I hear.
'And ſee what Light o'er all the Chamber falls!
'Tho' not yet Morn, how viſible the Walls!
'Some ſtrange Event!'—ſhe ſaid—and at her Word
AMPHITRYON roſe, and inſtant ſnatch'd his Sword
That, by a Peg ſuſpended o'er his Head,
Adorn'd, a high-wrought Work, the Cedar-Bed;
Then drawing from its lotewood Sheath the Blade,
(While the wide Room grew dark in ſudden Shade)
He call'd his Train that, huſh'd in Slumbers deep,
Lay ſnoring out the Heavineſs of Sleep.

'Haſte—

‘ Haſte—haſte, my Servants! Inſtant Flambeaux bear—
‘ Hither—unbolt the Gates—and quick repair!’
Straſt at his Voice the rous’d Attendants came,
Each waving in his Hand the Torch’s Flame.
And when they ſaw the young ALCIDES claſp
Two fiery Serpents with his eager Graſp,
In wild Amaze they ſhudder’d! But the Boy
Leap’d in an Extacy of childiſh Joy;
And with a Laugh, his Triumph to complete,
Flung the dead Monſters at his Father’s Feet.
Her IPHICLUS all trembling, to her Breaſt
ALCMENA caught, and lull’d the Babe to Reſt;
O’er the young Hero while AMPHITRYON throws
The Lambkin’s ſofteſt Fleece; then ſeeks Repoſe.

The creſted Cock, as gleam’d the orient Sky,
Had thrice proclaim’d the Day-ſpring from on High;
When fair ALCMENA call’d the hoary Seer
Who ever gains with Truth the wondering Ear;
The unuſual Fortune of the Night run o’er,
And bade him ſay, what Heaven reſerv’d in Store.

' Nor aught (ALCMENA cries) thro' Fear conceal,
' If Woes await us, let thy Tongue reveal!
' For vain, thy Wiſdom knows, is mortal Care!
' Each Ill that Heav'n predeſtines, Man muſt bear.'

She ſpoke: The Queen TIRESIAS thus addreſt:
' Hail Parent with a godlike Offspring bleſt!
' Fear not, O thou, whom regal Splendors grace!
' Fear not, O thou, of PERSEUS' royal Race!
' By the dear Light that long hath left theſe Eyes—
' No more to ſee the roſy Morning riſe,
' The Days ſhall come, when many a Maid of GREECE,
' Twirling, on rapid Wheel, the carded Fleece,
' Whilſt Matrons glory in thy Deeds of Fame,
' Shall ſing, 'till duſky Eve, ALCMENA's Name.
' But for thy Son, in various Triumphs great,
' The Star-effulgent Heaven reſerves a Seat!
' Old Earth with Wonder ſhall his Glories fill—
' Men—ſavage Beaſts obedient to his Will!
' Yet ere the giant Chieftain ſhall repoſe,
' Where JOVE's pure Dome in living Splendor glows,
' Twelve Labors paſt, the fierce *Trachinian* Flame
' Muſt purge from earthly Droſs his mortal Frame!

' He

' He ſhall be call'd the Son-in-law of Gods—
' Ev'n thoſe who from their Caverns' drear Abodes
' Arous'd the baleful Monſters of the Wild,
' To ſlay with venom'd Fangs the Warrior-Child.
' Then with the Fawn the harmleſs Wolf ſhall dwell,
' And range, in ſocial Sports, the embowering Dell!
' But, mighty Princeſs, bid thy Slaves prepare
' Such Copſe or Low-wood as the Foreſts bear,
' The rough Aſpalathus, or, lit with Eaſe,
' The dry Acherdus tremulous in the Breeze,
' Or Brambles creeping o'er the ſteril Soil;
' And burn yon' Serpents in the kindled Pile—
' What Time, the ſleeping Infants to devour
' They hiſs'd along theſe Rooms—the midnight Hour.
' Then let a faithful Maid, at Dawn of Day,
' The extinguiſh'd Aſhes to the Flood convey;
' Quick o'er her Head, if favoring Breezes blow,
' To the rude Rocks her ſcatter'd Burthen throw;
' And inſtantly return, nor look behind
' On the dire Magic of the Waves and Wind.
' Next, let pure Sulphur to the Rooms reſtore
' Salubrious Air; and ſprinkle on the Floor

' Clear Water from the living Fountain brought,
' With Olives crown'd—with Salt as duly fraught:
' And laſt, on JOVE the victim Boar beſtow,
' So ſhall ye triumph o'er the crouching Foe!'
Thus ſpoke TIRESIAS, as the God inſpir'd,
And to his ivory Car, low-bent with Age, retir'd.

As the young Plant amidſt the Garden grows,
Beneath his Mother's Care ALCIDES roſe:
And tho' ſuch Honor, as a Child, he won,
Still was he call'd AMPHITRYON's godlike Son.
His letter'd Lore APOLLO's Offspring taught,
Old LINUS, wrinkled by laborious Thought!
But EURYTUS (whoſe thouſand Acres ſhone
By long hereditary Right his own)
Bade him the Praiſes of the Bowman claim,
And fix'd the feather'd Shaft's unerring Aim;
While ſweet EUMOLPHUS form'd his Voice to Song,
And ſhap'd his Hands the Box-tree Lyre along!
Each varying Feint the *Argive* Wreſtlers ſhow
In ſtrong Contorſions with the gallant Foe,

On liſted Plains the Gauntlet to direct,
And wield its iron Vengeance with Effect;
How thoſe who act the Boxer's vigorous Part
Find meet Occaſions to diſplay their Art;
All this from fierce HARPALYCUS he knew—
Whom, tho' yet diſtant, no Man dar'd to view;
While, ſtorming for the Carnage of the Fight,
On his dark Brow hung Death and pale Affright.

Oft too AMPHITRYON taught the blooming Boy
With Fondneſs that beſpoke a Father's Joy,
In the high Car his generous Steeds to train;
To guide their Swiftneſs with unerring Rein;
Turn ſhort the Wheels impetuous as they roll;
Nor daſh the glowing Axle on the Goal!
From *Argive* Plains, in Youth's more vigorous Day,
Full many a Prize the Sire had borne away.
And ſtill unbroken ſtood his Car ſublime,
Tho' the worn Reins had felt the Worm of Time.
But how to launch with all a Warrior's Art,
With all a Warrior's Force the deathful Dart;

To ſhun, beneath his Shield's protective Shade,
The furious Impulſe of the flaſhing Blade;
To marſhall Armies dreadful in Array,
Lead the fierce Horſe, and well-tim'd Ambuſh lay;
Such CASTOR taught—what Time, in TYDEUS' Reign,
He fled, an Exile, over ARGOS' Plain.
The *Argive* Sceptre from ADRASTUS came,
Who bade the Vineyard Vales hail TYDEUS' Name.
No Warrior's equal Proweſs could engage
The valiant CASTOR, ere unſtrung by Age.

Thus taught the Paths of Glory to purſue,
Beneath his Mother's Eye the Hero grew.
Faſt by his Father's Bed, a Lion's Hide
Form'd his lov'd Couch, in all its ſhaggy Pride.
His Evening Viands, large as Hinds partake,
Where ſavory Ven'ſon and the *Doric* Cake:
But ſparing were his noonday Meals!—Array'd
In no rich Veſt, whoſe floating Folds diſplay'd
The Needle's Art—in plain unprincely Robe
'Twas his to range the inhoſpitable Globe.

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-FIFTH.

HERCULES THE LION-SLAYER.

* * * * * * * * * *

HIS Inſtruments of Labor laid aſide,
The hoary Herdſman to the Chief replied:
‘ I haſte, (nor deem it a reluctant Taſk)
‘ O Stranger, to impart whate'er you aſk:
‘ For much celeſtial HERMES I revere,
‘ Whoſe Statues awful in each Road appear.
‘ He moſt of all the heavenly Tribe, they ſay,
‘ Hates thoſe who from the Traveller turn away.
‘ Theſe Flocks, with which the Hills—the Vales are ſtor'd
‘ Innumerous, own AUGIAS for their Lord!
‘ O'er various Soils they range beyond our View;
‘ On ELISUS' ſoft Banks their Path purſue,
‘ Or where divine ALPHEUS' Waters flow;
‘ Or where BUPRASIUM's cluſt'ring Vineyards glow;

‘ Or wanton here, amid theſe Meads of Gold;
‘ And every Flock apart enjoys its Fold.
‘ Tho’ cropp’d by many a Herd that roves around,
‘ In freſh Luxuriance ſmiles their Paſture-ground,
‘ Menius’ rich Marſh: For here, beneath the Dew,
‘ The varied Herbage ſprings, for ever new.
‘ See, to the Right, their Stalls conſpicuous gleam,
‘ Beyond the winding Current of the Stream,
‘ Where grow yon’ Clumps of high perennial Plane,
‘ And yon’ wild Olive ſpreads, Apollo’s Fane:
‘ Each Shepherd-Swain, ſlow-pacing down the Glade,
‘ Invokes his firſt of Gods, and hails the Shade.

‘ Next riſe our Stalls, whoſe ſpacious Rooms contain
‘ The Stores our Care hath heap’d, of golden Grain—
‘ The Riches that around our Sovereign flow,
‘ While thrice plough’d up, the teeming Glebe we ſow.
‘ They who the Vineyards plant, or prune, or rear,
‘ Or tread the Wine-preſs with laborious Care,
‘ Well know the wealthy Monarch’s vaſt Domain;
‘ The graſs-green Vales, the Harveſt-redd’ning Plain;

‘ And

‘ And widely-waving far as yonder Hills
‘ Whoſe fair Tops glitter with refreſhing Rills,
‘ Theſe ſhadowy Gardens, where our daily Toil
‘ (For ſuch the Life of Swains) prepares the Soil.

‘ But tell me, is it Chance or Buſineſs leads
‘ Thy Footſteps, Stranger, to theſe happy Meads?
‘ Say, do you ſeek, (nor deem my Service vain)
‘ The King, or one of his attendant Train?
‘ Truſt to my Care: And ſure, if right I ween,
‘ Your manly Graces, and your portly Mien
‘ Shine, with no Semblance of ignoble Birth—
‘ For thus the Sons of Gods appear on Earth.’

Jove’s Son replied: ‘ O Friend, I ſpeed my Way
‘ To hail the Prince whom Elis’ Realms obey!
‘ But if, amidſt his Citizens, the Cauſe
‘ Of Right engage him to diſpenſe the Laws,
‘ Then give me for my Guide the Maſter-Swain,
‘ Whoſe Counſel beſt may help me to explain;
‘ My Wants: For Jove decreed, when Earth began,
‘ That Man ſhould ever want the Help of Man.’

‘ Sure,

' Sure, ſome Immortal's Smile your Worth hath won!
' (The Herdſman cried) your Work's already done!
' For hither from the Town AUGIAS came,
' With PHYLEUS, his lov'd Son, long mark'd by Fame,
' But yeſter Morn—to view, for many a Day,
' His rural Riches, in their full Diſplay.
' Thus Kings, who trace their Wealth with watchful Eyes,
' Flouriſh, while aggrandiz'd their Houſes riſe!
' But let us haſten, and the Sovereign hail—
' To yonder Stall I'll guide you down the Vale.'

This ſaid, he leads the Way, while Wonder roſe,
Full many a Thought revolving as he goes!
For with the Feelings of unuſual Awe
The Lion's Spoils, the Club's ſtrong Knots he ſaw.
Oft, he would aſk, whence came this Hero-gueſt—
Yet Fear, as oft, the riſing Words repreſt;
Obtruſive they might ſeem, or ill-deſign'd—
Who knows the Motions of another's Mind?

Whilſt yet far off, the Dogs ſagacious knew
Their Coming by their Tread and Scent; and flew

From

From every Part, and great ALCIDES bay'd;
But round the Shepherd fawn'd, and whining play'd.
With Threats he ſnatch'd the Stones that looſely lay,
And drove the ſcattering Maſtives far away;
While pleas'd, as ſilenc'd by his Voice they fled,
To mark their guardian Vigilance, he ſaid:
' Ye Gods! what uſeful Animals are theſe!
' Heavens! how ſubſervient to the Shepherd's Eaſe!
' Had they but quick inſtinctive Senſe to know
' The different Aſpect of a Friend or Foe,
' No Creature could outvie their honeſt Worth—
' But ruſhing with an ill-tim'd Fury forth
' How fierce they bay'd!' He ſpoke—they diſappear'd,
And not the Murmur of a Growl was heard.

Meantime the Sun his weſtering Car diſplay'd,
While Heſper glimmer'd thro' the cooling Shade.
And now each Shepherd of the Prince beholds
Returning Flocks, and ſpeeds them to their Folds.
Then numerous Oxen bend their winding Way,
And Herd ſucceeded Herd, in long Array.

Like Vapors, that, as bluſtering Winds impell,
Sail o'er the Heavens, and ſtill condenſing, ſwell;
Cloud driv'n on Cloud, in countleſs Heaps ariſe,
And with incumbent Blackneſs blot the Skies;
Thus Herds and Flocks fill'd, thickening, every Road,
And the rich Vallies echoed as they low'd.
Now, crouded every Fold and every Stall,
See Troops of Slaves, with Taſks aſſign'd to all—
To tame the friſky Cow, thro' ſhackling Weights,
Or give the fatt'ning Calves their Mother's Teats,
Or bear the Pails, or drive the Bulls apart,
Or preſs the curdled Cheeſe with nicer Art.
From Stall to Stall the curious King repairs,
And marks the Product of his rural Cares.
His Eyes o'er all the rich Aſſemblage rove,
Whilſt, near, his Son and great ALCIDES move.
Here, (tho' his Soul, to no mean Views confin'd,
Scorn'd the weak Wonder of the vulgar Mind)
AMPHITRYON's Offspring notes, with many a Glance
Admiring, as his eager Steps advance,

Such

Such Flocks, in Crowds around, a countleſs Hoſt—
Such myriad Droves—a Wealth ten Kings might boaſt!
But to the Sun his Sire AUGIAS ow'd
A Boon, on common Mortals unbeſtow'd.
His Herds increaſing ſnuff'd the Zephyr's Breath,
Nor felt the Blaſts that blow contagious Death.
His beauteous Cows, with healthful Vigor ſtrung,
Were never known to caſt the untimely Young.
Fair female Calves the thriving Mothers rear,
The Kind ſtill fairer, each ſucceeding Year.
With theſe, three hundred white-legg'd Bulls were fed,
(Curl'd their ſmooth Horns)—two hundred, gloſſy-red;
While, ſilver as the Swan, in Gambols run
Twelve, chief of all, and ſacred to the Sun!
Theſe in the flowery Paſtures kept apart,
Ruſh on the Mountain-Beaſts that frequent dart
From their deep Thickets, on the Herd below;
Bellowing glance Death, and gore the ſhaggy Foe!

'Midſt theſe, proud PHAETON unrival'd ſhone,
Whoſe Proweſs and divine Effulgence won,

The Glory of the Paſture-Fields afar,
From Swains, the Title of the *Morning Star*.

Soon as around ALCIDES' Shoulder ſpread
He ſaw the Lion's Spoils, his iron Head
He daſh'd with rapid Aim—in Fury borne—
But, on the Left, ALCIDES ſeiz'd his Horn;
His ſtubborn Neck dragg'd downwards to the Ground,
And preſſing his broad Shoulder, writh'd him round;
Then, ſtraining all the Muſcles of his Strength,
Heav'd him aloft in Air, and pois'd him at Arm's Length.
Huſh'd in the ſudden Stillneſs of Amaze,
The King, the Prince, the gaping Ruſtics gaze.

And now retreating from the rural Scene
The Prince and Hero tread the twilight Green,
To ELIS bent; and quick the Path-way paſs
That narrow nigh the Stalls, 'mid waving Graſs,
Next led thro' Vineyards, winding down the Glade,
And indiſtinctly ſunk into the Shade.
Then PHYLEUS, foremoſt as he trac'd the Grove,
(His Head half-turn'd) addreſt the Son of JOVE:

'Your

' Your Fame already, 'tis my ſtrong Belief,
' Hath reach'd my wondering Ears, O ſtranger Chief!
' For here, long ſince an *Argive* Shepherd drew,
' With Stories of a *Greek* he ſwore were true,
' The *Epean* Throng; and ſaid, he ſaw him ſlay
' A Monſter-Lion that had prowl'd for Prey
' 'Midſt frighted Swains, and long profan'd with Blood
' The deep Receſſes of the *Nemean* Wood.
' The Chieftain, whether ARGOS gave him Birth,
' Or rocky TIRYNS claims the heroic Worth,
' Or whether proud MYCENÆ were the Place,
' If Memory fail not, was of PERSEUS' Race.
' No *Greek* but you ſuch Actions could atchieve,
' This tawny Skin inclines me to believe—
' This Skin, whoſe awful Honors grace your Side,
' Speak the bold Deed, and mark the Beaſt that died.
' Say then, if you are he, as Stories tell,
' He, by whoſe Arm the ſavage Prowler fell?
' Say, by what Weapon pierc'd, the Monſter bled,
' And what dire Fate his wandering Footſteps led

'To Nemea's Grove? In *Grecian* Foreſts roar
'No Natives but the Bear, the tuſky Boar,
'And droving Wolf—Some mock'd the *Argive* Youth,
'And ſcorn'd the amuſive Tale, as void of Truth.'

He ſpoke—and now, as broad enough for two,
The ſocial Path, inviting Converſe, grew;
Walk'd all attentive by the Hero's Side,
Who thus, to gratify his Wiſh, replied:
'The *Argive*'s Story you recount, is true;
'And hence, great Prince, the juſt Surmiſe you drew:
'Since then you aſk, enamour'd of my Fame,
'How bled the furious Beaſt, and whence he came;
'My Tongue ſhall tell you, in authentic Strain,
'What other *Argives* might attempt in vain.
'Sent by ſome God, 'tis ſaid, the Monſter flew
'In Vengeance, 'mid the baſe *Phoronean* Crew,
'For Sacrifice unpaid; and ruſh'd amain
'One Flood of Carnage, thro' Pisæum's Plain;
'And o'er the *Bembinæan* Glades, more fell,
'Bade all the Deluge of his Fury ſwell!

'Eurystheus

' EURYSTHEUS firſt enjoin'd me to engage
' This Beaſt, but wiſh'd me ſlain beneath his Rage.
' Arm'd with my Bow, my quiver'd Shafts, I went,
' And graſp'd my Club, on bold Defiance bent—
' My knotted Club, of ſtrong wild Olive made;
' That, rugged, its unpoliſh'd Rind diſplay'd;
' That with a Wrench from HELICON I tore,
' Its Roots and all, and thence the Trophy bore.
' Soon as I reach'd the Wood, I bent my Bow,
' Firm-ſtrung its painted Curve, and couching low,
' Notch'd on the Nerve, its Arrow—look'd around,
' And from my Covert trac'd the Foreſt-Ground.
' 'Twas now high Noon. No Roar I heard, nor ſaw
' One Print that might betray the Prowler's Paw;
' Or Ruſtic found, amidſt his Paſtoral Care,
' Nor Herdſman, who might ſhew the Lion's Lair.
' Nor Herds or Herdſmen ventur'd to the Plain;
' All, fix'd by Terror, in their Stalls remain.
' At length, as up the Mountain-Groves I go,
' Amidſt a Thicket, I eſpy my Foe.

' Ere

' Ere Evening, gorg'd with Carnage and with Blood,
' He ſought his Den deep-buried in the Wood.
' Slaughter's black Dyes—his Face—his Cheſt diſtain,
' And hang, ſtill blacker, from his clotted Mane;
' While ſhooting out his Tongue with Foam beſmear'd
' He licks the griſly Gore that ſteep'd his Beard.
' 'Midſt bowering Shrubs I hid me from his View,
' Then aim'd an Arrow, as he nearer drew,
' But from his Flank the Shaft rebounding flew.
' His fiery Eyes he lifted from the Ground,
' High rais'd his tawny Head, and gaz'd around,
' And gnaſh'd his Teeth tremendous—when again,
' (Vex'd that the firſt had ſpent its Force in vain)
' I launch'd an Arrow at the Monſter's Heart;
' It flew—but left unpierc'd the vital Part:
' His ſhaggy Hide repulſive of the Blow,
' The feather'd Vengeance hiſs'd, and fell below.
' My Bow, once more, with Vehemence I tried—
' Then firſt he ſaw—and riſing in the Pride
' Of lordly Anger, to the Fight impell'd,
' Scourg'd with his laſhing Tail his Sides, and ſwell'd

' His brindled Neck, and bent into a Bow
' His Back, in Act to bound upon his Foe!
' As when a Wheeler his tough Fig-tree bends,
' And flexile to a Wheel each Felly tends,
' Thro' gradual Heat—awhile the Timber ſtands
' In Curves, then ſprings elaſtic from his Hands;
' Thus the fell Beaſt, high bounding from afar,
' Sprung, with a ſudden Impulſe, to the War.
' My Left Hand held my Darts, and round my Breaſt
' Spread, thickly-wrought, my ſtrong protecting Veſt.
' My Olive Club I wielded in my Right;
' And his ſhagg'd Temples ſtruck, with all my Might:
' The Olive ſnapp'd aſunder on his Head—
' Trembling he reel'd—the ſavage Fierceneſs fled
' From his dim'd Eyes; and all contus'd his Brain
' Seem'd ſwimming in an Agony of Pain.
' This—this I mark'd; and ere the Beaſt reſpir'd,
' Flung down my painted Bow; with Triumph fir'd
' Seiz'd inſtant his broad Neck; behind him preſt
' From his fell Claws unſheath'd to guard my Breaſt;

' And

‘ And twin’d, quick-mounting on his horrid Back,
‘ My Legs in his, to guard from an Attack,
‘ My griping Thighs—then heav’d him (as the Breath
‘ Loſt its laſt Struggles in the Gaſp of Death)
‘ Aloft in Air; and hail’d the Savage dead!
‘ Hell yawn’d—to Hell his Monſter-ſpirit fled!
‘ The Conqueſt o’er, awhile I vainly tried
‘ To ſtrip with Stone and Steel the ſhaggy Hide;
‘ Some God inſpir’d me, in the ſerious Pauſe
‘ Of Thought, and pointed to the Lion’s Claws.
‘ With theſe full ſoon the proſtrate Beaſt I flay’d,
‘ And in the ſhielding Spoils my Limbs array’d.
‘ Thus drench’d with Flocks and Herds and Shepherds’ Blood,
‘ Expir’d the Monſter of the *Nemean* Wood.’

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SIXTH.

BACCHÆ.

THE bright AGAVE, with her Cheeks of Snow,
And INO, kindling with a ſacred Glow,
And wild AUTONOE, had reſolv'd to keep
Three myſtic Revels, on the Mountain-ſteep!
There, on a Spot wide-opening in the Grove,
They rear'd twelve verdant Altars, rudely-wove
With Branches of hoar Oak, and Ivy green,
And golden Aſphodel, that ſhone between.

Then, while to beauteous SEMELE divine
Three Shrines aroſe—to holier BACCHUS nine,
On the freſh Fabric of the leafy Spray
Their Gifts, in Honour of the God, they lay:
Myſterious Gifts, in Oſier Baſkets brought,
And offer'd with the Rites he lov'd and taught.

But PENTHEUS from a Rock the Rites ſurvey'd,
Embower'd amidſt a Maſtick's antient Shade.
AUTONOE ſaw, with inſtant Yellings flew,
And the dire Orgies of the God o'erthrew!
(Dire to the unhallow'd Glance)—'Revenge' (ſhe cries)
Contagious Frenzy flaſhing from her Eyes!
Down—down they hurried, by fell Fury led,
Tuck'd their long Robes, and ruſh'd where PENTHEUS fled!
'What means this Rage? what means'—he breathleſs cried:
'Wretch, thou ſhalt feel!' AUTONOE fierce replied.
Strait in his Blood her Hands the Mother drench'd,
While roaring, like a Lioneſs, ſhe wrench'd
His ſunder'd Head! And INO, as ſhe preſt
Infuriate with her Foot, the royal Breaſt,
His Shoulders from the writhing Body tore,
And dread AUTONOE, rioting in Gore,
Seiz'd, with a horrid Howl, upon his Heart;
And ev'ry madd'ning Female ſnatch'd a Part,
All ſtain'd with Carnage, as thro' THEBES they go,
And bear not PENTHEUS from the Mount, but Woe!

Such

Such was his Fate: And O let none preſume
To tempt, with wicked Scorn, ſo dire a Doom;
Nor mock the God, and deem himſelf ſecure,
In Youth tho' blooming, tho' in Age mature.

For me, may I the Juſt—the Pious love,
And hence gain Favor in the Sight of JOVE.
From ſuch, ſure Bleſſings to their Offspring flow;
From impious Sires, hereditary Woe!
Hail BACCHUS, foſter'd in the Thunderer's Thigh;
Hail SEMELE! And ye, who from on high
Deriv'd the Fires your righteous Rage diſplay'd,
And gave your kindred King to PLUTO's Shade.
Hail Heroines! hail! Let none your Fury blame!
Let none condemn the Gods! a God inſpir'd the Flame!

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SEVENTH.

DAPHNIS AND SHEPHERDESS.

DAPHNIS.

YOUNG PARIS the *Trojan*, who tended his Herd,
To the Fair-ones of TROY a *Greek* Beauty preferr'd.
He ſtole the gay Charmer, an amorous Felon;
I boaſt a free Kiſs from a ſweeter than HELEN!

SHEPHERDESS.

A Kiſs is ſo empty: You Satyr!—Poh! Poh!

DAPHNIS.

And yet there's ſome Pleaſure in kiſſing, I trow!
[Kiſſes her.]

SHEPHERDESS.

I wipe then my Mouth, and your Kiſſes diſdain!

DAPHNIS.

Do you wipe? Come, I'm ready for buffing again—

SHEPHERDESS.

Kiſs your Heifers; nor worry a Virgin, you Lout!

DAPHNIS.

Indeed! but remember, tho' now you may flout,

That

That your Beauty, however 'tis held in Eſteem,
Will fade, haughty Girl, and be gone, like a Dream.

SHEPHERDESS.

The Grape when it's dried, is delicious in Taſte,
And the Roſe is ſtill ſweet when its Bluſhes are paſt.

DAPHNIS.

Come hither; I've ſomething to whiſper, my Maid—
Theſe wild Olives form an agreeable Shade.

SHEPHERDESS.

No—no—Mr. Wag! 'tis a little too ſoon
To be dup'd ſo again!

DAPHNIS.

Then I'll play you a Tune
Beneath yonder Elms!

SHEPHERDESS.

Go, and play to yourſelf!
I cannot attend to ſo wretched an Elf!

DAPHNIS.

Ah, Maiden, of VENUS's Anger beware!

SHEPHERDESS.

Her Anger! DIANA alone is my Care!

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

Take Heed, leſt the Goddeſs, whom thus you defy,
Should rivet a Knot you may never untye!

SHEPHERDESS.

No Fear, while DIANA continues to watch,
Be quiet—Hands off—or, I ſwear, I will ſcratch.

DAPHNIS.

You may vaunt, as you like, your ſlim delicate Shape—
But the Fate of your Sex you can never eſcape!

SHEPHERDESS.

Believe me, by PAN, I'll be never a Wife;
But may you bear the Joke, all the Days of your Life!

DAPHNIS.

In the End, I much fear, you will marry ſome Brute.

SHEPHERDESS.

Many Wooers I've had, but no Wooer would ſuit!

DAPHNIS.

What think you of me?

SHEPHERDESS.

Why, my Friend, without Jeſt,
I think HYMEN's Yoke is a Burthen, at beſt.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

No, Marriage is nothing but Pleaſure—

SHEPHERDESS.

When Wives

By their Huſbands are terrified out of their Lives!

DAPHNIS.

No, Maiden, the Fact is, that Wives domineer:

Whom was ever a Woman diſcover'd to fear?

SHEPHERDESS.

I'm moſt of the Perils of Child-birth afraid—

DAPHNIS.

Your Guardian DIANA's a Midwife by Trade!

SHEPHERDESS.

Yet I tremble! it ruins, at laſt, the Complexion!

DAPHNIS.

Your Children will make up the Loſs in Affection!

SHEPHERDESS.

But where is my Jointure, if I ſhould conſent?

DAPHNIS.

My Fields and my Wood-lands, in all their Extent,

With

With my Flocks and my Herds—

SHEPHERDESS.

Then an Oath you ſhall take

That you love me with Truth, and will never forſake.

DAPHNIS.

Yes, tho' you endeavour to force me away,

By PAN, whom we worſhip, I ſwear I will ſtay.

SHEPHERDESS.

Will you build me a Lodging, and Sheep-Cote, and Bed?

DAPHNIS.

Yes all—and my Paſtures with Flocks are o'erſpread.

SHEPHERDESS.

But how ſhall I tell my old Father my Love?

DAPHNIS.

No Fear: If you mention my Name, he'll approve.

SHEPHERDESS.

Pray what are you call'd? There are Charms in a Name—

DAPHNIS.

I'm DAPHNIS: My Father, of muſical Fame,

Old

Old LYCID: My Mother, NOMEA.

SHEPHERDESS.

The Blood
Runs rich in your Veins; and yet mine is as good.

DAPHNIS.

Not better, beſure; for your Father I know—
MENALCAS, who lives in the Valley below.

SHEPHERDESS.

Then ſhew me your Groves; and the Cote where it lies.

DAPHNIS.

Come hither; and mark how my Cypreſſes riſe!

SHEPHERDESS.

Browſe yonder, my Goats, while I haſte to the Grove!

DAPHNIS.

And feed, my brave Bulls—while I wanton in Love!

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* * * * * * * *

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE DISTAFF.

FRIEND to the Woof, each thrifty Matron's Care,
O thou, the azure-ey'd MINERVA's Meed,
Thy Poet's Charge to NILEUS' Towers repair,
Where riſes VENUS' Fane, embower'd in Reed!
Thither we aſk fair Winds to waft us o'er,
That NICIAS, by the ſweet-ton'd Graces bleſt,
Their hallow'd Offspring, may with letter'd Lore
And friendly Converſe charm his welcome Gueſt.
Thee, *Diſtaff*, thee of poliſh'd Ivory fram'd,
I bear, meet Preſent to his lovely Wife:
So ſhall her frugal Induſtry be fam'd
The genuine Model of domeſtic Life;
Whilſt her fine Veſts ſhall manly Limbs adorn,
The flowing Garment, or the Robe ſuccinct;
While o'er her water'd Webs by Females worn,
Floats the rich Luſtre of the ſhadowy Tinct.

The

The Fleece's Treaſure, each revolving Year,
  Twice the ſhorn Mother of the Lamb ſupplies;
For her who holds each Toil—each Science dear,
  That gains the Stamp of Merit from the Wiſe.
Nor would I bear thee, *Diſtaff*, to the Dome,
  Where Diſſipation reigns, and idle Mirth;
Thee, who, amidſt SICILIA's Paſture-bloom,
  Traceſt to ARCHIAS' City-Walls thy Birth.
A happier Manſion be thy Lot to gain,
  Where lives my Friend, whoſe Health-reſtoring Aid
Lulls with ſalubrious Balms the Throbs of Pain,
  And guards MILETUS' Sons from PLUTO's Shade.
Thus ſhall thy fair Poſſeſſor riſe in Fame,
  By thee recall to Mind her tuneful Gueſt;
And many a-one, that marks thee, ſhall exclaim:
  ‘ Tho' but a trivial Favor be poſſeſt,
‘ 'Tis for the Giver's Sake the Gift we boaſt,
‘ And what a Friend beſtows we value moſt!'

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-NINTH.

THE CAPRICIOUS FRIEND.

SINCE 'Truth's in Wine,' my deareſt Youth,
We mellow Souls ſhould ſpeak the Truth:
Take then, for once, without Diſguiſe,
What in my inmoſt Boſom lies.

Thy Friendſhip is not ſound and whole;
Thou doſt not love me from the Soul.
The Half of Life I call my own
Lives but thro' thee—the reſt is gone!
'Tis thine to make alive or kill;
To bleſs with Good, or curſe with Ill:
For, inſtant, at thy pow'rful Nod,
I ſink, a Shade! or riſe, a God!
How can thy Heart approve it, tell,
To torture me who loves ſo well?
But, if thy Senior pleas'd to hear,
Thou lend Advice a liſtening Ear,
Thy ready Plaudits will commend
When Bleſſings come, a faithful Friend.

To

To gain Security and Reſt,
Build on one Tree a ſingle Neſt;
And ſuch a Bough be ſure to take
As mocks the Approaches of the Snake.
Yet, perch'd on yonder Branch, to-day,
The next, upon another Spray,
With roving Pinion thou art gone!
Allur'd by all, but fix'd to none:
If any one, who ſees thee vain,
Praiſe thy Deſerts, in canting Strain,
Good Heaven! he's inſtantly enroll'd
Among thy Friends, however old.
But love, if thou wilt truly live,
A Soul, whoſe kindred Feelings give
A Zeſt to Life: Thus all ſhall prize
Thy Character, and deem thee wiſe.
And, ſure, ſuch Friendſhip's worth poſſeſſing,
That, while 'tis bleſt, is ever bleſſing;
That bade my ſtubborn Boſom feel,
And ſoften'd thus a Heart of Steel!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the THIRTIETH.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

WHEN, his roſy Color fled,
VENUS ſaw her Lover dead,
Stiff his Hair, and clos'd his Eyes—
'Cupids, go, (ſhe frantic cries)
'Trace the Boar, thro' all the Wood,
'Stain'd with my ADONIS' Blood!'

Swift as Birds, each fluttering Love
Haſtens thro' the mazy Grove:
Soon the guilty Boar they find,
Fearleſs run, and ſeize, and bind.
This, to guide the Beaſt along,
Panting, pulls his Cord of Thong;
That, to make the Felon go,
Beats him with his little Bow.

He,

He, an eaſy Captive led,
Aw'd by VENUS, hung his Head.
VENUS thus, in angry Strain:
' Felleſt of the prowling Train!
' Didſt thou wound ADONIS' Thigh?
' Did'ſt thou cauſe my Love to die?'

He replied: ' O VENUS, hear!
' By Thyſelf, and Lover dear;
' By the Chains with which I'm bound;
' By the Hunters ſtanding round;
' Never did my erring Tooth
' Mean to pierce ſo fair a Youth!
' But when he ſurpriz'd my Sight,
' As a poliſh'd Statue bright;
' And, my Rapture riſing high,
' I ſurvey'd his naked Thigh;
' Ah! not able to reſiſt,
' Furiouſly I ran and kiſt!
' To a fatal Frenzy wrought—
' Too much Paſſion was my Fault!

' Now,

'Now, for thy ADONIS' Sake,
'Take my Tuſks, all bloody, take!
'Take my Lips beſide, if theſe
'Prove too trivial to appeaſe!'

She, in Pity to his Pain,
Bade her CUPIDS looſe his Chain.
But, tho' free, the grateful Boar
Ranging in the Woods no more,
Follow'd cloſe CYTHERA's Queen;
And his cruel Tuſks ſo keen
(That had glow'd with amorous Fire)
Burnt amid the blazing Pyre!

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

OFFERINGS TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

THESE roſcid Roſes, and this wildling Thyme,
I offer to the ſacred NINE who love
The *Heliconian* Hill: But lo, to thee
APOLLO, I devote the Laurel's Leaves,
Of ſabler Hue. Such Offerings oft adorn
The *Delphic* Rock! And, meantime, to enrich
Thy Altar with its purple Stream, ſhall bleed
Yon' horn'd He-goat, that crops, ſo ſnowy-white,
The pendent Branches of the gummy Pine.

II.

AN OFFERING TO PAN.

DAPHNIS the Fair, who tunes the Reed,
To PAN theſe Preſents hath decreed:
Three Pipes his Lips that deftly ſuit;
A Scrip, that oft hath borne his Fruit;
A Skin, which from a Fawn he took—
A pointed Dart, a Shepherd's Crook!

III.

To DAPHNIS sleeping.

WHILE, Daphnis, on the leaf-ſtrown Ground, you ſteep
Your weary Body in the Dews of Sleep;
And on the green Hill-top your Snares are laid—
With Pan, who hunts where erſt your Footſteps ſtray'd,
The rude Priapus haſtens to your Cave—
See on his Brows the ſaffron Ivy wave!
But fly them, tho' the ſultry Noon-day glows,
Fly the wild Revellers, and forego Repoſe!

IV.

A VOW to PRIAPUS.

HAPLY thro' yonder Village if thou bend
Thy Footſteps, turn thee, Goatherd, by the Grove
Of wide o'er-arching Oaks: There, freſhly wrought,
A fig-tree Statue thou wilt find; tho' rough
With Bark, three-legg'd, and void of Ears, yet prompt
For Pleaſure's Pranks: While, near, a hallow'd Fane
Low riſes; and a ſweet perennial Spring

Flows

Flows tinkling from the living Rock, that gleams
Thro' bowering Laurel, Myrtles, and the Shrub
Of odour'd Cypreſs—where the cluſtering Vine
Diffuſes many a Tendril. In theſe Shades
The vernal Blackbird warbles his clear Note
Yet varied; and the yellow Nightingale,
Reſponſive in a ſweeter Murmur, trills
Her rival Minſtrelſy. Amid this Scene
Repoſe; and to thy God PRIAPUS pray,
That he will free my Boſom from the Power
Of cruel DAPHNE! So the bleeding Goat
Shall grace his Shrine! Yet haply, if I gain
The Virgin, theſe fair Victims will I ſlay—
A Goat, a ſpotleſs Heifer, and a Lamb
Fat from the Stall! Propitious may the God
Attend; and crown my Wiſhes, and thy Prayer!

V.

THE CONCERT.

SAY, Swain, haſt thou a Mind to ſuit
Some Ditty to thy double Flute?
For by the Wood-nymphs, if thou will,
I'll try a Tune upon my Quill:
The Herdſman DAPHNIS too ſhall play
On his wax'd Reed, a lively Lay;
While at the Cave our Stand we keep,
Near yon' hoar Oak, and rob of Sleep
ARCADIA's God—the Goatherd PAN—
Rouſing the Snorer, all we can!

VI.

THYRSIS HATH LOST HIS KID.

AH, THYRSIS! what avails this waſting Woe?
Thy loſt Kid wanders thro' the Shades below!
The Wolf hath torn him, on the Paſture-Plain;
He died—And can thy Tears bring Life again?
Thy very Dogs exlaim: 'What boots thy Moan?
'When nought of him remains—no—not a Bone!'

VII.

VII.

ON THE STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE Son of PÆON to MILETUS came,
To meet his NICIAS, of illuſtrious Name:
He, in deep Reverence of his Gueſt divine,
Deck'd with the daily Sacrifice his Shrine;
And of the God this Cedar Statue bought—
A finiſh'd Work, by ſkill'd ERTION wrought.
The Sculptor, with a laviſh Sum repay'd,
Here all the Wonders of his Art diſplay'd!

VIII.

EPITAPH ON ORTHON, WHO DIED DRUNK.

THUS ORTHON cries—My Fate, ye Topers, mark,
And travel not, top-heavy, in the Dark!
Drunk on the Road I died! How hard my Doom—
For Heaps of native Earth, a foreign Tomb!

IX.

IX.

On the FATE of CLEONICUS.

O Stranger, ſpare thy Span of Life,
Nor ſail thro' Winter's ſtormy Strife!
Poor Cleonicus found his Grave
In evil Hour, amidſt the Wave;
What Time his Ship from Syria bore
Her Freight for Thasos' fertile Shore:
The Pleiads ſinking down the Skies—
'Twas then he ſunk, no more to riſe!

X.

On a MONUMENT erected to the MUSES.

Here, Xenocles, to you, ye hallow'd Nine,
A ſweet Muſician, rais'd this marble Shrine!
And who, ſo ſkill'd, ſuch Offerings could refuſe?
Who, fam'd for Muſic, could forget the Muse?

XI.

EPITAPH ON EUSTHENES THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

HERE reſts a PHYSIOGNOMIST, whoſe Skill
Thro' every Eye could probe the Soul at Will,
Wiſe EUSTHENES! The Stranger deck'd his Bier,
And PHILOCLES the Poet dropp'd a Tear:
Thus, in a foreign Land, fond Friendſhip gave,
'Twas all the Dead could wiſh, a decent Grave!

XII.

ON A TRIPOD DEDICATED TO BACCHUS BY DEMOTELES.

DEMOTELES who bade this TRIPOD grace,
BACCHUS, with thee, the conſecrated Place;
(Thee, of Heaven's Deities the blytheſt God)
The Paths of Life, in all Things temperate, trod:
Amid the Dance the manly Prize he won,
And fair his Being clos'd, as he begun.

XIII.

XIII.

On the IMAGE of the Heavenly VENUS.

APPROACH with Reverence—and your Offerings pay!
Behold no Goddeſs of the Vulgar here!
The Gift of chaſte CHRYSOGONA ſurvey,
And ſtile her VENUS of the rolling Sphere.

Plac'd in the Houſe of AMPHICLES, ſhe ſaw
Her Votary ſteady in domeſtic Life:
Approv'd her, true to Nature's genuine Law,
A tender Mother, and as fond a Wife.

Each ſmiling Year with ſome new Bleſſing came,
Thro' thee, Protectreſs of their genial Store!
Lo! their pure Boſoms felt Devotion's Flame—
And all ſhall proſper who the Gods adore!

XIV.

EPITAPH on EURYMEDON.

HERE, doom'd in early Life to die,
EURYMEDON, thy Relics lie!
Thy little wandering Son we ſee,
While the cold Earth encircles thee:

Yet

Yet is thy Spirit with the Bleſt,
Enthron'd amid the Realms of Reſt!
And all ſhall watch, with duteous Care,
For thy dear Sake, the Infant-Heir!

XV.

On the Same.

DOST thou an equal Honor pay,
To ſacred or polluted Clay?
'Hail yonder Tomb (the Traveller cries)
'Light on Eurymedon it lies!'

XVI.

On ANACREON's STATUE.

THIS Statue mark with curious Eye,
O Stranger, and returning cry:
'At Teios I've Anacreon ſeen,
'Blytheſt of antient Bards I ween!
'Add, that he lov'd the Young, the Fair—
'You'll paint the Poet to a Hair!'

XVII.

On EPICHARMUS.

THE Strain is in the *Dorian* Tongue:
Lo, Epicharmus!—from whoſe Genius ſprung
Thy Numbers, Comic Muse!
O Bacchus, let this Image paſs—
Tho' 'tis a Copy but of Braſs,
The finiſh'd Semblance ſtands at Syracuse.

And much the State their Poet owes;
For he had Stores of uſeful Wit for thoſe
Who gave the juſt Reward:
Full many a Rule of Life he drew,
Still pointing to the Fair, the True,
The youthful Mind: High Favor crowns the Bard.

XVIII.

EPITAPH on CLITA, the Nurse of MEDEUS.

THIS Tomb-Stone in the public Way
Medeus rear'd o'er Clita's Clay!
Her Care ſtill lives before our Eyes,
Whilſt, in the Boy, the Nurſe we prize!

XIX.

XIX.

On ARCHILOCHUS.

PAUSE, Stranger, and Archilochus ſurvey—
That antient Poet, whoſe Iambic Name
Is borne by rapid Fame
Ev'n from the riſing to the ſetting Day!
And ſure, the inſpiring Muses lov'd their Child;
And *Delian* Phœbus on his keener Verſe
Which flow'd, exact and terſe,
To his according Lyre, in Fondneſs ſmil'd!

XX.

On the STATUE of PISANDER, who wrote a Poem, entitled 'The Labors of Hercules.'

PISANDER at Camirus born,
The firſt of Bards, whoſe Strains adorn
Jove's Offspring, while his peerleſs Might,
His various Labors they recite;
And, how the *Nemean* Lion fell,
Bold in heroic Diction, tell—
Pisander claims, in Glory great,
This brazen Statue from the State!

XXI.

EPITAPH ON THE POET HIPPONAX.

THE Poet HIPPONAX lies here:
If bad, O come not, come not near!
But, if you're good, here ſit at Eaſe—
And ſleep, O Stranger, if you pleaſe!

XXII.

THEOCRITUS ON HIS OWN WORKS.

THEOCRITUS my Name, of SYRACUSE,
I claim no kindred with the *Chian* MUSE!
PRAXAG'RAS' and PHILINA's Son, I ſcorn
The extrinſic Bays that other's Brows adorn!

THE

IDYLLIA *and* FRAGMENTS

OF

BION.

ΚΕΙΝΟΣ Δ'ΟΥ ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥΣ, ΟΥ ΔΑΚΡΥΑ, ΠΑΝΑ Δ'ΕΜΕΛΠΕ,

ΚΑΙ ΒΩΤΑΣ ΕΛΙΓΑΙΝΕ, ΚΑΙ ΑΕΙΔΩΝ ΕΝΟΜΕΥΕ,

———————— ΚΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ

ΕΤΡΕΦΕΝ ΕΝ ΚΟΛΠΟΙΣΙ, ΚΑΙ ΗΡΕΣΕ ΤΗΝ ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗΝ.

MOSCHUS.

HE SUNG THE DARLING OF THE IDALIAN QUEEN,
FALN IN HIS PRIME ON SAD CYTHERA'S GREEN;
WHERE WEEPING GRACES LEFT THE FADED PLAINS,
AND TUN'D THEIR STRINGS TO ELEGIAC STRAINS;
WHILE MOURNING LOVES THE TENDER BURDEN BORE:
'ADONIS, FAIR ADONIS, CHARMS NO MORE.'

JONES'S ARCADIA.

IDYLLIUM the FIRST.

The EPITAPH on ADONIS.

'PERISH'D ADONIS!' my full Sorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
Riſe, hapleſs Queen, thy purple Robes forego—
Leave thy gay Couch, and ſnatch the Weeds of Woe!
Beat—beat thy Breaſt, and tell: 'Tho' fair he ſhone,
'Alas, ADONIS, tho' ſo fair, is gone!'

'Periſh'd, ADONIS!' my full Sorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
I ſee his Thigh in weltering Horror bare,
The Wound all open to the Mountain-Air.
He breathes! Yet—yet his Eyes a pale Miſt dims,
As the black Crimſon ſtains his ſnowy Limbs:
Lo! from his Lips the roſy Color flies,
And ev'n thy ſoothing Kiſs, O VENUS, dies!

That

That Kiſs (I view thy anguiſh'd Image near)
That laſt fond Kiſs, to thee ſo doubly-dear!
But the vain Ardors of thy Love give o'er—
Cold—cold he lies, and feels thy Breath no more.

'Periſh'd ADONIS!' my full Sorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
Priz'd in the Chace his Dogs ſtand howling round,
And the pale OREADS mourn the fatal Wound.
The *Cyprian* Queen abandon'd to Deſpair
(A deeper Wound her Heart was doom'd to bear)
Wanders amidſt the Thickets of the Wood,
Her torn unſandal'd Feet diſtain'd with Blood;
And, her wild Treſſes floating in the Gale,
Wails her *Aſſyrian* Lord, thro' many a long, long Vale!
But on the Mountain-brow ADONIS lies,
Nor hears one Echo of her ceaſeleſs Cries;
While, ſpouting from his Thigh, the Streams of Gore
His Boſom erſt ſo white empurple o'er.

'Periſh'd ADONIS!' my full Sorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!

Lo!

Lo! VENUS blooms no more in Beauty's Pride;
With him her Graces liv'd! with him they died!
Thoſe vivid Bluſhes—thoſe entrancing Charms—
That Form glow'd only for ADONIS' Arms!
The Mountain-Springs—the Rivers, as they flow,
And the Hill-Oaks re-murmur to her Woe!
The Flowerets bluſh, in Sorrow, at her Feet;
While ſad in ev'ry Grove, thro' ev'ry Street,
CYTHERA chaunts: 'Thy favourite Youth is fled!'
Ah, VENUS, mourn the fair ADONIS dead!
Reſponſive Echo ſighs!—Who, who can hear
The love-lorn Goddeſs moan, without a Tear?

Soon as ſhe ſaw her Lover preſs the Ground,
Wither'd his crimſon Thigh, and wide the Wound,
She ſtretch'd her trembling Arms, and deeply ſigh'd;
And 'Stay, dear Youth, a Moment ſtay,' (ſhe cried)
'That I may claſp thee, on thy Breaſt recline,
'Suck thy faint Breath, and glue my Lips to thine!
'One tender Token, dear ADONIS, give—
'Yet a ſhort Moment, while thy Kiſſes live!

' Then, as in Death thy ſinking Eyes ſhall roll,
' I'll catch the quivering Spirit of thy Soul,
' Draw its quick Flame, rekindled as we part;
' Drink thy fond Love, and ſtore it in the Heart!
' Thus the laſt Relick of Affection take,
' And here encloſe it, for thy charming Sake!
' Far—far from me, to PLUTO's ſpectred Coaſt,
' Belov'd ADONIS! flies thy gentle Ghoſt!
' Wretch that I am, to breathe immortal Breath,
' That cannot join thee in the Realms of Death!
' Queen of the Shades, whom Fate hath giv'n to ſhare
' Whatever blooms on Earth, or good or fair;
' Far happier thou, take all my Soul adores!
' He comes, bleſt Queen, he haſtens to thy Shores!
' Alas! while here my fruitleſs Sorrows ſtream,
' Love, golden Love is vaniſh'd, as a Dream:
' Their wanton Charms no more my CUPIDS own;
' They droop, and periſh'd is my Virgin Zone.
' Why, form'd ſo fair, with ev'ry ſofter Grace,
' Why, ſweet ADONIS, urge the ſavage Chace?'

Thus

Thus VENUS griev'd: And—'Ah! thy Joys are o'er'—
Her CUPIDS ſobb'd—'ADONIS is no more.'

Wide as her Lover's torrent Blood appears,
So copious flow'd the Fountain of her Tears!
The Roſe ſtarts bluſhing from the ſanguine Dyes,
And from her Tears Anemonies ariſe.

'Periſh'd ADONIS!' my full Sorrows ſigh!
'Periſh'd!' the LOVES—the weeping LOVES reply!
But ceaſe to ſigh unpitied to the Groves
The hapleſs Story of thy vaniſh'd Loves!
His velvet Couch ſurvey—nor longer weep—
See his fair Limbs, and mark his beauteous Sleep!
Come, let the bridal Veſt thoſe Limbs infold,
And pillow his repoſing Head in Gold!
Tho' fix'd in Death its pallid Features frown,
That Viſage with the flowery Chaplet crown!
Alas! no Flowerets boaſt their glowing Pride:
With him their Fragrance, and their Color, died!
Shade him with Myrtles—pour the rich Perfumes—
No—periſh ev'ry Sweet!—No more ADONIS blooms!

His pale Corſe cover'd with a purple Veſt,
Behold he lies! And lo! the Loves diſtreſt
Shear their bright Locks, in Agony of Woe,
And ſpurn the uſeleſs Dart, and break the Bow!
Some quick unbind his buſkin'd Leg, and bring
In golden Urns pure Water from the Spring;
While others gently bathe the bleeding Wound,
Or with bright Pinions fan him, fluttering round.
See Hymen quench his Torch, in wild Deſpair,
And ſcatter the connubial Wreath in Air!
For nuptial Songs, the Dirge funereal ſighs,
While Hymen ſorrows, and Adonis dies!
The Graces mourn their ſweet Adonis ſlain,
And louder ev'n than thou, Dione, plain!
Hark, from the Nine elegiac Accents fall,
(Each plaintive Cadence murmuring, to recall
Their favorite Bard) ſolicitous to ſave—
Ah! can he hear? or croſs the irremeable Wave?
Yet, Venus, ceaſe: Thy Tears awhile forego—
Reſerve thy Sorrows for the Year of Woe!

IDYLLIUM the SECOND.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

ONCE a Youth, as he fowl'd in the midſt of a Grove,
On the Branch of a Box-tree ſaw fugitive LOVE:
In Triumph he leap'd; and, in Hopes of a Prize,
(For he thought it a Bird of a wonderful Size)
Selected and join'd his beſt Twigs for a Snare;
Then mark'd CUPID hopping, now here, and now there.
Impatient, at length, at ſo vain a Delay,
He flung all his Twigs, in a Paſſion, away;
And eager his marvellous Tale to impart,
Ran up to the Man who had taught him his Art:
And, while the old Ruſtic ſtood holding the Plough,
Pointed out the ſtrange Bird that had perch'd on a Bough.
The Countryman, ſhaking his Head, with a Smile,
Said archly: 'Ah, try not with Twigs to beguile

'Such

'Such dangerous Game—O avoid it, my Boy!
'Tis a fell Bird of Prey, and but form'd to deſtroy.
Thrice happy, if never you catch him!—then ſhun
A Frolick, whoſe End will have nothing of Fun!
For, believe me, erelong, when to Manhood you riſe,
Tho' now, ſimple Youth, as you follow, he flies;
His Pinions around you he'll ſuddenly ſpread,
And familiarly flutter, and perch on your Head.'

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the THIRD.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

WHILE yet aſleep, ere dawning Day,
Sooth'd by delightful Dreams I lay,
Beſide me VENUS ſeem'd to ſtand,
Young CUPID in her lily Hand—
(Meek on the Ground his Eyes were caſt)
When, whiſpering thus, away ſhe paſt:
'To you my little Son I bring:
'Dear Shepherd, teach the Boy to ſing.'
I, ſimple Swain, and void of Thought,
Full many an antient Ditty taught,
That, all in ruſtic Numbers, tell
How HERMES form'd the vocal Shell;
How PALLAS firſt compos'd the Flute;
And how the Shepherd's Lip to ſuit,

PAN

PAN join'd his Reeds; and fraught with Fire
How ſweet APOLLO ſtrung the Lyre.
But he, regardleſs of the Strain,
Soon render'd every Leſſon vain;
While, ſinging lighter Lays of Love,
'How VENUS had the Power to move
'Both Gods and Men with ſubtle Art,'
The Urchin ſtole into my Heart.
Then I, my ruſtic Ditties o'er,
Remember'd what I taught no more,
But, ſimple Swain, and void of Thought,
Learnt the light Love-ſongs CUPID taught.

IDYLLIUM the FOURTH.

The POWER of LOVE.

THE Muses, not afraid of Love,
Where'er he treads, delighted rove.
If ſome rude Swain who never knew
The Charms of Love their Steps purſue,
Their Leſſons they refuſe to teach,
And fly beyond the Ruſtic's Reach!
But if a melting Shepherd ſigh,
And all in love-ſick Ditties die;
Their kindred Chorus gathering round
Lend Muſic to each ſoften'd Sound!
My Numbers, as I tune the Shell,
Can witneſs, 'tis a Truth I tell.
For, if I ſing ſome Son of Earth,
Or Being of immortal Birth,
The weak Notes faulter on my Tongue,
Nor flow ſuch Lays as erſt I ſung:
But if I warble Love again,
How ſweetly glides my wonted Strain!

IDYLLIUM the FIFTH.

LIFE to be Enjoyed.

IF Merit ſtamp my Verſes fair,
My Name thro' Time be theirs to bear:
But if unbleſt my Muse's Lore,
Why vainly ſhould I labour more?
Should Jove, or ſhould the Parcæ give
Frail Man a double Life to live,
One Part the Lot of Toil decree,
And yet aſſign the reſt to Glee;
Then, after many a Labor paſt,
Gay Joy would meet us at the laſt.
But if the Gods have given to Man
Of Life but one contracted Span,
Why, Wretches, do we thus impair
The Pittance, in Purſuit of Care?
Why thus apply our Souls to Gain,
And heap up Wealth with hourly Pain?
Alas! how thoughtleſs, we forget
That Nature claims her final Debt;
That wing'd by Fate our Moments fly—
That, Mortals, we were born to die!

IDYLLIUM the SIXTH.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

—

CLEODAMUS.

SAY, whilſt each Seaſon ſpeeds its circling Race,
Whoſe ſweet Impreſſion leaves the livelieſt Trace?
Say, MYRSON, does the Summer charm thee moſt,
When richly crown'd our finiſh'd Toils we boaſt?
Or Autumn, waving wide its redd'ning Grain,
Or Winter, welcome to the lazy Swain;
As, with the jovial Partners of his Lot,
He hails the cheerful Blaze that gilds his Cot?
Or, hath ſoft Spring the unrivall'd Power to pleaſe?
Speak, MYRSON, ſince we ſeem reclin'd at Eaſe.

MYRSON.

'Tis not, my Friend, for Mortals to define
What's faireſt of Creation's Works divine.
All-hallow'd are the Seaſons' changeful Train;
And Nature varies not a Scene in vain.

Yet, (in my Eyes the lovelieſt and the beſt)
One Seaſon ſhines ſuperior to the reſt.
Not Summer, ſultry with her dying Breeze;
Nor Autumn, dropping Fruits that breed Diſeaſe;
Nor Winter, hoar amid his drifted Snows—
'Tis Spring the Balm of ſweeteſt Bliſs beſtows!
'Tis Spring that, trebly to my Wiſhes dear,
My Heart could welcome thro' the purple Year.
No Cold or Heat diſturbs the vernal Air,
While from each Bud the Gales Ambroſia bear:
Then all the living Blooms of Plenty riſe;
And equal Days and Nights divide the Skies.

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTH.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

MYRSON and LYCIDAS.

MYRSON.

THE dulcet Notes, dear LYCID, wilt thou play,
Of ſome *Sicilian* Lover's melting Lay?
Such as the *Cyclops* ſung, the Rocks among,
To ſoothe his GALATEA with the Song?

LYCIDAS.

With Pleaſure, MYRSON, thy Requeſt I grant—
But ſay, what Ditty would'ſt thou have me chaunt?

MYRSON.

PELIDES ſing (and catch the *Scyrian* Grace)
Sing the ſtol'n Kiſſes and the ſtol'n Embrace!
Tell how the Youth, his Sex belying, dreſt
His manly Body in a female Veſt!

And how DEIDAMIA quaintly play'd
With her unknown ACHILLES—deem'd a Maid!

LYCIDAS.

When PARIS bore to TROY the raviſh'd Fair,
And plung'd his lorn ŒNONE in Deſpair,
Indignant SPARTA mark'd the treacherous Foe—
GREECE felt the Alarm, and aim'd the hoſtile Blow:
Rous'd by the inſulting Rape, her States afar
In dire Commotion breath'd Revenge and War.
To ILION's Towers each Hero bent his Way—
But, loſt in ſoft Diſguiſe, ACHILLES lay!
'Midſt LYCOMEDES' lovely Train he ſigh'd;
The Fleece, for Arms, in ſweet Delirium ply'd;
And ſtole, amid his Labors of the Loom,
The Virgin Languiſh, and the Virgin Bloom!
Like theirs, his heaving Boſom ſeem'd to glow,
And the Flower brighten on his Cheeks of Snow!
His Gait like theirs, he mov'd with ſwimming Air,
And ſhaded with a Veil his flowing Hair!
Yet his Heart own'd the military Fire,
And felt the manly Throbbings of Deſire!

By ſweet DEIDAMIA's Side, all Day—
From Morn to Night—entranc'd in Love, he lay!
Oft kiſs'd her Hand, with amorous Dalliance warm,
And ſhed the enamour'd Tear, and claſp'd her lifted Form!
With her, ſole Comrade of his Board, he meſs'd;
And oft to ſhare his Bed the Virgin preſt.
Thus would he ſay: 'While we aſunder keep,
'Behold, in ſocial Pairs your Siſters ſleep!
'Tho' thus in friendly Converſe we delight,
'That wicked Wall divides us every Night!

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IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the EIGHTH.

LOVE Resistless.

SWEET Venus, Daughter of the Sea,
How comes ſuch bitter Pain from thee?
From thee—to whom the Power is giv'n
To torture Earth, to torture Heaven?
Alas! what Ills have Mortals done,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſend them ſuch a Son—
Malicious, cruel, full of Wiles,
Tho' luring with his dimply Smiles?
Why did'ſt thou give him Wings and Darts,
Imperious over Human Hearts—
To fly, where'er he will, ſo fierce;
And, as he liſts, our Boſoms pierce?

IDYLLIUM the NINTH.

FRIENDSHIP.

O Bleſt are they who love, and are belov'd!
Thus THESEUS his PERITHOUS' Friendſhip knew;
And, tho' amidſt the infernal Regions, drew
Pure Bliſs from Converſe that exhauſtleſs prov'd!

Thus too ORESTES, happy tho' he rov'd
O'er *Scythian* Deſarts drear, had Power to ſtrew
All on the barren Waſte where e'er he mov'd,
Flowers of Delight! For PYLADES was true,

Ever the ſweet Companion of his Way!
And thus divine ÆACIDES was bleſt,
While his Aſſociate in the Realms of Day
Remain'd; and tranquil to *Elyſian* Reſt
PATROCLUS flew—for his pale breathleſs Clay
Not unaveng'd the Plain of Carnage preſt!

FRAGMENT the FIRST.

On HYACINTHUS.

IN wild Deſpondence Phœbus' Sorrows flow,
Trembling with all the Agony of Woe!
Each Remedy he ſought; but no where found
A ſanatory Balm, to cloſe the Wound!
His bathing Nectar and Ambroſia fail—
Alas! if Fate oppoſe, can Art avail?

FRAGMENT the SECOND.

TO repair to an Artiſt, in every Caſe,
Muſt argue, my Friend, little Spirit or Grace:
How idle another's Aſſiſtance to aſk!
Go—frame thy own Pipe—'Tis no difficult Taſk!

FRAGMENT

FRAGMENT the THIRD.

GO, Love, invite the charming Choir of Muses!
Ye Muses, bring back Love again!
And may your Song, that Life's ſweet Balm diffuſes,
Soothe away the Senſe of Pain!

FRAGMENT the FOURTH.

BY dropping inceſſantly, Water alone
Can wear to a Hollow the hardeſt of Stone!

FRAGMENT the FIFTH.

BUT I ſtill ſlope my ſolitary Way,
And, whiſpering cruel Galatea, ſtray
Along the ſhelvy Cliff, beſide the Beach,
And chaſe ſweet Hope, tho' wing'd beyond my Reach!
O may the lovely Phantom yet engage,
Ev'n at the Cloſe of dim-declining Age;
Dreſt in the Tints of dear Deluſion riſe,
Nor diſappear, 'till Death o'erſhade my Eyes!

FRAGMENT the SIXTH.

NOR let me paſs without a Palm!
APOLLO ſheds the grateful Balm!
But lo! while Honor's Voice invites,
My Breaſt expands for nobler Flights!

FRAGMENT the SEVENTH.

BEAUTY is Woman's faireſt Good!
But that of Man, is Fortitude!

THE

THE

IDYLLIA

OF

MOSCHUS.

ΑΥΣΟΝΙΚΑΣ ΟΔΥΝΑΣ ΜΕΛΠΩ ΜΕΛΟΣ.

MOSCHUS.

O SOLITUDE, ON ME BESTOW
THE HEART-FELT HARMONY OF WOE;
SUCH, SUCH AS, ON THE AUSONIAN SHORE,
SWEET DORIAN MOSCHUS TRILL'D OF YORE!

GRAINGER.

IDYLLIUM the FIRST.

THE STRAY CUPID.

AS CUPID from his Mother VENUS ſtray'd,
Thus, crying him aloud, the Goddeſs ſaid:
'If any one a wandering CUPID ſee,
'The little Fugitive belongs to me.
'And if he tell what Path the Rogue purſues,
'My Kiſſes ſhall reward him for the News:
'But if he bring me back the Boy I miſs,
'I'll give him ſomething ſweeter than a Kiſs.
'So plain—ſo numerous are his Marks, you'll own,
'That ev'n among a Score he may be known.
'Flame-colour'd is his glowing Skin—not white;
'Fierce are his Eyes that flaſh malignant Light.

'Smooth

' Smooth are his Words, his Voice as Honey ſweet,
' Yet War is in his Heart and dark Deceit!
' Provoke him—and his Rage all Check defies—
' Frantic, in other's Woe his Paſtime lies.
' Bright-cluſtering Locks his lovely Forehead grace,
' But inſolent Expreſſion marks his Face.
' Tho' little are his Hands, thoſe Hands can fling
' Darts ev'n to ACHERON, and the Infernal King.
' Tho' bare his Body, yet no Art can find
' A Clue, to trace the Motions of his Mind.
' As the fleet Bird, on airy Pinions light,
' From Men to ſighing Maids he wings his Flight;
' Now here, now there, in many a Circle ſtrays,
' Yet perching on their Vitals, inly preys.
' Lo! ready from his little Bow to fly—
' His Arrow, ſwift tho' ſlight, can pierce the Sky.
' A golden Quiver on his Shoulder glows,
' And holds the embitter'd Darts for Friends or Foes.
' Ev'n I their frequent Wounds would vainly ſhun!
' But his fell Torch—it ſcorches ev'n the Sun!

' If

' If you ſecure the Wanderer, bring him bound;
' Nor mind him, tho' he cry and ſtamp the Ground.
' And truſt him not, tho' ſmiling he appears;
' Alike deceitful are his Smiles and Tears.
' To kiſs you, ſweetly-laughing, ſhould he try,
' Fly him—there's Poiſon in his Kiſſes—fly!
' But if he ſay: " How idle your Alarms!
" Here—take my Darts—my Arrows—take my Arms!"
' Ah touch them not—beware the treacherous Aim—
' His Darts, his Arrows, are all tipt with Flame.'

IDYLLIUM the SECOND.

EUROPA.

ONCE VENUS to AGENOR's royal Maid
A Viſion's airy Portraiture diſplay'd,
At that calm Hour, when Night and Morning meet;
When Sleep, than Honey's balmy Drops more ſweet,
Sits on the Eye-lids, and in tender Ties
(Each Limb relaxing) binds the cheriſh'd Eyes;
When many a Form light-riſing to the View
Swims in prophetic Trance; when Dreams are true—
'Twas then EUROPA (as, in Virgin-Bloom,
High in the upper Chamber of the Dome
Aſleep ſhe lay) two Continents beheld,
Fierce ASIA, and the adverſe Shore, impell'd
By warring Rage; while each appear'd to riſe
In female Form diſtinct—herſelf the Prize!
And, whilſt a foreign Stamp that ſeem'd to wear,
This, with a Native's more engaging Air,
Impaſſion'd cried: 'The Nymph was hers alone,
'Her Offspring—nurs'd and cheriſh'd as her own.'

But ſhe (the Stranger-Power) ſtrait forc'd away
With ſtronger Arm her unreſiſting Prey,
And ſaid: ' The fair EUROPA was her Meed—
' By *Ægis*-bearing JOVE's high Will decreed.'
Alarm'd, EUROPA leap'd with ſudden Start,
And in quick Pulſes throbb'd her fluttering Heart.
For as Reality the Dream appear'd;
Still, tho' awake, ſhe ſaw, and ſtill ſhe heard.
Silent in pale Suſpenſe the Virgin hung—
At length theſe Accents trembled on her Tongue:
' Oh ſay! What God hath offer'd to my Sight
' Thoſe ſpectred Shapes, to fill me with Affright?
' While ſweetly ſlumbering on my Bed I lay,
' What Viſions paſs'd in fanciful Array?
' Say, who the Form that bore ſo kind a Part?
' Her charming Aſpect—how it ſtruck my Heart!
' How fond! and how, careſſing me, ſhe ſmil'd
' With ſweet maternal Love, as on her Child!
' With happy Omens, ye Immortals, bleſs
' The Dream; nor, hence, immerge me in Diſtreſs!'

This ſaid, ſhe roſe, and ſought the Comrade-Train
Who join'd her oft in Revels on the Plain;
Thoſe, who could beſt her fond Regard engage,
Fair, and of noble Birth, and equal Age.
With them the feſtal Dance ſhe lov'd to lead,
Or pluck the fragrant Lilies of the Mead,
Or bathe, (while rag'd the Noontide's ſultry Ray)
The dear Companions of her ſocial Day!
Strait the gay Troop, deſcending to the Shore,
Whilſt in her Hand each Nymph a Baſket bore,
Hail'd the familiar Fields, where many a Roſe
They oft had ſeen its full-blown Leaves diſcloſe;
Or muſing liſten'd, on the ſea-beat Verge,
To the deep Murmurs of the daſhing Surge.

But lo, diſtinguiſh'd from the beauteous Band,
A golden Baſket grac'd EUROPA's Hand—
VULCAN's great Work, high-wrought for NEPTUNE's Bride
Who gave it TELEPHASSA next-allied:
She on EUROPA the fair Gift beſtow'd,
Where many a ſplendid Image richly-glow'd.

There,

There, ſtill a Heifer's Form, nor yet her own,
In ſculptur'd Gold the beauteous IO ſhone;
While with an Æſtrum ſtung, in madd'ning Heat,
She paw'd the azure Waves that waſh'd her Feet;
And, as two Men ſtood watching on the Brim
Her eager Motions, ſeem'd in Act to ſwim.
There too JOVE's placid Semblance ſeem'd to ſtand,
And ſtroke the Heifer with his heavenly Hand;
'Till near old NILE (the Woman reaſſum'd)
Her wonted Charms of Virgin Beauty bloom'd.
The Currents of the NILE in Silver roll'd;
In Braſs the Heifer roſe; but JOVE in Gold.

Figures around in bold Relievo riſe:
Here HERMES pipes, and ſleepleſs ARGUS lies
Deck'd with the Splendor of a hundred Eyes.
There from his crimſon Blood a Peacock ſprings,
Exulting ſhakes the Plumage of his Wings;
And, as a Ship unfurls her ſpreading Sail,
Expands the ſtarry Honors of his Tail,
That on the Baſket's circling Rim diffuſe
All the rich Radiance of purpureal Hues.

Such

Such was the Gift: And now, each lovely Maid
Cull'd with fair Hands the Flowerets of the Glade.
The Hyacinth, the Vi'let's modeſt Blue,
Or wild Thyme, or the ſweet Narciſſus drew
Their pleas'd Regard: The Flower-Leaves, ſtrew'd around,
Spread ſoftly with their vernal Tints the Ground.
Others to pluck the golden Crocus haſte,
Sporting in gay Diverſities of Taſte;
Queen of the Chorus whilſt EUROPA choſe
To crop the Splendor of the flaming Roſe.
With ſuch an Air, when light her Footſteps move
Amid the GRACES, blooms the Queen of Love!
Theſe ſimple Joys not long remain'd her own;
Not long unblemiſh'd was her Virgin Zone!
For, ſudden, pierc'd by VENUS, JOVE ſurvey'd
(Her Darts transfix ev'n JOVE) the peerleſs Maid!
As thro' his Heart impetuous Ardors run,
Behold (the jealous JUNO's Rage to ſhun,
And by a ſudden Artifice enſnare
The Boſom of an unſuſpecting Fair)

Veil'd

Veil'd in a Bull, he lays the God aſide,
But yet adorn'd with more than beſtial Pride!
Unlike thoſe Bulls who patient of the Yoke
Have oft the ſlow Plough drawn, the Furrow broke;
Or ſuch as harneſs'd drag the heavy Wain,
Croud the full Stalls, or graze in Herds the Plain.
Bright on his Front a ſilver Circle grew,
And his ſleek Body gleam'd a golden Hue!
Whilſt, as the Creſcent, roſe his Horns above,
And his blue Eyes ſhone languiſhing with Love!

Thus beauteous o'er the Meadow as he went,
Each Damſel on his pleaſing Form intent
Drew near, and long'd to ſtroke him, unalarm'd;
While his ambroſial Breath their Senſes charm'd
Than all the Fragrance of the Vale more ſweet!
Now, ſoftly-ſportive at EUROPA's Feet,
He lick'd her Neck, and ſeem'd in amorous Play:
Then gently from his Mouth ſhe wip'd away
The hanging Froth; and, uninſpir'd with Dread,
Patted, and innocently kiſs'd his Head.

Lowing

Lowing (ſo clear the Tones, they ſeem'd to ſuit
The Muſick of the ſoft *Mygdonian* Flute)
He bent his Knees—all pliant as he low'd—
And his broad Back, with Eyes of Meaning, ſhow'd.
But ſhe, delighted, to the Virgins cried,
(The deep-hair'd Nymphs) 'Come Comrades, let us ride!
' Come! for he ſtoops! and ſure his Back is ſtrong!
' As the ſwift Ship he'll bear us light along!
' So mild his Aſpect, ſo unlike his Kind,
' He ſhews ſuch meek Benignity of Mind!
' To equal human Beings, we muſt own,
' The Creature wants the Powers of Speech alone.'
Thus ſpoke the Nymph—and ſtrait his Back aſcends,
And calls with vacant Laugh her lingering Friends:
But ſpringing inſtant from her Comrades' Reach
In rapid Bounds he bore her to the Beach!
She, turning to her dear Companion Train,
Call'd for vain Help, and ſtretch'd her Arms in vain;
When now amid the Wave with vigorous Leap
He plung'd, and as a Dolphin ſkim'd the Deep!

Sudden

Sudden uproſe the NEREIDS round the God,
And on the Backs of Whales in Triumph rode:
The loud-voic'd NEPTUNE hail'd the long Array,
And ſmooth'd, his Brother's Guide, the watery Way;
While, riſing from old OCEAN's deepeſt Caves,
Crouded upon the Surface of the Waves
The TRITON Band, (as paſs'd the Pomp along)
And on their wreath'd Conchs rung the nuptial Song!
Each Effort all too feeble to withſtand
The God ſtill ruſhing, with her better Hand
She graſp'd his curled Horn—her Left updrew
Her purple Robe, whoſe wetted Foldings flew
Wild o'er the Surge: Around her, as ſhe held,
Soft like a Sail the breezy Veſture ſwell'd.

And now, while neither Shores nor Mountains riſe,
Borne far—far diſtant from her native Skies,
(While nought but Heaven appears above, below
One dizzy Waſte, the boundleſs Waters flow)
Around her many a gazing Look ſhe caſt,
And thus exclaim'd in Wonder, as ſhe paſt:

' O ſay, who art thou? Whither art thou bent?
' Say, heavenly Creature, what thy ſtrange Intent?
' How can thy Hoofs ſo heavy ſteer with Eaſe?
' Doſt thou not tremble at this Waſte of Seas?
' Tho' Veſſels o'er the Wave full ſwiftly glide,
' Bulls ever dread the Ocean's briny Tide!
' And what thy Beverage? Can this wild Abode
' Supply ambroſial Viands for a God?
' For ſure the Nature of the Gods is thine—
' Yet is this worthy of thy deathleſs Line?
' Nor Dolphins quit the Deep, nor Bulls the Shore;
' Thou rov'ſt o'er Earth and Sea! Each Hoof an Oar!
' Alas! who knows but flying thou wilt bear
' Thy Burthen (like a Bird) thro' azure Air!
' Ah me! Thus heedleſs, how could I forego
' My own dear Home, and plunge myſelf in Woe?
' Lo! thro' my fond Simplicity betray'd,
' I rove this Waſte, a ſolitary Maid!
' But thou, O NEPTUNE, whom the Deeps obey,
' Propitious come, and ſpeed my deſtin'd Way!

' O let

‘ O let my heavenly Guide unveil’d appear;
‘ For not without a God I wander here!’

‘ Courage, dear Nymph,’—the broad-horn’d Bull replied—
‘ Nor fear the fancied Perils of the Tide.
‘ Know, tho’ a Bull I ſeem to mortal Eyes!
‘ I’m Jove himſelf—the Ruler of the Skies.
‘ And thus (I can aſſume what Shape I pleaſe)
‘ Fir’d by thy Charms, I brave this Length of Seas!
‘ But Crete now waits (fair Iſle, the Nurſe of Jove)
‘ To crown with Hymen’s Rites my fervid Love:
‘ And from thy Womb while Sons illuſtrious ſpring,
‘ The ſubject Earth ſhall hail each Son a King.’

Scarce had he ſpoke—confirming all he ſaid
When Crete roſe miſty o’er its watery Bed!
Strait in another Form the Thunderer ſhone,
And loos’d, with ardent Haſte, her Virgin-Zone!
The Horæ ſmooth’d their Couch, and led to Love;
And fair Europa bluſh’d, the Bride of Jove—
Erelong to triumph, from the God’s Embrace,
The happy Mother of a ſceptred Race!

IDYLLIUM the THIRD.

THE EPITAPH ON BION.

MOURN, *Dorian* Stream, departed BION mourn!
Pour the hcarſe Murmur from thy pallid Urn!
Sigh Groves and Lawns! Ye Plants in Sorrow wave;
Ye Flowers, breathe ſickly Sweets o'er BION's Grave!
Anemonies and Roſes bluſh your Grief;
Expand, pale Hyacinth, thy letter'd Leaf!
Thy Marks of Anguiſh more diſtinctly ſhow—
Ah! well the tuneful Herdſman claims your Woe!

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Ye Nightingales that ſoothe the ſhadowy Vale,
Warble to ARETHUSA's Streams the Tale
Of BION dead: Lamenting Nature's Pride
He ſunk! Ah then the *Dorian* Muſic died!

Begin

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Ye Swans of STRYMON, bid ſo ſweet a Note
As BION breath'd along your green Banks, float
O'er the ſtill Wave; and tell BISTONIA's Maids,
That *Doric* ORPHEUS charms no more the Glades.

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Dear to the MUSE, alas, no more he ſings,
By yon' lone Oak that ſhades the plaſhy Springs.
He roams a Spectre thro' the Glooms of Fear,
And chaunts the oblivious Verſe to PLUTO's Ear.
O'er the huſh'd Hills his penſive Heifers rove,
Refuſe their Paſture, and forget their Love!

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Thee—thee, O BION, ſnatch'd from Earth away
The *Satyrs* wail'd, and ev'n the God of Day!
PAN for thy Numbers heav'd his ſighing Breaſt,
And ſad PRIAPUS mourn'd in ſable Veſt.

The *Naïds* in deſpairing Anguiſh ſtood,
And ſwell'd with briny Tears their Fountain-Flood.
Mute ECHO, as her mimic Muſic dies,
Amidſt her dreary Rocks lamenting lies.
The Trees reſign'd their Fruitage at thy Death,
And all the faded Flowers their ſcented Breath.
The Ewes no Milk—the Hives no Honey gave;
But what avail'd it, the rich Stores to ſave?
What, that the Bee no balmy Flow'ret ſips,
Extinct the ſweeter Honey of thy Lips?

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Not with much Grief the *Dolphin* fill'd the Seas,
Or PHILOMELA's Plaint the woodland Breeze,
Or PROGNE's bitter Woe the Mountains hoar,
Or wild ALCYONE the fatal Shore;
Or faithful CERYLUS the Cave, where lies
His Mate ſtill breathing Fondneſs as ſhe dies;
Or MEMNON's ſcreaming Birds his orient Tomb,
As now they utter, at their BION's Doom!

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
The love-lorn Nightingales that learnt his Song,
The Swallows twittering ſhrill—the Boughs among,
Join their ſad Notes; the vocal Groves reply—
Sigh too ye Turtles, for your BION ſigh!

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Who now, regretted Swain, thy Pipe ſhall play?
Touch the fair Stops, or trill the melting Lay?
Faint from thy Lips ſtill breathe the mellow Reeds;
Still on their dying Sweetneſs ECHO feeds:
To bear thoſe Melodies to PAN, be mine,
Tho' he may fear to riſk his Fame with thine!

Begin the penſive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
And GALATEA too bewails thy Fate—
Fair Nymph, who oft upon the Sea-ſhore ſat
Sooth'd by thy Songs, and fled the *Cyclops'* Arms!
Far other Strains were thine! far other Charms!

Now

Now on the Sand ſhe ſits—forgets the Sea—
Yet feeds thy Herds, and ſtill remembers thee!

Begin the penſive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
With thee, O Swain, expir'd the MUSE's Bliſs—
The roſeate Bloom of Youth, the roſeate Kiſs!
The fluttering CUPIDS round thy Aſhes cry,
And fond—fond VENUS mixes many a Sigh!
She loves thee, as ADONIS' parting Breath—
As his laſt Kiſſes ſo endear'd by Death!

Here—here, O MELES, muſical in Woe,
Sad for another Son thy Tide ſhall flow!
For thy firſt Poet mourn'd thy plaintive Wave;
Each Murmur deepen'd at thy HOMER's Grave:
Another Grief (melodious Stream) appears!
Alas! another Poet claims thy Tears!
Dear to the Fountains which inſpire the MUSE,
That drank of HELICON—*this* ARETHUSE!
That Bard his Harp to beauteous HELEN ſtrung;
And the dire Anger of PELIDES ſung.

This

This—in his ſofter Lay no Wars diſplay'd,
But chaunted PAN all peaceful in the Shade!
He fram'd his Reeds, or milk'd his Kine, or led
His Herds to Paſture, ſinging as they fed!
And oft, ſo dear to VENUS, he careſt
The little CUPID in his panting Breaſt.

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
The Cities and the Towns thy Death deplore—
Than her own Heſiod ASCRA mourns thee more!
Not thus her PINDAR HYLÆ's Grief bemoans—
Not LESBOS thus ALCÆUS' manly Tones!
Not CEOS—PAROS thus regret their Bards—
And MITYLENE yet thy Reed regards
Beyond her SAPPHO's Lyre; and every Swain
Pipes thee, O BION, on his native Plain.
The *Samian*'s gentle Notes thy Memory greet—
PHILETAS too—and LYCIDAS of CRETE!
Now, breathing heavy Sighs, each Heart deſpairs,
Tho' erſt full many a jocund Revel theirs.

Thee too, dear Bard, THEOCRITUS bewails,
The ſweeteſt Warbler of SICILIA's Dales!
And I, who ſuit to Sorrow's melting Tone
The *Auſonian* Verſe, but mimic Muſic own.
If e'er the Charms of Melody I knew,
'Tis to thy forming Skill the Praiſe is due.
Others may claim thy Gold—the Gold be theirs!
Ours be the *Doric* MUSE, thy wealthier Heirs.

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Tho' fades criſp Aniſe, and the Parſley's Green,
And vivid Mallows from the Garden-Scene,
Ah! Ah! the Breath of Spring their Life renews,
And bids them flouriſh in their former Hues!
But We, the Great, the Valiant, and the Wiſe,
When once the Seal of Death hath clos'd our Eyes,
Loſt in the hollow Tomb obſcure and deep,
Slumber, to 'wake no more, one long unbroken Sleep!
Thou too, while many a ſcrannel Reed I hear
Grating eternal Harſhneſs on my Ear—

Thou

Thou too, thy Charm of melting Muſic o'er,
Shut in the ſilent Earth, ſhalt riſe no more!

Begin the plaintive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
'Twas Poiſon gave thee to the Graſp of Death—
Ah! could not Poiſon ſweeten at thy Breath?
Who for thoſe Lips of Melody could dare
The venom'd Chalice (murd'rous Wretch) prepare?

Begin the penſive Strain, *Sicilian* MUSE!
O'er Nature's Scene the ſofteſt Sighs diffuſe!
Such Wretches rove with Vengeance at their Heels,
While now at this drear Hour my Boſom feels
The burſting Sigh! Like ORPHEUS, could I go,
Or wiſe ULYSSES, to the Shades below,
To PLUTO's Dome my Steps ſhould ſtrait repair,
To hear what Numbers thou art chaunting there.
But ſing, as in the genial Realms of Light,
Some ſweet Bucolic to the Queen of Night.
She once amid thoſe golden Meadows play'd,
And ſung the *Dorian* Song, in ÆTNA's Shade.

Thy Muſic ſhall aſcend with all the Fire—
With all the ſtrong Effect of ORPHEUS' Lyre!
Fair PROSERPINE ſhall liſten to thy Strain,
And, pitying, ſend thee to thy Hills again.
O that, as ORPHEUS' Lyre reclaim'd his Wife,
My Pipe had Power to bring thy Shade to Life!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the FOURTH.

MEGARA, THE WIFE OF HERCULES, AND ALCMENA HIS MOTHER.

MEGARA.

'SAY, whence thoſe Looks that tell ſo dire a Tale,
'The Groan ſo waſting, and the Cheek ſo pale?
'Is it thy tortur'd Offspring to ſurvey?
'To ſee a Fawn upon a Lion prey?
'To ſee a worthleſs Wretch torment thy Son?
'Ye Gods! what Evil hath MEGARA done?
'Immortals! have I merited your Scorn?
'Ah me, to adverſe Fate untimely born!
'Who, who ſo curs'd! E'er ſince the Hour he led
'Me, a fond Virgin, to the nuptial Bed,
'Dear have I ever priz'd him as theſe Eyes,
'And, ſtill adoring, from my Soul I prize!
'But ah, my matchleſs Lord was doom'd to ſhare
'Such bitter Draughts, amid his every Care,
'As from the Cup of Sorrow ſeem to flow,
'Deeper than any Dregs of mortal Woe!

'Wretch!

' Wretch! on his Children—his own Fleſh he flew,
' And with APOLLO's Darts in Frenzy flew!
' *Fates—Furies* rather the dire Darts ſupplied!—
' Slain by their Sire before theſe Eyes they died!
' Oh how they aſk'd (and never Dream diſplay'd
' So dread a Scene) their hapleſs Mother's Aid!
' Alas (I hear each dying Echo ſtill)
' Theſe Hands had vainly croſs'd the inſuperable Ill.
' But as a hapleſs Bird her Young bewails,
' That, yet unfledg'd, a cruel Snake aſſails
' 'Mid the thick Copſe; around her Offspring flies,
' And twitters in ſhrill Notes her plaintive Cries;
' Not venturing near—too weak to bring Relief—
' Yet hovering in an Agony of Grief—
' So (my poor Offspring fall'n in early Bloom)
' I ran all frantic thro' the blood-ſtain'd Dome.
' O DIAN, Sovereign of the female World,
' Had but thy Hand the Dart in Pity hurl'd;
' Its Poiſon to this waſting Boſom ſped,
' And ſtruck me on my ſlaughter'd Children dead—

' Then

‘ Then had my Parents the laſt Office paid,
‘ And on one Pile the breathleſs Relics laid!
‘ Then weeping had they ſeen our Bodies burn,
‘ Clos'd the pale Aſhes in one common Urn,
‘ And kindly, to compleat the Rites of Death,
‘ Buried, where firſt we drew our vital Breath.
‘ Now where AONIA boaſts her fertile Soil,
‘ 'Mid *Theban* Steeds they urge the rural Toil.
‘ But I, at TIRYNS, JUNO's ſacred Seat,
‘ Feel many a Sorrow in my Boſom beat:
‘ Each Day one melancholy Blank appears,
‘ And brings no Reſpite—to eternal Tears!
‘ Yet ſoon theſe Eyes ſhall hail my hapleſs Lord
‘ To his own Roof (tho' tranſiently) reſtor'd!
‘ For many a Labor muſt he ſtill ſuſtain,
‘ Rove the rough Earth, and paſs the ſtormy Main;
‘ While in his Breaſt he bears, to Fear unknown,
‘ A rigid Heart of Iron or of Stone!
‘ But thou, like Water, art diſſolv'd away—
‘ Thy Sorrows flow by Night—nor ceaſe by Day!

‘ Of

‘ Of all my Friends thou only haſt the Power
‘ To gild with Comfort’s Ray the darkſome Hour!
‘ They—they beyond the pine-rob’d Iſthmus dwell!—
‘ Nor, as a hapleſs Woman, can I tell
‘ My Griefs; or to one ſoothing Friend impart
‘ (Except my Siſter PYRRHA) my full Heart!
‘ She pines too for her IPHICLUS—thy Son—
‘ And ſure dire Ills thro’ all thy Lineage run,
‘ Still tortur’d, whether firſt their Lives began
‘ From Gods their deathleſs Sires, or mortal Man.’

She ſpoke—and Tears faſt trickled from her Eyes,
And fill’d her lovely Breaſt ſurcharg’d with Sighs!
While Memory, in freſh Colors, to her View
The Image of her Sons and Parents drew.

Meantime, deep Groans ALCMENA’s Anguiſh ſpeak,
And Drops hang trembling on her pallid Cheek;
When thus, ſlow-raiſing her dejected Head,
Her Daughter ſhe addreſt, and ſagely ſaid:
‘ O Daughter, hapleſs in thy Offspring ſlain,
‘ Why thus revive theſe Images of Pain?

‘ Why

‘ Why thus immers'd in unavailing Woe,
‘ Still bid our Tears that oft have flow'd, o'erflow?
‘ Ah! dces not each ſucceſſive Sun diſplay
‘ Its own mark'd Ills, “ ſufficient to the Day?”
‘ Wretches alone our Griefs would number o'er—
‘ Be cheer'd—the Gods have Bleſſings yet in Store.
‘ But I excuſe thy ever pining Care,
‘ My Child—Of Pleaſure I have had my Share.
‘ And 'tis with Pity and Regret I rate
‘ Thy Woes—the Partner of our heavy Fate!
‘ But (hear, O Proserpine and Ceres, hear,
‘ Ye whoſe avenging Wrath the Perjur'd fear)
‘ I've lov'd thee—haply not to thee unknown—
‘ As if from infant Years thou wert mine own!
‘ I've lov'd thee, as the Offspring of my Womb,
‘ As ſtill mine only, in thy Virgin-Bloom!
‘ Then deem not—deem not my Affection cold—
‘ No—tho' a Niobe thine Eye behold
‘ In the ſad Mother who may well deplore
‘ Her ſuffering Son! For ten long Months I bore—

' And, ere he ſaw the Light, my Life nigh loſt
' Hover'd, in bitter Pangs, for PLUTO's Coaſt.
' Now 'mid new Toils his vagrant Footſteps roam,
' Never, perchance, to bleſs, returning home,
' Theſe longing Eyes! Beſides, a Viſion late
' Appear'd—(alas too ominous of Fate!)
' Riſing with many a Terror to my Sight,
' As lock'd in Sleep I lay at Dead of Night.
' Methought, my HERCULES himſelf diſplay'd
' (All naked) in his Hand a pond'rous Spade;
' And, at the Outſkirts of a fruitful Soil,
' Delv'd a deep Ditch, and urg'd the Laborer's Toil.
' But when his finiſh'd Fence ſeem'd ſunk around
' The wide-girt Area of the Vineyard Ground;
' And he, now ready for recruiting Reſt,
' Fix'd in the Glebe his Spade, and ſought his Veſt;
' Quick-flaſhing from the Trench a fiery Stream
' Burſt out, and round him roll'd its vengeful Flame!
' He ſwift from VULCAN's Fury ſkimm'd the Field,
' Shook his broad Spade protective like a Shield;

' Now

‘ Now here, now there, his eager Glances threw,
‘ And mark'd the rapid Volume, as it flew.
‘ Then IPHICLUS (for ſuch my Dream portray'd)
‘ Sudden ſeem'd ruſhing to the Hero's Aid;
‘ But, ere he reach'd ALCIDES, ſlid away,
‘ And on the Ground bereft of Motion lay!
‘ Like an enfeebled Man that fall'n, thro' Years,
‘ All motionleſs and fix'd to Earth appears;
‘ Till ſome kind Stranger the wiſh'd Aid ſupplies,
‘ Pities his ſilver Beard, and bids him riſe!
‘ To ſee my Sons thus helpleſs—thus forlorn—
‘ I heav'd the inceſſant Sigh, and wept till Morn!
‘ Then wing'd away before the roſy Beam
‘ My Slumbers vaniſh'd with my frightful Dream.
‘ Such then, my Child, the Viſion I relate:
‘ And ah! the juſt Interpreteſs of Fate,
‘ May I preſage its black'ning Omens true,
‘ And ſee dire Ills EURYSTHEUS' Steps purſue;
‘ Turn'd from the Heroes of our Houſe, to ſpread
‘ Their tenfold Horrors on his guilty Head!'

IDYLLIUM the FIFTH.

The CHOICE.

WHEN o'er the blue Wave Zephyr blows,
I cannot on the Land repoſe;
And when a Calm hath huſh'd the Seas,
'Tis more inviting than the Breeze:
But when the foaming Waters roar,
And the long Surges laſh the Shore;
To Earth I turn my eager Eye,
And from the billowy Thunder fly.
Then, more ſecure on Land, I hail
The Pine-tree, in the darkſome Vale;
Tho', toſſing to the Storm, it flings
Its Cones around, and wildly ſings.
Sure, moſt of human Ills the Mark,
The Fiſher lives, his Houſe a Bark;

The

The Sea his ever-during Toil,
The finny Race his fickle Spoil!
But O for me, how ſweet to ſleep
Beneath the Foliage cool and deep
Of a dim Plane, and ſoothe my Ear
With pebbly Rills, that tinkle near!
How ſweet, by no pale Fear allay'd,
Such Pleaſure in the ruſtic Shade!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the SIXTH.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

PAN for his Neighbour ECHO ſighs;
She loves the *Dancing*-SATYR:
The SATYR, caught by LYDA's Eyes,
Is dying to be at her.

As ECHO fires the Breaſt of PAN,
Behold the *Dancer* burn
The *Nymph*'s ſoft Heart—tho' LYDA's Man:
Thus each is ſcorch'd, in Turn.

While all who ſlight are ſlighted too,
They feel alternate Pain:
Then hear—'Love thoſe that fancy you,
And you'll be lov'd again.'

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTH.

To the EVENING STAR.

SWEET Hesper, thou, whoſe golden Light
(The ſacred Glory of the Night)
Illumes the deep-cerulean Skies;
Whoſe Beams ſo dear to Venus riſe;
To whom the ſtarry Fires are pale
As thou to ſilver Cynthia—hail!
O guide me to my Shepherd's Feaſt!
Ev'n now the lunar Orb's decreaſt—
Soon will it ſet: O lend thy Ray,
To gild my ſolitary Way!
I go not, ſhelter'd by the Shade,
The nightly Traveller to invade;
'Tis Love impells! O Hesper prove,
Sweet Star, propitious to my Love!

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the EIGHTH.

ALPHEUS.

SOON as ALPHEUS bids his Current pour
Its Foam into the Deep, near PISA's Shore,
With Olives crown'd, fair Leaves and Flowers he brings
And ſacred Duſt, to ARETHUSA's Springs.
For deep and unperceiv'd his Waters flow; 5
Nor mingle with the Main, but roll below.
Thus CUPID full of Wiles, his Power to prove,
Hath taught a River ev'n to dive for Love.

EPIGRAM.

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

ONCE CUPID, aſſuming a ruſtical Slouch,
With a Goad in his Hand, at his Shoulder a Pouch,
(His Torch and his Bow were awhile thrown aſide)
Yok'd his Bulls to the Plough, and thus waggiſhly cried:
'Now, JOVE, ſwell the Grain! Or, I'll make thee—no Joke—
'Gentle Bull of EUROPA, ſubmit to the Yoke!

THE

THE

ELEGIES

OF

TYRTÆUS.

Ω ΤΥΡΤΑΙΕ, ΠΟΙΗΤΑ ΘΕΙΟΤΑΤΕ ΔΟΚΕΙΣ ΓΑΡ ΔΗ ΣΟΦΟΣ ΗΜΙΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΑΓΑΘΟΣ · ΟΤΙ, ΤΟΥΣ ΕΝ ΤΩ ΠΟΛΕΜΩ ΔΙΑΦΕΡΟΝΤΑΣ, ΔΙΑΦΕΡΟΝΤΩΣ ΕΓΚΕΚΩΜΙΑΚΑΣ.

PLATO.

ΑΓΑΘΟΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΗΝ ΝΟΜΙΖΩ, ΝΕΩΝ ΨΥΧΑΣ ΚΑΛΛΥΝΕΙΝ · ΩΣ, ΤΟΙΣ ΝΕΟΙΣ, ΔΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΕΠΩΝ, ΟΡΜΗΝ ΕΜΠΟΙΟΥΝΤΑ, ΜΕΤΑ ΘΥΜΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΦΙΛΟΤΙΜΙΑΣ, ΕΝ ΤΑΙΣ ΜΑΧΑΙΣ, ΑΦΕΙΔΟΥΣΑΝ ΕΑΥΤΩΝ.

PLUTARCH.

ELEGY the FIRST.

I Would not value, or tranſmit the Fame
  Of him, whoſe brighteſt Worth in Swiftneſs lies;
Nor would I chaunt his poor unwarlike Name
  Who wins no Chaplet but the Wreſtler's Prize.
In vain, for me, the *Cyclops'* giant Might
  Blends with the Beauties of TITHONUS' Form;
In vain the Racer's agile Powers unite,
  Fleet as the Whirlwind of the *Thracian* Storm.
In vain, for me, the Riches round him glow
  A MIDAS or a CINYRAS poſſeſt;
Sweet as ADRASTUS' Tongue his Accents flow,
  Or PELOPS' Sceptre ſeems to ſtamp him bleſt.
Vain all the daſtard Honors he may boaſt,
  If his Soul thirſt not for the martial Field;
Meet not the Fury of the ruſhing Hoſt,
  Nor bear o'er Hills of Slain the untrembling Shield.
This—this is Virtue: This—the nobleſt Meed
  That can adorn our Youth with fadeleſs Rays;
While all the Perils of the adventurous Deed
  The new-ſtrung Vigor of the State repays.

Amid the foremoſt of the embattled Train,
Lo the young Hero hails the glowing Fight;
And, tho' fall'n Troops around him preſs the Plain,
Still fronts the Foe, nor brooks inglorious Flight.

His Life—his fervid Soul oppos'd to Death,
He dares the Terrors of the Field defy;
Kindles each Spirit with his panting Breath,
And bids his Comrade-Warriors nobly die!

See, ſee, diſmay'd, the Phalanx of the Foe
Turns round, and hurries o'er the Plain afar;
While doubling, as afreſh, the deadly Blow,
He rules, intrepid Chief, the Waves of War.

Now fall'n, the nobleſt of the Van, he dies!
His City by the beauteous Death renown'd;
His low-bent Father marking, where he lies,
The Shield, the Breaſtplate hackt by many a Wound.

The Young—the Old alike commingling Tears,
His Country's heavy Grief bedews the Grave;
And all his Race in verdant Luſtre wears
Fame's richeſt Wreath, tranſmitted from the Brave.

Tho'

Tho' mixt with Earth the periſhable Clay,
His Name ſhall live, while Glory loves to tell,
' True to his Country how he won the Day!
' How firm the Hero ſtood, how calm he fell!'

But if he 'ſcape the Doom of Death (the Doom
To long—long dreary Slumbers) he returns
While Trophies flaſh, and Victor-Laurels bloom,
And all the Splendor of the Triumph burns.

The Old—the Young careſs him, and adore;
And with the City's Love, thro' Life, repay'd,
He ſees each Comfort, that endears, in Store,
Till, the laſt Hour, he ſinks to Pluto's Shade.

Old as he droops, the Citizens, o'eraw'd,
(Ev'n Veterans) to his mellow Glories yield;
Nor would in Thought diſhonor or defraud
The hoary Soldier of the well-fought Field.

Be your's to reach ſuch Eminence of Fame;
To gain ſuch Heights of Virtue nobly dare,
My Youths! and, 'mid the Fervor of Acclaim,
Preſs, preſs to Glory; nor remit the War!

ELEGY the SECOND.

ROUSE, rouſe, my Youths! the Chain of Torpor break!
Spurn idle Reſt, and couch the glittering Lance!
What! Does not Shame with Bluſhes ſtain your Cheek
Quick-mantling, as ye catch the Warrior's Glance?

Ignoble Youths! Say, when ſhall Valor's Flame
Burn in each Breaſt? Here, here, while Hoſts invade,
And War's wild Clangors all your Courage claim,
Ye ſit, as if ſtill Peace embower'd the Shade.

But, ſure, fair Honor crowns the auſpicious Deed,
When patriot Love impells us to the Field;
When, to defend a trembling Wife, we bleed,
And when our ſhelter'd Offspring bleſs the Shield.

What Time the Fates ordain, pale Death appears:
Then, with firm Step and Sword high drawn, depart;
And, marching thro' the firſt thick Shower of Spears,
Beneath thy Buckler guard the intrepid Heart.

Each

Each Mortal, tho' he boaſt celeſtial Sires,
  Slave to the ſovereign Deſtiny of Death,
Or mid the Carnage of the Plain expires,
  Or yields unwept at home his coward Breath.
Yet Sympathy attends the brave Man's Bier;
  Sees on each Wound the balmy Grief beſtow'd;
And, as in Death the univerſal Tear,
  Thro' Life inſpires the Homage of a God.
For like a Turret his proud Glories riſe,
  And ſtand, above the Rival's Reach, alone;
While Millions hail, with fond adoring Eyes,
  The Deeds of many a Hero met in one!

ELEGY

ELEGY the THIRD.

YET are ye HERCULES' unconquer'd Race—
Remand, heroic Tribe, your Spirit loſt!
Not yet all-ſeeing JOVE averts his Face;
Then meet without a Fear the thronging Hoſt.

Each to the Foe his ſteady Shield oppoſe,
Accoutred to reſign his hateful Breath:
The friendly Sun a mild Effulgence throws
On Valor's Grave, tho' dark the Frown of Death.

Yes! ye have known the ruthleſs Work of War!
Yes! ye have known its Tears—its heavy Woe;
When, ſcattering in pale Flight, ye ruſh'd afar,
Or chas'd the routed Squadrons of the Foe.

Of thoſe who dare, a ſtrong compacted Band,
Firm for the Fight their Warrior-Spirits link;
And grapple with the Foeman, hand to hand,
How few, thro' deadly Wounds expiring, ſink.

They,

They, foremoſt in the Ranks of Battle, guard
The inglorious Multitude that march behind;
While ſhrinking Fears the Coward's Step retard,
And dies each Virtue in the feeble Mind.

But 'tis not in the Force of Words, to paint
What varied Ills attend the ignoble Troop,
Who trembling on the Scene of Glory faint,
Or wound the Fugitives that breathleſs droop.

Baſely the Soldier ſtabs, with hurried Thruſt,
The unreſiſting Wretch, that ſhieldleſs flies!
At his laſt Gaſp diſhonour'd in the Duſt
(His Back transfix'd with Spears) the Daſtard lies!

Thus then, bold Youth, the Rules of Valor learn:
Stand firm, and fix on Earth thy rooted Feet;
Bite with thy Teeth thy eager Lips; and, ſtern
In conſcious Strength, the ruſhing Onſet meet:

And ſhelter with thy broad and boſſy Shield
Thy Thighs and Shins, thy Shoulders and thy Breaſt;
The long Spear ponderous in thy Right-Hand wield,
And on thy Head high nod the dreadful Creſt.

Mark well the Leſſons of the warlike Art,
That teach thee, if the Shield with ample Round
Protect thy Boſom, to approach the Dart,
Nor chuſe with timid Care the diſtant Ground.

But, for cloſe Combat with the fronting Foe,
Elate in valorous Attitude draw near;
And aiming, hand to hand, the fateful Blow,
Brandiſh thy temper'd Blade or maſſy Spear.

Yes! for the Rage of ſtubborn Grapple ſteel'd,
Graſp the Sword's Hilt, and couch the long-beat Lance;
Foot to the Foeman's Foot, and Shield to Shield,
Creſt ev'n to Creſt, and Helm to Helm, advance.

But ye light arm'd, who, trembling in the Rear,
Bear ſmaller Targets, at a Diſtance, throw
The hiſſing Stone, or hurl the poliſh'd Spear,
(Plac'd nigh your Panoply) to mar the Foe.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

IF, fighting for his dear paternal Soil,
The Soldier in the Front of Battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle Fortune to deſpoil
His Store of Fame, that ſhines the Charge of all.

But if, oppreſt by Penury, he rove
Far from his native Town and fertile Plain;
And lead the Sharer of his fondeſt Love
In Youth too tender, with her infant Train;
And if his aged Mother—his ſhrunk Sire
Join the ſad Groupe; ſee many a bitter Ill
Againſt the houſeleſs Family conſpire,
And all the Meaſure of the Wretched fill.

Pale ſhivering Want Companion of his Way,
He meets the Luſtre of no pitying Eye;
To Hunger and dire Infamy a Prey—
Dark Hatred ſcowls, and Scorn quick paſſes by.

Alas! no Traits of Beauty or of Birth—
No Bluſh now lingers in his ſunken Face!
Dies every Feeling (as he roams o'er Earth)
Of Shame tranſmitted to a wandering Race.

But be it ours to guard this hallow'd Spot,
To ſhield the tender Offspring and the Wife;
Here ſteadily await our deſtin'd Lot,
And, for their Sakes, reſign the Gift of Life.

Ye valorous Youths, in Squadrons cloſe combin'd,
Ruſh, with a noble Impulſe, to the Fight!
Let not a Thought of Life glance on your Mind,
And not a momentary Dream of Flight.

Watch your hoar Seniors bent by feeble Age,
Whoſe weak Knees fail, tho' ſtrong their Ardor glows;
Nor leave ſuch Warriors to the Battle's Rage,
But round their awful Spirits firmly cloſe.

Baſe—baſe the Sight, if, foremoſt on the Plain,
In Duſt and Carnage the faln Veteran roll;
And, ah! while Youths ſhrink back, unſhielded, ſtain
His ſilver Temples, and breathe out his Soul!

DISSERTATIONS

ON

THEOCRITUS,

BION AND *MOSCHUS,*

AND

TYRTÆUS.

UT POTERO, EXPLICABO; NEC TAMEN QUASI PYTHIUS APOLLO, CERTA UT SINT ET FIXA, QUÆ DIXERO.

CICERO.

DISSERTATION

ON

THEOCRITUS.

THE literary Productions of every Age have either exhibited the *primary* Reſemblances of Nature, or reflected her Features from each other, thro' the Medium of *ſecondary* Imitation. The greater Number of Compoſitions, conſtructed of theſe derivative Materials, muſt be conſidered as artificial Copies. Common Abilities invigorated by Study may be adequate to the Taſk of modifying and expanding the Works of others. But the Sources of Original Writing can only be diſcovered in ſuperior Genius; and a peculiar Concurrence of Circumſtances aſſiſting its Operations. A happy Coincidence, ſuch as this, of External and Internal Cauſes, is neceſſary to poetic Originality. For tho' Genius ſeems abſolutely independent on Time or Place, we can beſt contemplate it, as aſſuming a fixed and deciſive Character in Connexion with Compoſition; which muſt, of Neceſſity, exhibit Nature under her abſtract or viſible Forms; and which generally repreſents the Characteriſtics of the Age or Country, where it firſt appears, in Cuſtoms, Manners, or Religion. The Powers of Man are variouſly modified by the adventitious Circumſtances of Soil or Climate; but they are chiefly affected by the Increaſe of civilized Manners. They are improved by ſlow Gradations; and arrive, after the Labor of Ages, to Maturity. The Conceptions of the Barbarian may indicate a fervid Imagi-

nation;

nation; yet are they always expreſt with that Incoherence and Extravagance, which mark primæval Rudeneſs. In the Progreſs of Society, when the Obſtacles which had circumſcribed Invention are removed, the Proſpects of Literature grow more extenſive and luminous; whilſt to the Deſcription of magnificent Scenery and marvellous Atchievement, are added the more particular Delineations of Nature, and the Pictures of fluctuating Manners. There is little Room for the calm Contemplations and minute Portraitures of the Poet even in an Age juſt emerged from Barbariſm, where the bold contraſted Features of Virtue and Vice are almoſt the only Diſcriminations of Character; where none but the prominent Appearances of the natural World can intereſt the Fancy; and where the violent Efforts of Paſſion ſtill give the principal Coloring to every literary Production. Such an Age may be diſtinguiſhed by the Grandeur of poetic Conception, by a ſtriking Boldneſs of Combination. It may be termed indeed the very Criſis of Sublimities; ſince we find the Sublime moſt commonly originating in dark and indiſtinct Imagery. But to introduce into a Picture the peculiar Attributes of the Object we paint; to hold up a Diverſity of Character to the View; to particularize every Attitude and Geſture of our Perſonages; to repreſent a Variety of natural Circumſtances in lively and diſtinct Colors, and to bring every Thing before our Eyes——theſe are the Criteria of Original Genius, in the midſt of poliſhed Life.

If we ſurvey the Period, in which Theocritus flouriſhed, we ſhall find our Remarks abundantly illuſtrated and confirmed, in the Conſideration of the Advantages he enjoyed, ſubſidiary to his Genius; and of thoſe Pieces, which, amidſt his numerous Productions, have eſcaped the Ravages of Time. We have little tranſmitted to us concerning the Life of Theocritus: And this little is involved in Contradiction, and obſcured by Conjecture. Even his Age and Country have been the Subjects of Controverſy with Grammarians and Commentators. The Relations of Suidas and Gyraldus, among others, are ſtrangely confuſed and indeterminate. But from his own Works we might extract enough to convince us, that he was a *Syracuſian*—that Praxagoras and Philina were his Parents—and that he flouriſhed under Hiero and Ptolemy

* See Barnes's "*Life*," corrected by Warton.

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penſity to this Species of Compoſition, and that his Genius was originally formed for it, (in Preference to any other) may be inferred from his frequent Recurrence to the Woods and Plains, in Works of a Contexture and Complexion by no Means reſembling the Paſtoral; and from the Interſperſion, indeed, thro' all his Productions, of ſuch Similies and Alluſions as are evidently the Offspring of the Country. But his Genius was not confined to a particular Species of Writing. Though not fervid or bold, it was verſatile and penetrating. The refined Age of THEOCRITUS was equally favorable to Compoſitions, where the Faſhions and Foibles of Men are humorouſly diſplayed. Wit can only exiſt amidſt Eaſe and Security. At a Period of high Civilization, there ariſe chequered and complex Characters, variouſly ſhaded by Folly; and aſſuming a Diverſity of tranſitory Shapes. Hence the Manners become the Subject of Obſervation; and afford ample Scope for the Exerciſe of Ridicule. Theſe fleeting Traits of a civilized People by no Means eſcaped the Penetration of THEOCRITUS.

BUT he had not only the Opportunities of contemplating, in his own Country, the beautiful Forms of Nature, and the diverſified Appearances of Life: He enjoyed the additional Advantages of Travel. The Proſpect of *Ægyptian* Manners and Cuſtoms, and Purſuits ſo different from thoſe of SICILY, muſt have enlarged his Knowledge of Mankind; and the rich and extenſive Paſtures on the Banks of the NILE have delighted his rural Imagination. But, during his Reſidence in ÆGYPT, his Genius and his Taſte muſt have been enlightened and refined by the polite Converſation of a Court, where Literature was aſſociated with Elegance and Splendor; and where Emulation was excited and cheriſhed by princely Munificence. And not only the Muſes flouriſhed under the Auſpices of a PTOLEMY; but Literature, in general, was highly cultivated and improved. The Labors of the ſeventy Interpreters at the *Alexandrian* Court, form a celebrated Epocha, in the Annals of Learning. That our Poet availed himſelf of theſe Labors, and frequently ſnatched a Grace from ſacred Writ, no one will doubt, who peruſes his moſt finiſhed Pieces with Attention. It was under the Patronage of PTOLEMY, that his contemporary Bard CALLIMACHUS compoſed thoſe Hymns to his fabled Gods, which evidently borrowed ſome Portion of their Beauty from the ſame Sources: And poſſibly the more

antient

antient Writers of GREECE might have drawn Sentiments and Imagery from Scripture. There is often diſcoverable in PINDAR a Spirit of oriental Grandeur; and we trace, in many Paſſages of HOMER, Reſemblances apparently imitative of theſe divine Originals. It is not to be wondered, that ſuch elegant Enjoyments ſhould have kindled the Gratitude of our Poet; and have produced that Panegyrick on his Royal Patron, which, in Point of Animation, Delicacy, Addreſs, and well appropriated Compliment, may be conſidered as the firſt of encomiaſtic Performances.

THESE correſponding Felicities of Genius and Situation was it the Fortune of THEOCRITUS to poſſeſs. It is to theſe that we owe his moſt *original* and intereſting Works; though to his perfect Acquaintance with fabulous Antiquity we are indebted for no mean Effuſions of the heroic Muſe: while his other Productions, of various Character, ſtill further evince the Verſatility of his Talents, the Extent of his Knowledge, and the Elegance of his Friendſhips.

THIS great Diverſity of Pieces hath been tranſmitted to us (except the EPIGRAMS indeed) under the Title of IDYLLIA;* a Term, which, according to its general Import, is doubtleſs well applied to a Collection of miſcellaneous Poems. HEINSIUS obſerves, that the Antients gave this Title to the Poems before us, to expreſs their Variety. Thus have we the *Sylvæ* of STATIUS, and *Edyllia* of AUSONIUS. But as ειδυλλιον (a Diminutive of ειδος) may ſignify a little Picture or Image; it may, in this Senſe, be applied, with peculiar Propriety, to the Miſcellanies of THEOCRITUS; which are, every where, replete with lively and natural Repreſentation; and paint all the Objects they deſcribe.

ON a general View of the *Greek* IDYLLIA, their Dialect is an obvious and ſtriking Feature. The *Doric* Dialect, in which they are for the moſt part written, was, of all others, beſt adapted to the Subjects, the Characters, and Simplicity of the Sentiment. It poſſeſſes an inimitable Charm, that can never be transfuſed in the moſt happy Tranſlation. It hath a modulated Sweetneſs which melts upon the Ear, at the ſame Time that its Wildneſs and Ruſticity often characterize the Perſonages who uſe it. In the Age of THEOCRITUS, this Species of the *Doric* (much ſofter and ſmoother than the old Dialect of the *Dorians*)

* Beſides the Idyllia and Epigrams now extant, THEOCRITUS is ſaid by SUIDAS to have written Prætides, Hopes, Hymns, Heroines, Dirges, Elegies, and Iambics.

Dorians) was current in many Parts of GREECE—another adventitious Circumſtance much in Favor of our Poet. Hence his Verſification derives a Melody, which no one of the Ancients hath equalled; while the frequent Recurrence of the Dactyl gives it an Eaſe and Lightneſs more peculiarly graceful in the Paſtoral IDYLLIA.

WITH reſpect to the *general Sentiment*, there is a Clearneſs, a Simplicity, a ſportive Vivacity, that muſt always pleaſe: but there are few Strokes of the Sublime; few fervid Aſpirations of Fancy. There is no Want of Vigor; yet there is little Enthuſiaſm. We, in ſome Inſtances, meet with a ſurprizing Thought, with a wonderful Degree of Animation: But though we are often charmed, we are ſeldom aſtoniſhed. There is always a Juſtneſs in the Combination; all is natural and appropriated; but there is a regular and equable Tenor in the Thoughts as well as the Language. The Paſſions are tenderly and ſimply expreſſed: The Complaints of Love are drawn from the very Boſom of Nature; and the Situations have peculiar Beauty. But the Soul of THEOCRITUS was not tuned to Senſibility. He had leſs Feeling, though more Judgement than BION. From the Turn and Manner of his Compoſition we may infer, that he generally truſts to his own Stock of Ideas—to his own Powers of Invention. Yet we ſometimes diſcover Imitations of profane as well as ſacred Poetry. The Epics of HOMER, the Song of SOLOMON and the PSALMS (with the Prophecies perhaps of ISAIAH) ſeem to have been chiefly familiar to his Peruſal; in proof of which particular Paſſages will be adduced, on a cloſer Inſpection of his IDYLLIA. But theſe IDYLLIA are of ſo varied a Complexion, that no general Character of their *Language*, *Style* or *Sentiment* will be found applicable to them all. To arrange them under different Claſſes, expreſſive of their Matter or Form, hath been vainly attempted by the Critics. Yet for the Sake of Perſpicuity, and in Conformity with our Eſſay at a philoſophical Deduction of his Pieces from the peculiar Coincidence of Genius and Circumſtance, we ſhall purſue, perhaps, no unnatural or improper Mode of Claſſification, whilſt we reduce them under the Heads of *Paſtoral*, *Humorous*, *Panegyrical*, *Spouſal*, *Mythological*, *Epiſtolary* and *Anacreontic* IDYLLIA.

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As a Paſtoral Writer he found every Advantage in the delicious Climate and luxuriant Landſkapes of SICILY. No Country could have preſented him with a more beautiful Aſſemblage of rural Images. The pictoreſque Scenery of the Hills and the Vallies diverſified beyond Deſcription; an almoſt infinite Variety of Trees and Shrubs; the Grottos, Precipices, and Fountains, of the moſt romantic Appearance; and the Sweetneſs and Serenity of the Skies; all theſe concurred with the Tranquillity of Retirement, in awakening the Muſe, and inſpiring the Paſtoral Numbers. The Pieces of THEOCRITUS are the Reſult of his own accurate Obſervation. He deſcribed what he ſaw and felt. His Characters as well as his Scenes are the immediate Tranſcript of Nature. We may well imagine, that the Shepherds and the Herdſmen ſurrounded by their Flocks and their Cattle, pip'd, before him, the current Ditties of the Times; and that he was frequently a Witneſs of their Dialogues and Contentions; heard their proverbial Speeches, tranſcribed their Manner, and caught from their Lips the very Vulgariſms which characterize his ruder IDYLLIA. Such was the Foundation of his Paſtorals, original both in Matter and Form; the more ruſtic of which were probably compoſed in the earlier Part of his Life, before he left his native Iſland, allur'd by brighter Proſpects. That he had a very early Pro-

penſity to this Species of Compoſition, and that his Genius was originally formed for it, (in Preference to any other) may be inferred from his frequent Recurrence to the Woods and Plains, in Works of a Contexture and Complexion by no Means reſembling the Paſtoral; and from the Interſperſion, indeed, thro' all his Productions, of ſuch Similies and Alluſions as are evidently the Offspring of the Country. But his Genius was not confined to a particular Species of Writing. Though not fervid or bold, it was verſatile and penetrating. The refined Age of THEOCRITUS was equally favorable to Compoſitions, where the Faſhions and Foibles of Men are humorouſly diſplayed. Wit can only exiſt amidſt Eaſe and Security. At a Period of high Civilization, there ariſe chequered and complex Characters, variouſly ſhaded by Folly; and aſſuming a Diverſity of tranſitory Shapes. Hence the Manners become the Subject of Obſervation; and afford ample Scope for the Exerciſe of Ridicule. Theſe fleeting Traits of a civilized People by no Means eſcaped the Penetration of THEOCRITUS.

BUT he had not only the Opportunities of contemplating, in his own Country, the beautiful Forms of Nature, and the diverſified Appearances of Life: He enjoyed the additional Advantages of Travel. The Proſpect of *Ægyptian* Manners and Cuſtoms, and Purſuits ſo different from thoſe of SICILY, muſt have enlarged his Knowledge of Mankind; and the rich and extenſive Paſtures on the Banks of the NILE have delighted his rural Imagination. But, during his Reſidence in ÆGYPT, his Genius and his Taſte muſt have been enlightened and refined by the polite Converſation of a Court, where Literature was aſſociated with Elegance and Splendor; and where Emulation was excited and cheriſhed by princely Munificence. And not only the Muſes flouriſhed under the Auſpices of a PTOLEMY; but Literature, in general, was highly cultivated and improved. The Labors of the ſeventy Interpreters at the *Alexandrian* Court, form a celebrated Epocha, in the Annals of Learning. That our Poet availed himſelf of theſe Labors, and frequently ſnatched a Grace from ſacred Writ, no one will doubt, who peruſes his moſt finiſhed Pieces with Attention. It was under the Patronage of PTOLEMY, that his contemporary Bard CALLIMACHUS compoſed thoſe Hymns to his fabled Gods, which evidently borrowed ſome Portion of their Beauty from the ſame Sources: And poſſibly the more

antient

antient Writers of GREECE might have drawn Sentiments and Imagery from Scripture. There is often diſcoverable in PINDAR a Spirit of oriental Grandeur; and we trace, in many Paſſages of HOMER, Reſemblances apparently imitative of theſe divine Originals. It is not to be wondered, that ſuch elegant Enjoyments ſhould have kindled the Gratitude of our Poet; and have produced that Panegyrick on his Royal Patron, which, in Point of Animation, Delicacy, Addreſs, and well appropriated Compliment, may be conſidered as the firſt of encomiaſtic Performances.

THESE correſponding Felicities of Genius and Situation was it the Fortune of THEOCRITUS to poſſeſs. It is to theſe that we owe his moſt *original* and intereſting Works; though to his perfect Acquaintance with fabulous Antiquity we are indebted for no mean Effuſions of the heroic Muſe: while his other Productions, of various Character, ſtill further evince the Verſatility of his Talents, the Extent of his Knowledge, and the Elegance of his Friendſhips.

THIS great Diverſity of Pieces hath been tranſmitted to us (except the EPIGRAMS indeed) under the Title of IDYLLIA;* a Term, which, according to its general Import, is doubtleſs well applied to a Collection of miſcellaneous Poems. HEINSIUS obſerves, that the Antients gave this Title to the Poems before us, to expreſs their Variety. Thus have we the *Sylvæ* of STATIUS, and *Edyllia* of AUSONIUS. But as ειδυλλιον (a Diminutive of ειδος) may ſignify a little Picture or Image; it may, in this Senſe, be applied, with peculiar Propriety, to the Miſcellanies of THEOCRITUS; which are, every where, replete with lively and natural Repreſentation; and paint all the Objects they deſcribe.

ON a general View of the *Greek* IDYLLIA, their Dialect is an obvious and ſtriking Feature. The *Doric* Dialect, in which they are for the moſt part written, was, of all others, beſt adapted to the Subjects, the Characters, and Simplicity of the Sentiment. It poſſeſſes an inimitable Charm, that can never be transfuſed in the moſt happy Tranſlation. It hath a modulated Sweetneſs which melts upon the Ear, at the ſame Time that its Wildneſs and Ruſticity often characterize the Perſonages who uſe it. In the Age of THEOCRITUS, this Species of the *Doric* (much ſofter and ſmoother than the old Dialect of the *Dorians*)

* Beſides the Idyllia and Epigrams now extant, THEOCRITUS is ſaid by SUIDAS to have written Prætides, Hopes, Hymns, Heroines, Dirges, Elegies, and Iambics.

Dorians) was current in many Parts of GREECE—another adventitious Circumſtance much in Favor of our Poet. Hence his Verſification derives a Melody, which no one of the Ancients hath equalled; while the frequent Recurrence of the Dactyl gives it an Eaſe and Lightneſs more peculiarly graceful in the Paſtoral IDYLLIA.

WITH reſpect to the *general Sentiment*, there is a Clearneſs, a Simplicity, a ſportive Vivacity, that muſt always pleaſe: but there are few Strokes of the Sublime; few fervid Aſpirations of Fancy. There is no Want of Vigor; yet there is little Enthuſiaſm. We, in ſome Inſtances, meet with a ſurprizing Thought, with a wonderful Degree of Animation: But though we are often charmed, we are ſeldom aſtoniſhed. There is always a Juſtneſs in the Combination; all is natural and appropriated; but there is a regular and equable Tenor in the Thoughts as well as the Language. The Paſſions are tenderly and ſimply expreſſed: The Complaints of Love are drawn from the very Boſom of Nature; and the Situations have peculiar Beauty. But the Soul of THEOCRITUS was not tuned to Senſibility. He had leſs Feeling, though more Judgement than BION. From the Turn and Manner of his Compoſition we may infer, that he generally truſts to his own Stock of Ideas—to his own Powers of Invention. Yet we ſometimes diſcover Imitations of profane as well as ſacred Poetry. The Epics of HOMER, the Song of SOLOMON and the PSALMS (with the Prophecies perhaps of ISAIAH) ſeem to have been chiefly familiar to his Peruſal; in proof of which particular Paſſages will be adduced, on a cloſer Inſpection of his IDYLLIA. But theſe IDYLLIA are of ſo varied a Complexion, that no general Character of their *Language*, *Style* or *Sentiment* will be found applicable to them all. To arrange them under different Claſſes, expreſſive of their Matter or Form, hath been vainly attempted by the Critics. Yet for the Sake of Perſpicuity, and in Conformity with our Eſſay at a philoſophical Deduction of his Pieces from the peculiar Coincidence of Genius and Circumſtance, we ſhall purſue, perhaps, no unnatural or improper Mode of Claſſification, whilſt we reduce them under the Heads of *Paſtoral*, *Humorous*, *Panegyrical*, *Spouſal*, *Mythological*, *Epiſtolary* and *Anacreontic* IDYLLIA.

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the Magic of †Apollonius Rhodius and Lucan, muſt yield in Terror and Sublimity, to the blaſted Heath of Shakspeare, or the tremendous Foreſt of Tasso. In theſe Ages of Necromancy, there was a Wildneſs in the popular Belief, which particularly tinctur'd the Fictions of the Poet: Even Kings believed the Power of the Sorcereſs; and gave a Sanction to her poetic Machinery. The Phantoms have not long vaniſhed from this Country: The Demonologie was the Work of our firſt James; and Shakspeare is ſuppoſed to have written his Macbeth, in Compliment to the Monarch's Taſte.

If we paſs on to the third Idyllium we ſhall find it ſimilar to the laſt we have reviewed, ſo far as it repreſents diſtracted Love, in many abrupt and beautiful Tranſitions of Paſſion. The Attention of the Reader alſo is confined, in both, to the Action and Speech of a ſingle Perſonage. This is ſaid to be a Species of the παρακλαυσιθυρον, or plaintive Song which the excluded Lover was accuſtomed to ſing before the Door of his Miſtreſs. We have an Inſtance of ſuch Sort of Gallantry in Horace:‡

Me tamen aſperas
Porrectum ante fores objicere, &c.

An Ode, which, Dacier thinks, was actually ſung before Lyce's Door; and which he values, as the only ſerenading Song now extant in the *Latin* Language. But as it ſeems to poſſeſs an Air of Humour, it was probably compoſed with a View of ridiculing this Species of extravagant Ballad. The Comastes (the Idyllium before us) was performed, ſtanding; and its Title (according to Hesychius) imports a Shepherd ſinging and dancing at the ſame Point of Time. We are not unacquainted with the Cuſtom of Serenading among the modern *Italians*. After all, it may admit of a Doubt, whether this Piece was attended or not, with artificial Geſticulation. The Comment "ſmells of the Lamp." There is more Pleaſure in peruſing it, as the unſtudied Effuſion of a Lover, diſtracted by various Paſſions; and in conſidering its Accompaniment or external Expreſſion, as no other than the Action of ſimple Nature independent on Cuſtom. The Goatherd's firſt Appeal to his Miſtreſs, is tender and affecting:

† Theocritus hath borrowed much of his Imagery from Apollonius, in the Idyllium before us.

‡ Ode X. Book 3.

His Reſolution to drown himſelf (as well as the concluding Lines) is expreſſed in ſuch a Strain as to move our Pity. But his Alluſions to Mythology (together with that unpaſtoral, indeed unnatural, Sentiment, of Love ſuckled by a Lioneſs) detract from the Pathos of the Piece.

In the fourth and fifth IDYLLIA, there is indeed a Vulgarity, a Homelineſs, which might well be afraid of appearing in the Forum, or any Part of the City. We have leſs Ruſticity however in the SWAINS than the TRAVELLERS. And BATTUS's Apoſtrophe to his deceaſed AMARYLLIS, on CORYDON's Mention of her Name, is ſo ſtrikingly introduced, that it makes Amends perhaps for the abſurd and deſultory Concluſion of the Paſtoral in Queſtion; which (to uſe the Language of Criticiſm) hath neither Beginning, Middle or End. The TRAVELLERS, though full of abuſive Language and coarſe Raillery, ſhould yet be received with Hoſpitality, as good honeſt Characters in low Life. COMATES and LACON are doubtleſs the exact Copies of Nature. Any one, who may have caſually overheard the Jarrings of Clowns, muſt inſtantly recognize them in this IDYLLIUM. Yet we could not have indulged our SICILIAN, in the Repetition of ſuch Ribaldry. Even here, Paſſages occur, the Groſſneſs of which not HEINSIUS, or all the Commentators, are able to palliate.

THE ſixth and eleventh IDYLLIA contain the Loves of POLYPHEMUS and GALATEA. In the one, DAMÆTAS repreſents the Character of the *Cyclops*; in the other, POLYPHEME is introduced in his own Perſon, In the former, GALATEA is wanton, and POLYPHEMUS obdurate. But, in the latter, the Nymph grows ſhy, and ſlights her Lover who almoſt loſes his Reaſon in Deſpair. The Charms of Poetry, however, reſtore him to his Senſes. And we cannot but feel the Sweetneſs of the ſoothing Song, which is not only muſical but elegant. Though the Sentiment of theſe Pieces is natural and well-imagined, our Preconceptions ſeem to revolt from the melting Sighs of our Monſter Shepherd. VIRGIL, it is true, and OVID, have induſtriouſly copied the Picture. (And in their Coloring, have loſt much of its original Beauty.) But theſe Repreſentations of POLYPHEME, with whoſe immenſe Size, Deformity, and Cruelty we have been forcibly ſtruck, in the Deſcriptions of HOMER, do not immediately intereſt

intereſt us, or excite our Sympathy; ſince we cannot at once reconcile his Habits with the general Character of Paſtoral Life. The Idea of his Ferocity repels our Pity. No one ſympathizes in the Sorrows of ſavage Love. If ſuch Monſters indeed really exiſted on the Coaſt of SICILY, we might imagine them employed in rural Occupations, like the *Patagonians* of AMERICA. But POLYPHEME and his Sea-Nymph have not the Attractions of AMARYLLIS and her Goatherd. In the Procœmia of theſe two Poems, THEOCRITUS appears in his own Perſon, inſcribing the firſt to ARATUS the Author of the PHÆNOMENA; and the ſecond to NICIAS, a *Mileſian* Phyſician, to whom the thirteenth IDYLLIUM is alſo addreſt. This Mode of Dedication hath been pleaſingly imitated by ſome of our modern Poets.

We can ſcarcely help admiring, as we proceed, the various Forms, under which THEOCRITUS has couched his Deſcriptions of the Country.

IN the THALYSIA, or VERNAL VOYAGE, there is a Novelty of Form—an Originality of Combination, in every Part, delightful. We at firſt regret the Interruption of LYCIDAS, ſince we had promiſed ourſelves exquiſite Pleaſure at the Harveſt-Feaſt: But eager as we are to ſee our Poet and his Friends at the End of their Journey, we are ſoon reconciled to the *Cretan* Goatherd; and thank him for his charming Muſick. At the Feaſt of CERES however the Intereſt of the Piece is wonderfully heightened, and our Enthuſiaſm called forth, amidſt the moſt variegated Landſkape—the moſt elegant Aſſemblage of rural Imagery to be met with in THEOCRITUS.

THE eighth and the ninth are, critically ſpeaking, the only legitimate Paſtoral IDYLLIA, that remain to be conſidered. In the latter, there is no ſtriking Feature of Diſcrimination, though the Herdſman DAPHNIS and the Shepherd MENALCAS are not unpleaſingly characterized, as rude in their Manners, and boaſtful in their Competitions of Abilities and Fortune. The BUCOLIC SINGERS, (like the fifth IDYLLIUM) preſents us with an Imitation of the Contentions of Shepherds, in Verſes extemporaneouſly recited. The Perſonages are repreſented ſpeaking alternately, and in the ſame Number of Lines; which the Critics call the *Amœbea*. It appears extremely probable that the antient Shepherds actually

contended

contended in this Manner; and, like the modern Improviſatori of ITALY, were educated in the Habit of returning Speech for Speech; the Effect of Inſtantaneous Conception, and a correſponding Adroitneſs at Expreſſion. Above one hundred Years before the Time of THEOCRITUS, there were extempore Performers of this Sort, at ROME, originally *Tuſcans*. The *Roman* Hiſtorian § informs us: "*Imitari deinde eos Juventus ſimul* inconditis *inter ſe jocularia* "*fundentes verſibus, cæpere.*" And he adds, "*Incompoſitum temere ac rudem* "alternis *jaciebant.*" It is a curious and ſingular Circumſtance, that the preſent People of TUSCANY are remarkable for the ſame Improviſation, the ſame Readineſs in metrical Reſponſes, as its antient Inhabitants. If we apply this to the Swains of SICILY (and we have every Reaſon to ſuppoſe that they partook of the *Tuſcan* Genius) is it not evident that THEOCRITUS copied the Characters and Cuſtoms paſſing before him—that he caught, in ſhort, the living Manners? His ruder IDYLLIA therefore are to be admitted and valued as the genuine Portraitures of Life; even though we reject, as unnatural and inconſiſtent, the whole fungous Growth of mimic Paſtorals, ſome of them affectedly poliſhed; while others are replete with barbarous and antiquated Phraſeology, holding forth a mingled Dialect, "which in preſent Times is not uttered, was never uttered "in Times paſt, and will never be uttered in Times future."

THOUGH "THE REAPERS" ‡ and "THE FISHERMEN" have all the Simplicity of rural Perſonages, in Language, Sentiment and Character, they are not, perhaps, (ſtrictly ſpeaking) to be admitted within the Pale of Paſtoral. But whatever Rank may be allotted to them, they are confeſſedly ſuch as one might expect from the Genius of THEOCRITUS, conſidered in the Light of a Paſtoral Writer. "THE FISHERMEN" is a ſingular Performance. Critics are agreed in allowing the Piſcatory Eclogues of *SANNAZARIUS a conſiderable Degree of Merit, as original Pieces. The Hint was not improbably ſuggeſted to the *Italian* Author by this beautiful little Poem, which no one could poſſibly peruſe without a high Degree of Satisfaction, were not its Mutilations or at leaſt its numerous corrupted Paſſages too offenſive to admit of an uninterrupted Attention to the Characters, or the general Tenor of the Piece.

"EUNICA

§ See LIVY, B. 7. An. Xt. 401. ‡ 10th and 21ſt IDYLLIUM. * Imitated by ONGARO, FLETCHER, &c.

"EUNICA, or the NEATHERD," § and "DAPHNIS and the SHEPHERDESS," † have been attributed by the Commentators, in general, to MOSCHUS. Sprightlineſs is the predominant Feature of the firſt, which bears ſome Reſemblance to the third IDYLLIUM, in the Adduction of mythological Example. With Submiſſion to the Critics, we may venture to pronounce them true Bucolics.

ON "DAPHNIS and the SHEPHERDESS" much Learning hath been exhibited by SCALIGER CAUSAUBON and HEINSIUS. But we are not always to judge of the Merit or Importance of a Piece, by the Quantity of Erudition it hath been the Means of expanding. We do not recommend the little Effuſion before us, for its Innocence or Purity. To tranſlate its Sentiment in its full Force, or to give its Situations their original Aſpect, would be no decorous Taſk: But it was a Taſk that perfectly accorded with the Licentiouſneſs of DRYDEN's Muſe, who hath heightened every Feature with ſuch glaring Colors as muſt repel the Eye of Modeſty.

WE muſt not omit to obſerve that "the DESPAIRING LOVER"‖ hath nothing in it repugnant to the Nature of Paſtoral. Its Language and Imagery are evidently rural. And the Cataſtrophe is ſuch as not unfrequently happens in the Country.

THUS have we curſorily ſurveyed the *only* ORIGINAL PASTORALS which the *European* World of Letters can boaſt!* In this Light they are ſurely to be regarded as an invaluable Treaſure. All the ſubſequent Poets, in this Line, are mere Copyiſts, from VIRGIL to PHILLIPS. In theſe ſecondary Pictures, the Tints of Nature loſe their Warmth and Truth; and her Figures are frequently mutilated, or indiſtinctly grouped. In Proportion as we imitate Copies, we recede from the Prototype; and tracing its characteriſtic Lines with leſs Preciſion, produce fainter Reſemblances of its original Peculiarity. Let us tranſiently review the Imitators of THEOCRITUS. We muſt have obſerved, that

§ 20th IDYLLIUM. † 27th IDYLLIUM. ‖ 23d IDYLLIUM.

* Unleſs BION and MOSCHUS may be accounted *original* Writers of Paſtoral.

Elegance and Ruſticity, (or rather, an *elegant* and a *coarſe* SIMPLICITY) are the two general Contradiſtinctions of the Bucolic IDYLLIA. Hence there ſeem to have ariſen two Schools of Bucolic Imitation—the Refined and the Ruſtic.

THE firſt Imitator of THEOCRITUS was attracted by his more poliſhed Beauties. Theſe have, doubtleſs, acquired a Brilliancy, in the Transfuſion. Yet have they loſt their Mellowneſs and Warmth. It was at an elegant Æra, that the Graces of THEOCRITUS ſhone forth in a *Roman* Dreſs. But had his more predominating Qualities been exhibited, and his original Diſcriminations of Character been faithfully preſerved, it is probable that ſuch Simplicity and Preciſion would have received their due Tribute of Applauſe at the Court of AUGUSTUS. It was not 'till the *Auguſtan* Age of our own Country, that there appeared another Imitator of the poliſhed Paſtoral. But he had loſt Sight of SICILY and her piping Train! He was unacquainted with Shepherds or Shepherdeſſes! He could ſtring the ſilver Lyre, but diſdained to frame the oaten Reed! In his general uncharacteriſtic Pieces—

Pure Deſcription holds the Place of Senſe.

IN the School of ruſtic Imitation, SPENSER and GAY are ſaid to hold the moſt conſpicuous Places. But neither the "SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR" or the "SHEPHERD'S WEEK" preſents us with juſt Copies of Nature or THEOCRITUS. The one exhibits mean and deſpicable Characters that never exiſted, whoſe Barbarity of Language is often incongruouſly connected with elevated Sentiment, and theological Learning. The Paſtorals of the other (if we may judge from his Proemium) are deſigned as Pieces of Burleſque.

IN the mean Time, the Barbariſms of TITUS CALPURNIUS, the corrupted Taſte of AURELIUS NEMESIANUS, the ridiculous Allegories of MANTUAN, the unclaſſical Ornaments and Prettineſſes of TASSO, and thoſe fanciful Affectations and Puerilities which glitter through the Pieces of GUARINI, BONARELLI, and MARINO, together with the courtly Shepherds of FONTENELLE, and the conſtrained unnatural Air of CAMÖENS, LOPE DE VEGA, and GARCILESSO; all theſe, announcing the general Attention of the *European* Nations to Paſtoral Compoſition,

ſition, through a ſeries of Ages, proclaim, in yet ſtronger Language, that to exhibit a genuine Portraiture of Nature, whilſt ſhe is hidden from our Eyes, is a weak and impoſſible Attempt! The Foundations of *European* Paſtoral are no more. Real Life no longer preſents us with Shepherds piping for a Conch or a Crook.

If any Source remain, to which the Lover of Simplicity may reſort for intereſting Character and Scenery, that Source perhaps may be diſcovered in the Eaſt. The Plains of Arabia and Persia may furniſh him with elegant and ſtriking Imagery. Though the Coloring of the "Oriental Eclogues"* is evidently *European*, yet are they truly pathetic and beautiful. A genuine Draught of the Affections hath its Archetype in every Heart. To hold up therefore the Purſuits and the Paſſions of an *Arabian* Shepherd to the View, amidſt his ſpicy Groves, or his Camels, might be no unaffecting Diſplay. But here poſſibly an *European* Imagination muſt repoſe in the Indolence of tranſlating Images from Books; muſt content itſelf with reflected Likeneſſes, with unoriginal Productions. Yet the Remoteneſs of the Scene, and the general Ignorance of the Manners that are delineated, would diffuſe over ſuch Compoſition, the Deluſion of Novelty.

There is one Writer (perhaps the moſt elegant and variouſly-learned this Country hath ever produced) whoſe uncommon Induſtry hath opened an ample Field for the Diſplay of Oriental Genius.

Among his poetical Performances, his "Solyman" is a charming Specimen of the *Arabian* Eclogue; and his "Arcadia" as delightful a Painting of Theocritus and his Paſtoral Progeny.

* Collins's.

THE HUMOROUS IDYLLIA.

WE have allotted to "CYNISCA's LOVE" and "the SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS" a more conſpicuous Place, than, poſſibly in the Opinion of many, their comparative Merits have any Right to claim. Yet they ſeem of ſo original a Turn, and of a Complexion ſo different from the other IDYLLIA, that they deſerve our particular Attention.

WE are aware, that Humour, in its more appropriated Senſe, is a Species of Wit which expoſes, by one happy Effort, the predominant Quality of its Object. This ſingle Stroke, attended with ſo powerful an Effect, muſt ariſe from a peculiar Felicity of Combination. According to this Definition, the Pieces before us, may be improperly characterized as *Humorous*. We have few Inſtances of ſuch Humour in the comic Writings of the Antients. It is a Species of modern Growth; the Effect of a deeper Inſight into Human Nature, than the Simplicity of GREECE or ROME could boaſt.

THAT, however, in theſe ſingular IDYLLIA, (particularly "the GOSSIPS") there is ſuch a general Air of Pleaſantry, and, in a few Inſtances, ſuch appoſite Strokes of Wit, as evidence more than a ſuperficial Knowledge of the Manners, no one, on an accurate Survey, will deny.

THEY are both conducted in the Style of familiar Converſation, amidſt the Scenes of ordinary Life. They lay open to us domeſtic Affairs and Cuſtoms, ludicrouſly ſet forth our common Foibles, and obliquely glance at the Vanities of Faſhion.

THYONICHUS banters his love-ſick Friend in a Strain of Ridicule, that, whilſt it conveys a Reflexion on the abſurd Mortifications of the *Pythagoriſts*, expoſes the Slovenlineſs of ÆSCHINES, with a jocoſe Alluſion to his Situation, epigrammatically

matically pointed. And ÆSCHINES, with a Figure truely rueful, though ridiculous, ſeems to diſcover a natural Diſpoſition to Pleaſantry, amidſt his amorous Whining. His very particular Deſcription, therefore, of the Entertainment, at the Cloſe of which his Miſadventure happened, and his Enumeration, of all the minute Circumſtances attending the unlucky Affair, interſperſed as it is with Similies and proverbial Expreſſions, may be thought conſiſtent enough, and ſufficiently in Character. The Pun, on which the Hinge of the Story turns, involves an Alluſion to a popular Idea among the antient *Italians*, that if a *Wolf* ſaw any Man *firſt*, it deprived him of his Voice—

Vox quoque Mærim
Jam fugit ipſa: lupi Mærim videre priores.

The Encomium on PTOLEMY is artfully introduced: And the Praiſes THYONICHUS beſtows on him are better founded than moſt of our modernEulogies on great Men, if we may believe the Relations of ATHENÆUS and APPIAN.

IF we turn to the "SYRACUSIAN Gossips," we ſhall diſcover the well drawn Lineaments of the Female, in the middle Ranks of Life. Their eaſy Dialogue is ſupported, throughout, with a Spirit, Vivacity, and Flippancy truly characteriſtic. The SCENE within PRAXINOE's Houſe is not unamuſing. To ſee the trivial Things, that are every Day paſſing under ones own Roof, naturally repreſented, muſt have a pleaſing Effect on Minds of a domeſtic Turn. And the Lovers of Antiquity might draw Pleaſure from another Source. He, who is acquainted with the minute Reſearches of Antiquarians, and their Tranſports at Diſcoveries apparently the moſt trivial, would not be ſurpriſed at the Remark—that the *Syracuſian* Women evidently uſed Chairs and Cuſhions too, as may be proved from the ſecond Line in the Gossips of THEOCRITUS—that Nitre compoſed a Part of their Toilette, as may be inferred from the ſame IDYLLIUM—that they wore an Under-garment faſtened to the Breaſt by Claſps (VIRGIL ſays the Ladies of Faſhion had Claſps* of Gold)—that the Luxury of Umbrellas was not unknown to them—and that they were as fond of their Cats as their Huſbands.

* Aurea *purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.*

JUVENAL, it might be added, hath gratified us with an expreſs Intimation of a like faſhionable Foible:

Morte viri cupiunt animam ſervare Catellæ!

Such were the Cuſtoms and Faſhions of the fair Sex, in elder Days; not very diſſimilar from the preſent. Their Manners, too, reſembled the modern; though it is to be preſumed, that we do not ſee the exact Likeneſſes of Women either in the Portraits of JUVENAL or POPE. To attempt a Diſcrimination of the Characters of PRAXINOE and GORGO might, poſſibly, be fanciful; though not only in the *Domeſtic* SCENE, but afterwards in the Walk to the Feſtival of ADONIS, there ſeems to be a Shade of Difference in their Behavior and Manners. They are both talkative enough, but GORGO poſſeſſes a greater Degree of Prudence and Decorum, amidſt her Loquacity. PRAXINOE ſhews a Propenſity throughout to rail againſt her Huſband. Her Friend very cautiouſly checks her Raillery, as unſeaſonable, at leaſt in the Preſence of her little Son, who had Senſe and Obſervation enough to underſtand, that his Father was diſreſpectfully ſpoken of. And this (by the Way) conveys a very ſtriking Admonition to thoſe Parents, who, having little at Heart the Morality of their Children, too frequently carry on Converſations in their Preſence, which may at all Seaſons be improper, but are then peculiarly ill-timed.

Nil dictu fœdum &c. ſays the wiſe and moral JUVENAL.

Such, however, is the Eagerneſs of PRAXINOE to reſume her favorite Topic, that ſhe proceeds to expoſe her Huſband, couching her Story in Terms above the Comprehenſion of little ZOPYRION, or rather aſſuming a concealed Manner; by which our Poet probably glances at that myſterious Air of Converſation ſo frequent among Females, who, though interrupted by a third Perſon, in the Thread of their Diſcourſe, ſtill carry on their Tale through Hints and Expreſſions alluſive to Times, Circumſtances and Perſons. The Stupidity of PRAXINOE's Huſband, (which ſhe thus expoſes) conſiſted in miſtaking Salt for Nitre. GORGO, on this, takes Occaſion to betray the Weakneſs of her good Man in his Purchaſes, but it is ſoon paſſed over; while the very Mention of his Commiſſion proves a Key to her Character. The Circumſtance of his purchaſing the Fleeces for the Purpoſe of Spinning, may be taken as a Hint of her Induſtry; while,

while, on the contrary, PRAXINOE's Nitre ſeems to intimate her Attention to Ornament and the Faſhions. The roving Diſpoſition of the latter is implied in her Huſband's removing her from the Neighbourhood of her diſſipated Acquaintance; in her great Impatience at GORGO's delaying to fulfil her Appointment; and in her regretting her Exile from the buſy World, and the conſequent Impoſſibility of her feaſting on the News of the Day. Mixed with Vulgarity and Pertneſs, ſhe diſcovers all the affected Airs of the Woman of Quality. On her Arrival at the SCENE of ADONIS's Feſtival, her Remarks on the Tapeſtry betray her Ignorance and Conceit. And, on the Stranger's Interruption (rude enough it muſt be confeſſed) her Obſervation is preciſely ſuch, as, from our Preconceptions of her, one might naturally have expected; and (whatever may be the Opinion of HEINSIUS) the Paſſage conveys no other Sentiment than the Burden of her Song—her Huſband's Tyranny.

THE Song of the *Greek* GIRL hath a fine Effect, in contraſt with the preceding Converſation. Of all the pictoreſque Pieces of THEOCRITUS, it is the moſt finiſhed, elegant, and beautiful! Of all the *Greek* Poetry, it is, without Exception, the moſt exquiſitely poliſhed! Its Subject was the Favorite of the *Grecian* MUSE; who ſeems never ſo ſweet an Enthuſiaſt, as when ſhe gives Muſick to the Sighs of VENUS, over the dead yet beautiful ADONIS!

THE

THE PANEGYRICAL IDYLLIA.

THE Origin of the PANEGYRICAL POEM may be traced to the heroic Ages of GREECE. In the unlettered Infancy indeed of every Nation, the Benefactor and the Chieftain have inſpired the rude Minſtrelſy of the Harp. And it is the Gratitude—the Admiration of an ignorant People that inveſts Heroes with the Attributes of Gods: Hence the Deities of Fancy become the Objects of Worſhip; and ſtill live, tranſmitted from Age to Age, by the Power of ſuperſtitious Credulity. From the earlieſt Times we find the Poet aſſociated with the Prince. And though his Character hath always loſt its ſacred and venerable Aſpect, in proportion as the Manners have been diffuſed, this Connection hath ſtill ſubſiſted, in a certain Degree, amidſt all the Fluctuations of Cuſtom and Faſhion. Yet it is rather to be wondered, that the wildeſt Extravagance of Encomium—of Panegyric that deifies all it approaches with its *Barbaric* Touch, ſhould be grateful to a civilized Monarch. But the Nature of Man is unalterable; and Praiſe, however adminiſtered, will ſoothe the Ear of Vanity. AUGUSTUS had his VIRGIL and his VARIUS; and ALEXANDER the GREAT could even liſten to a CHÆRILUS. His Succeſſor however was more fortunate, with ſeven famous Poets in his Train; among whom was the Panegyriſt before us.*

THE GRACES, or HIERO, were probably written before THEOCRITUS had an Opportunity of celebrating the Atchievements of PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS. It appears that this elegant Performance was not the firſt Exertion of our Poet's encomiaſtic Talents, in Praiſe of the *Sicilian* King. But his Harp, however muſical, was unhonoured and neglected. In the preſent Piece, there is much dexterity of Addreſs: Yet all its delicate Flattery was as fruitleſs as the former Attempt. The Poet artfully touches on HIERO's military Virtues; wiſhes him all poſſible Proſperity; and prays, amidſt other Circumſtances of good Fortune, that he may be bleſt with attendant Bards, to celebrate thoſe Actions, which

* PINDAR had his Stipend for celebrating the Victors in the Games of GREECE: And at CONSTANTINOPLE, when the Emperor appeared in public on any grand Feſtival, Poets were always hired to write Verſes on the Occaſion.

which ſo well deſerve the Plaudit of the Muſe! The firſt Part of the Poem conſiſts in a Deduction of Inſtances from Antiquity, to evince the Dignity of the poetical Profeſſion; and the Power with which it was inveſted, of conferring Immortality.

THE "ENCOMIUM on PTOLEMY" appears to be the Applauſe of Gratitude. In "the GRACES," there is a plaintive Air, mingled with elaborate Adulation: The Complaint is natural, while the Flattery is ſtudied. But the "ENCOMIUM" is the Product of Admiration and Enthuſiaſm. And Hiſtory ſeems to ſanction theſe Ardors, whilſt ſhe repreſents, in concurrence with the Poet, the liberal Taſte, the indefatigable Induſtry, the unparallelled Generoſity, the Riches and the Magnificence of the *Ægyptian* King.

THESE then are the Specimens, which THEOCRITUS, (or rather Chance) hath left us, of the Encomiaſtic Poem; more perſpicuous, though leſs adorned than PINDAR; and more ſpirited, though leſs inſinuating than HORACE. He had written, it is ſaid, a Poem, in Honor of BERENICE; but, among a Variety of his other Pieces, it is loſt, in the Wreck of Time. Perhaps it periſhed with the *Alexandrian* Repoſitory of Learning. Over the Aſhes of a Monument the moſt ſplendid in the World of Literature, we may well pauſe to lament, and to meditate, in Silence: But let us not protract the melancholy Moment. Patronage did not expire with PTOLEMY; or Genius with the *Alexandrian* Library! We have Scenes before us, more intereſting and luminous than the brighteſt Proſpects of Antiquity. It is in our own Country, that polite Scholarſhip is eminently exerted; and as conſpicuouſly rewarded. It is here, that the Elegance of the Arts adds Luſtre to the Dignity of the Sovereign; and that he, who hath adorned a learned Univerſity, in the Profeſſion of Poetry, now hangs the laureate Wreath on the Throne of Munificence and Taſte. Surely then we may announce the Triumph of Liberality and the Muſe, with ſuch a Monarch to bleſs his People, and ſuch a Poet to record the Bleſſing!

THE SPOUSAL IDYLLIUM.

OR

EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.*

THERE were two Sorts of EPITHALAMIA, or Nuptial Songs, among the Antients. The firſt were called ΕΠΙΘΑΛΑΜΙΑ ΚΟΙΜΗΤΙΚΑ. Theſe were ſung by a Chorus of Virgins, in the Evening, after the Bride had been introduced into the Bride-Chamber; and were intended (as their Name imports) to diſpoſe the married Couple to Sleep. The ſame Chorus were accuſtomed to return in the Morning, and awaken the Bride and Bridegroom with the ΕΠΙΘΑΛΑΜΙΑ ΕΓΕΡΤΙΚΑ; which were the ſecond Species of the Spouſal Song.

OF Compoſitions on theſe Occaſions we have not many Examples, in the *Greek* or Oriental Poetry; though CATULLUS and CLAUDIAN among the *Roman* Writers, and the Cavalier MARINO, among the modern *Italians*, have profuſely celebrated the Rites of HYMEN.

"THE Canticles, or the Song of SOLOMON," "the forty-fifth Pſalm," and "the Eſpouſals of HELEN," are the moſt conſpicuous EPITHALAMIA of remoter Antiquity. In reſpect only to their general Style and Manner, there appears to be no Impropriety in this Aſſemblage.

THE latter Poem, whether the Work of THEOCRITUS or not, hath certainly an agreeable Flavor of *Eaſtern* Genius. Its Imitations will hereafter be adduced in the Notes, with their parallel Paſſages from the Septuagint. In the mean Time, for a general Idea of its imitative Manner, the following Attempt is ſubmitted to the *Engliſh* Reader; though not as a cloſe Tranſlation.

The

* 18th IDYLLIUM.

The EPITHALAMIUM *of* HELEN.

'TWELVE honorable Virgins, among the Daughters of SPARTA, went forth 'to the Palace of the gold-hair'd MENELAUS; in the Day of his Eſpouſals 'with HELEN, in the Day of the Gladneſs of his Heart. Their beautiful 'Locks inwreathed with Hyacinths, they danced before the bridal Chamber, 'and ſung to the Sound of the Cithern: "Why ſleepeſt thou, O beloved, ere "the Twilight departeth, thy Knees oppreſt with Slumber? Are thine Eye-lids "heavy with Wine, that thou ſeekeſt, thus early, thy Bed? But draw not thy "Bride from her Mother, from the Virgins whom her Soul loveth. Let her "ſport among her Fellows; until the Day break, and the Shadows flee "away. She is thine from the Evening to the Morning—Behold, ſhe is "thine, for ever. Lo, among Bridegrooms, thou art bleſſed: Thou art crowned "above the Princes of SPARTA. Thou art more excellent than the Children "of Men; for thy Spouſe is the Daugther of JOVE. Surely the Fruit of her "Womb ſhall be fair, if it reſemble the faireſt among Women. Full of "Joy and Gladneſs, we bore her Company; and, Virgins without Number, "anointed our Limbs with Oil, on the Banks of the EUROTAS. But none "could compare with HELEN; or ſtand, without Spot, before her. She looked "forth, like the Eye-lids of the Morning, when the rainy Night is paſt; and "the Winter is over and gone. She roſe like a Furrow in the Field; or a "Cypreſs in the Garden; or the Horſe in the Chariot of THESSALY. None can "equal her in the Loom! Lo! her Needle-work is wrought with divers Colors. "When ſhe ſung her Songs to the ſtringed Inſtrument, none equalled the Voice "of her Harp. Behold! the Eyes of the Damſel are full of Love! How beau-"tiful, how pleaſant art thou for Delights, our Virgin Companion no more! "Yet with the Dawn, we will go forth to the Villages, we will get up early "to the Fields; to gather the ſweet-ſmelling Wreath—longing for thee, O "HELEN, as the Lamb longeth for her Mother's Teats! We will weave for "thee a Garland of Lotus; and hang it on the Plane-tree Branches. Our Boxes "of Silver ſhall drop Frankincenſe under its Shade: And on the Bark thereof "ſhall be graven, that the Paſſenger may read: "'Worſhip me! I am the

"Plant

" Plant of HELEN!"' Incline thine Ear, O Daughter! and hearken, thou Son " of the Supreme! Ye ſhall have Children's Children, to be Princes in all " Lands, and to inherit your Riches, for ever. Rejoice now, O HELEN; and " may the King have Pleaſure in thy Beauty: But awake, as the Shadows flee " away! For remember, with the Day-ſpring we return—when the Cock, from " his early Bed, ſhall ariſe, to greet the Morning!"

THE Imagery of this IDYLLIUM hath obviouſly its Source in the Eaſt. Yet, like all Copies of this Nature, it is but faintly tinctured with the peculiar Caſt of its Original. There is a Richneſs—an Exuberance in the *Aſiatic* Invention, with a Wildneſs that mocks the imitative Purſuits of frigid *European* Genius. And the *Arabian* Poetry of the preſent Day ſeems characterized by the ſame Color of Imagination; the ſame inimitable Enthuſiaſm. As the ſacred Poet enriched his Numbers with the Roſes of SHARON, the Verdure of CARMEL, or the Vines of ENGADDI; the happy *Arabian* ſtill charms us with the " Odors of YEMEN, the Muſk of HADRAMUT, or the Pearls of OMMAN."

AND ſtill the *Arabian* Maids have their Hair inwreathed with Hyacinths, like the Virgin Companions of HELEN; or, like the *Spartan Bride* herſelf, their Stature reſembles the Cypreſs, and their Foreheads the Morning!

THE MYTHOLOGICAL IDYLLIA.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL Stories of Antiquity contain Characters too gigantic, to intereſt the Feelings; and Fiction too cold, to animate the Fancy. The chief Pleaſures of Poetry ariſe from Recognition. The Recurrence of Images, with which we were before familiarly acquainted, aſſuming new Attitudes, or placed in novel Situations; the Combination of Contingencies, whoſe Aſſemblage agrees with our Preconceptions of Probability; the Introduction of ſuch natural Circumſtances as come home to our Buſineſs and Boſoms; and all thoſe Draughts, in ſhort, of Action that have their Prototypes in ourſelves; and thoſe Lineaments of Paſſion, that are reflected from the Heart; theſe, ſince we know them from Obſervation or Sympathy, muſt neceſſarily intereſt and delight us.

THE Creations of the antient Poets were no other than a Superinduction on the popular Creed: Their Chimeras were the Divinities of the Vulgar. They addreſſed themſelves therefore to Imagination, heightened by Enthuſiaſm; to the ſtrongeſt Paſſions of our Nature; to the Hopes and the Fears of Man! But theſe Fictions have now loſt their Support: The Foundation is removed; and the Superſtructure hath crumbled into Ruins.

IF then, in the Survey of HERCULES or the TWIN-BROTHERS performing Wonders, and engaged in valorous Adventure, we experience but a feeble Satisfaction; the Source of our Languor hath poſſibly been diſcovered.

TO ſee HERCULES inſtructing his HYLAS, or ſorrowing for his Loſs, might have been pleaſing and affecting, in the Days of THEOCRITUS, remote as they were from the heroic Ages of GREECE. Indeed the very Circumſtance of their Remoteneſs from the fabulous Æra, muſt have heightened the Satisfaction of beholding a Demigod's more familiar Occupations. He, who had been ſeen

but faintly through the Shades of Antiquity, whoſe obſcurer Atchievements were the Subjects of Aſtoniſhment and diſtant Awe, is now brought home, in clearer Light, to View; and minutely contemplated, even in the ordinary Situations of Life.

WITH the "HYLAS," therefore, the "HERCULISCUS," or "HERCULES the LION-SLAYER,"† the Worſhippers of the Demigod, muſt, on this Principle, have been uncommonly delighted.

THOUGH theſe Pieces are marked with marvellous Adventure, yet are they replete with a Variety of familiar Converſation and Incident. This Intermixture hath by no Means an agreeable Effect, with us who view the Giant HERCULES as the Creature of Imagination. Romantic Improbabilities, ſurrounded by trivial and obvious Occurrences, become proportionably ſtriking; and riſe, in more prominent Features of Abſurdity. If therefore the Poet will exhibit Wonders, let him involve them, in wild and myſterious Obſcurity. Let his Images be tranſported, far from vulgar Life, into Regions unexplored but by Fancy: Let them paſs, in rapid Tranſition; nor give Time for the Pauſes of Reaſon! Is it not thus, that we are captivated by the eccentric Tales of Chivalry, and the groteſque Appearances of the Gothic Mythology?

THERE are, doubtleſs, many pleaſing Paſſages in the "HYLAS:" And the "YOUNG HERCULES cradled in AMPHITRYON's Shield," is a finely imagined Painting. We are, at once, ſtruck with the Propriety and Novelty of the Aſſociation. The Deſcription of the Serpents not even PINDAR hath exceeded: But there is ſomething ſo extremely awful in the ſupernatural Illumination of the Chamber, at the Hour of Midnight, that we are ready to believe Light, under certain Circumſtances, to be equally the Source of the Sublime, with Darkneſs. The Prediction of TIRESIAS hath all the Solemnity of ſcriptural Prophecy.

† 13th, 24th, and 25th IDYLLIA.

IN

In "Hercules the Lion-Slayer" we meet with Paſtoral Scenery, pleaſingly diverſified; which is the moſt engaging Part of the Piece; though the Picture of the Lion is drawn to the Life, and the Conflict ſtrongly and accurately deſcribed. We do not however feel the Intereſt of Suſpenſe; neither our Hope or Fear is even momentarily agitated. Hercules tells the Story; but if he had not eſcaped the Lion's Jaws, he could not have told it. His Triumph neither creates Pleaſure, or Wonder. For we coldly conſider, (what we had learned at School) that Hercules and his Club were almoſt a Match for the World.

The "Castor and Pollux"* contains an extenſive Repreſentation of heroic Atchievements. In the firſt Part of it, we are gratified with a moſt luxuriant Landſkape; the ſtill Scenery of which is beautifully contraſted with a living Figure, of wild and gigantic Appearance. The Gauntlet-Fight of Theocritus is infinitely ſuperior to that of Apollonius; though Virgil's Dares and Entellus by no Means ſhrink from a Compariſon with Amycus and Pollux. In the ſecond Part, Castor and Pollux carry off Phoebe and Talaira, the Daughters of Leucippus, who had been eſpouſed to Lynceus and Idas, the Sons of Aphareus. On this a Battle enſues between the Raviſhers and the ſanctioned Lovers: But Lynceus is ſlain by Castor; and Idas ſtruck dead by Lightning. Ovid (in the fifth Book of his Faſti) deſcribes a different Cataſtrophe, approaching nearer to poetical Juſtice. Indeed the Morality of this Piece (if we are to extract a Moral from it) hath obviouſly an evil Tendency. A lawleſs Rape is encouraged, to the Diſſolution of a ſolemn Contract. But the Death of Amycus, by the Hand of Pollux, is juſt; while his Inhoſpitality is puniſhed by the very Inſtrument of his former ferocious Triumphs. This Application is warranted by the concluding Lines; and having ſeen a Moral in the firſt Part, we naturally look for one, in the ſecond.

In the "Bacchæ,"‡ we have a tranſient Proſpect of the Orgies of Bacchus; and a Species of female Madneſs, too dreadful for a broader Diſplay. Such Subjects

* 22d Idyllium. ‡ 26th Idyllium.

Subjects as theſe, form, in general, the Plots of the *Grecian* Tragedy. EURIPIDES hath been particularly accuſed of exhibiting female Manners, in an unamiable Light: But ſurely his Brother-Tragedians have preſented us with Characters of the Sex very little tending to recommend them, in Point of Softneſs, Decorum, or Delicacy. The Story of PENTHEUS is ſomewhat differently related by OVID; but there is a Horror in the Tale, at which Imagination recoils, attempting with painful Efforts, to review the Traits of Similarity.

SUCH are the Poems of THEOCRITUS, which may, properly, be ſtiled *Mythological*. And theſe, among other Works of a like Nature, will frequently be read by the Scholar, though ſeldom copied by the Poet: The modern Muſe hath rejected their ponderous Imagery—aware, that the Club and the Cæſtus are Weapons too unwieldly for her Heroes!

THE

THE EPISTOLARY IDYLLIA.

THE EPISTLE hath been commonly divided into two Kinds—the *Didactic* and the *Elegiac*. The firſt, whoſe End is Inſtruction, is that of HORACE; the ſecond, whoſe End is Emotion, belongs to OVID. Criticiſm or Morals have been, generally, the Subjects of the one; of the other, Love and Friendſhip.

BUT though the *Romans* may have been properly the Inventors of both theſe Species, (having reduced them to a regular Form of Compoſition) we find many Reſemblances of them ſcattered through the *Grecian* Poetry. We have the Epiſtles of PHOCYLIDES and THEOGNIS, and a Variety of other *Greek* Pieces, in the Strain of *Elegy*; the Origin of which may be traced back to the earlieſt Writers of GREECE. THEOCRITUS is ſaid to have written *Iambics* and *Elegies*; in which perhaps we might have found the Archetypes of the *Horatian* and *Ovidian* Epiſtles.

THE three little Poems before us,* are of the latter Claſs. Though it would be abſurd to compare them to the *Heroides* or Epiſtles from PONTUS, they certainly unite the plaintive Elegiac Air, with the lax Epiſtolary Negligence.

THE "AITES," probably, is not the Property of THEOCRITUS. But, if it were, we ſhould not much regret to ſee him deprived of it. It is a Sprig of no agreeable Verdure: and the Beauty of his Laurels is not impaired by its Loſs.

THE "ADVICE to a FRIEND" is not unpleaſing: But it is "the DISTAFF" charms us. It is here we diſcover a ſtriking Vein of Senſibility and Elegance; while we contemplate the Friendſhip of THEOCRITUS and the *Mileſian* Phyſician, and the Virtues of THEUGENIS ſo affectionately touched, ſo delicately

* 12th, 28th, and 29th IDYLLIA

recommended to female Imitation. The Wife of NICIAS becomes, immediately on her Introduction, an intereſting Character: She is rapidly withdrawn from our View; Yet we ſtill image to ourſelves the induſtrious Fair-one, with her Ivory Diſtaff, the elegant and well-appropriated Gift of our Poet; ſuch as, in theſe Days, however, might ſhrewdly enough convey—a Hint of ſatyrical Reprehenſion! But though our modiſh Ladies might poſſibly ſtart at ſo outrè a Preſent, and feel much more gratified with the Gallantry of the "Gloves," "the Fan," or "the Roſe-bud"—"the DISTAFF" is by no means unworthy of their ſerious Attention.

THE ANACREONTIC IDYLLIA.*

THESE Jeux d'Eſprit, that, by Way of Diſtinction, we have named ANACREONTIC, have all the Levity and Delicacy of the *Teian* Muſe. But the Critics will not allow them to be the Production of our Poet's Pen.

THE "HONEY-STEALER" is an exact Copy of the fortieth Ode of ANACREON: The Meaſure of the Verſe is altered, while the Sentiment and Manner are retained.

THE "DEATH of ADONIS," (whoever might have been its Author) hath the Charm of Simplicity to recommend it.

* 19th and 30th IDYLLIA.

THE

THE EPIGRAMS OF THEOCRITUS.

AMONG the *Greek* Poets, in general, EPIGRAMS (as the Word implies) were merely Inſcriptions. We meet with a few of the moſt antient in HERODOTUS; but the *Anthologia* furniſhes us with a various Collection. The EPIGRAMS of CATULLUS and MARTIAL are of a different Complexion; the one conſiſting throughout of lively Expreſſion, the other pointed at the End, or cloſing with an unexpected Turn of Wit.

THESE ſeem to be the *three* Species of EPIGRAM; from which the Critics, according to their different Diſpoſitions or Fancies, have drawn their Definitions. While one excluſively commends the grave Humor, the chaſtiſed Air, and the Simplicity of the *Greeks*; another holds up to Imitation the more refined Delicacy and uniform Diffuſion of Vivacity diſcoverable in the earlier *Latin* Epigrammatiſt: A third however contends, that the very Nature of EPIGRAM conſiſts in Poignancy and Point; and, perhaps, prefers one Stroke of MARTIAL's Pen, to all the inſipid—ſpiritleſs *Anthologia*. The Truth of the Matter is, that we have excellent Specimens in each Line; ſuch as no one poſſeſt of Taſte would deſpiſe, or be aſhamed to imitate. Yet the *Point*, in modern Language, ſeems to be a neceſſary Quality, of which the "JELLY-BAG"* is a moſt happy Illuſtration. And Unity of Thought, conciſely expreſſed, (though the *Greeks* have not always attended to it) appears to be eſſential to the ſeveral Species we have attempted to define.

IF the EPIGRAMS of THEOCRITUS had been entitled IDYLLIA, and his "HONEY-STEALER" an EPIGRAM, a modern Definer would have found no Impropriety in the Change. This delicate Morceau, (with "the CUPID turned PLOUGHMAN" of MOSCHUS) hath even Smartneſs enough, for a *French* Epigrammatiſt.

THE

* See OXFORD SAUSAGE.

THE firſt five EPIGRAMS of our Poet are not very unlike the ruſtic Inſcriptions of AKENSIDE. Of the fourth, his third Inſcription is a cloſe Imitation. The ſixth cloſes with ſomething like Pleaſantry: But the Humor would have been ſtronger, if the Shepherd's Dogs had aſked him: "To what Purpoſe he grieved for his Kid, when not even a *Bone* of it was left?" This would have been characteriſtic—but the Embers of Humor are ſmothered in "*Aſhes*."

OF the next ſixteen the "Inſcription on the Image of the HEAVENLY VENUS" is perhaps the moſt pleaſing; tho' the Merit of all may be nearly alike. They have no ſtriking Beauties. They are deficient in Spirit. We do not look for Subtilty; but we expect ſome Infuſion of Vivacity. There is a ſickly Languor diffuſed over them; nor can they be read without many a Pauſe of liſtleſs Indifference.

THE Wits of the preſent Day have looked on EPIGRAM as an Object too trivial to engage a Continuance of Attention. To publiſh a Collection (like MARTIAL) and to build on it the Hopes of Fame, would, at this Time, be conſidered as a glaring Abſurdity. And, indeed, the EPIGRAM ſhould be the Product of the Moment; the Effect of Chance, not Art; a Sparkle from the Colliſion of Fortune and Fancy. Of ſuch Felicities we meet with frequent Examples, through a Vehicle unknown to the Wits of Old. The *Periodical* Publication they could not boaſt. But the "OXFORD SAUSAGE" and "CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA" preſent us with every Species of this little Compoſition; replete with Humor and with Elegance, and ſuperior, in every Point of View, to the moſt perfect EPIGRAMS of Antiquity.

DISSERTATION

DISSERTATION

ON

BION AND MOSCHUS.

THERE are few Poſſeſſions of the Mind more valuable than a well-diſciplined Imagination. Without Regularity of Genius, the Poet runs from one Image to another, with little Deſign; and the Philoſopher forms viſionary Hypotheſes, and makes Experiments, with no View to a Concluſion. He, who is unable to repreſs the Luxuriances of his Fancy, will often wander, amidſt the falſe Fertility, bewildered in his own Creation. It ſeems the Character of ſuch an Author, to hunt after new Ideas, to catch a glittering Image, to introduce a Superfluity of Ornament, to reject no Thought that riſes, to purſue his Subjects without knowing when to drop the Purſuit, and to ſwell his Works with *Generalities*.

WHETHER theſe Obſervations can, any Way, be applied to the Poets before us, a curſory View of their Productions may poſſibly determine.

THE Names of BION and MOSCHUS have been commonly aſſociated; and not without Reaſon; for their Beauties and Defects are nearly the ſame. They flouriſhed alſo at the ſame Juncture; though BION was born at SMYRNA, and MOSCHUS at SYRACUSE. The former reſided, however, ſome Part of his Life,

in ITALY; where, MOSCHUS attended his poetic School, and imbibed his Taſte and Manner. Theſe Brothers in Genius were contemporary with the great Father of Paſtoral Poetry. They have been called his Rivals! They have been almoſt preferred to him, by LONGEPIERRE! But whether they ought, in Juſtice, to be conſidered, at all, in the Light of Paſtoral Writers, is a Queſtion of Doubt; which, however, it might be unprofitable to diſcuſs.

"THE EPITAPH on ADONIS" is, indiſputably, the Work of an exuberant Invention, and a fine Senſibility. Its Strains are ſo muſical and ſo melancholy, that they melt upon the Ear, and *almoſt* ſteal into the Heart. Yet, amidſt theſe Beauties, we diſcover a Blemiſh the moſt unpardonable of all poetic Errors. Allured by the Richneſs of ornamented Imagery, the Poet too frequently overlooks the Simplicity of Nature. The puerile Idea of the 'Boar's *white* Teeth wounding the *white* Skin;' and 'the *purple* Blood oppoſed to the *ſnowy* Limbs;' the Witticiſm of the '*Wound* of Sorrow in the *Boſom* of VENUS, as deep as that in the *Thigh* of ADONIS;' the quaint Effuſion of 'her *Tears* as many in Number, as the *Drops* of *Blood* that trickled from her Lover;' and the truly *Ovidian* Transformation of thoſe Tears and Drops of Blood, into Roſes and Anemonies; and the Conceit of Flowers bluſhing with Grief—not to mention, Mountains, Woods, Hills, Springs, Rivers, all huddled together in the moſt lamentable Confuſion—theſe ſurely are evident Indications of a vicious Taſte, and a diſordered Fancy.

THE ſucceeding IDYLLIA of BION, particularly "CUPID and the FOWLER," and the "TEACHER TAUGHT," are ſweet and delicate Effuſions; a few of them reſembling the modern Sonnet.

THE ſame may be obſerved of the lighter IDYLLIA of MOSCHUS; particularly "the CHOICE" and "the EVENING STAR." In theſe little Pieces, there is a Vein of Feeling and agreeable Sentiment; without that falſe Poliſh, that Varniſh of Refinement, ſo plainly perceiveable in the EPITAPH on ADONIS. Not that the "EPITAPH on BION" is free from Objection. It is evidently formed on the Plan of the former Elegy; and, though more natural, hath not the Merit of a very

very ſtrict Adherence to Nature. To throw the Shade of ſympathetic Melancholy over the Scenery of Still-life, requires indeed the Hand of a Maſter. But the true Poet will diſdain the cold unaffecting Combination of Fountains, Groves, and Plants and Flowers, all undiſtinguiſhably rueful; except indeed the *Roſe*, that turns from *red* to *pale*—a Stroke of Diſcrimination not eaſily overlooked. *General* Images of Grief, even though they are founded on the Principles of Truth and Nature, may 'play round the Head, but can never reach the Heart.' In the EPITAPH on BION, we may be ſoothed, for a Moment, by its mournful Air, and its melodious Numbers: But are we often affected by Strokes of genuine Pathos? If there be any Gleam of the Pathetic in this IDYLLIUM, it is to be diſcovered in the particular Mention of the favorite Oak, under which BION uſed to pipe—now a ſolitary Shade. Nor muſt we forget that fine Paſſage,* in which the Life of Man is compared with the Flowers of the Field. If, inſtead of a general Deſcription of all the feathered Tribe warbling their Maſter's Elegy, the Poet had pictured the Grief of a particular Bird, which BION had taught to ſing, that had been ſheltered beneath his Roof, and accuſtomed to peck the Crumbs from his Table, the Painting might have had its Effect. We are delighted with CATULLUS's *Swallow*, and ANACREON's *Dove*. And theſe Poems muſt have been peculiarly charming, where the Swallow or the Dove was held in Veneration; or endeared (as the latter is in the *Eaſtern* Countries) by the Fondneſs of domeſtic Familiarity.

THE *Generalities*, however, of this Elegiac Poem, have been frequently imitated by ſucceeding Writers; and modern Elegy hath found Treaſures in MOSCHUS, which ſhe could not find in Nature.

IF we glance at his other larger IDYLLIA, the EUROPA, it may be obſerved, is more intereſting than that of OVID (who is here indeed a pretty cloſe Copyiſt); and the *Dialogue* between the *Wife* and *Mother* of HERCULES contains ſeveral very affecting Paſſages.

BUT

* See Note on this Paſſage.

BUT to conclude. The Character of theſe half-paſtoral Poets (under the Perſon of BION) cannot be more accurately or more beautifully drawn, than in the following Paſſage from the "ARCADIA" of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

'Firſt, in the midſt a graceful Youth aroſe,
'Born in thoſe Fields where chryſtal MELE flows:
'His Air was courtly, his Complexion fair;
'And rich Perfumes ſhed Sweetneſs from his Hair,
'That o'er his Shoulder wav'd in flowing Curls,
'With Roſes braided, and inwreath'd with Pearls;
'A Wand of Cedar for his Crook he bore;
'His ſlender Foot the *Arcadian* Sandal wore;
'Yet that ſo rich, it ſeem'd to fear the Ground,
'With beaming Gems and ſilken Ribbands bound;
'The Plumage of an Oſtrich grac'd his Head,
'And with embroider'd Flowers his Mantle was o'erſpread.'

DISSERTATION

ON

TYRTÆUS.

THAT the firſt literary Productions of every Age and Nation were written in Verſe, we learn from the concurrent Relations of Hiſtorians, and (what is a ſurer Teſtimony) the Conſtitution of the Human Mind. Not to inſiſt on philoſophical Evidence, we muſt be ſufficiently convinced of the Fact, while we recollect the *Scythian* or *Runic* Mythology, the War-Songs of the *American* Tribes, or the Strains of the rude *Otaheitans:* There is a peculiar Species of Simplicity that characterizes even the moſt elevated and penetrating Genius that exiſts amidſt unpoliſhed Manners. The Objects that fall under its *immediate* Notice are few: Theſe are rapidly collected, and repreſented with a Strength and Wildneſs that ſpeak enthuſiaſtic Emotion, and a Fancy ſtruggling for Expanſion. The frequent Recurrence of Highland Imagery, that diſcriminates the Poems of OSSIAN with the Sameneſs of original Beauty, in all the inartificial Contexture peculiar to untutored Genius, hath been admitted as no unconvincing Argument of their Antiquity.

THE War-Elegies of TYRTÆUS have the ſame Lineaments of antient Times. They poſſeſs an inimitable Energy; a majeſtic, yet undiverſified Simplicity. There is a Boldneſs in the Painting; but no Variety. TYRTÆUS is ſtrikingly a

Manneriſt. His Poems abound with Repetitions of the ſame Images and Ideas. Of our military Poet and his Productions, we have a few ſcattered Records among the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers. We are informed by SUIDAS, that TYRTÆUS flouriſhed a Contemporary with the ſeven Wiſe Men of GREECE. He is ſaid to have written on the Conduct of Life, in Elegiac Verſe; and, very copiouſly, on the Art of War. Yet a few mutilated Fragments are all that are tranſmitted to us of his Works. Theſe, however, are ſo beautiful, that we cannot but feel an Intereſt in the Fate of their Author; while the Line to which we have been long familiarized,

TYRTÆUSQUE *mares Animos in martia Bella*
Verſibus exacuit ——*

naturally leads us to aſſociate Life and Action with every Verſe we read. That ſplendid Circumſtance, alluded to by HORACE, muſt have excited Curioſity in all who love Literature and the Muſe.

WHETHER TYRTÆUS was born at ATHENS or MILETUS ſeems to be an undetermined Point. We are told, however, that he was lame, and deformed in his Perſon; and that he kept a School at ATHENS, till, by the Advice of the Oracle at DELPHI, he was choſen General of LACEDÆMON, in her War againſt MESSENE.‡ The latter, it appears, had been victorious in various Battles, under the Conduct of ARISTOMENES;† and the *Lacedæmonian* Spirit much depreſſed by her Triumphs. TYRTÆUS was elected, therefore, as the laſt Reſource, to the Command of the *Spartan* Army. The Bravery and Stratagems of ARISTOMENES for ſome Time prevailed. The Influence of our Poet had no inſtantaneous Effect. But though for awhile, in the Field, his Efforts proved abortive, he gained diſtinguiſhed Honor, in the City, by quelling a Sedition, the Violence of which had threatened the very Exiſtence of the Republic.§ In the mean Time, the two Kings of SPARTA, reduced to Deſpair,

* Thus rendered by COLMAN, who may be juſtly ranked among the choſen Few who have happily tranſlated the Claſſics:

Next lofty HOMER, and TYRTÆUS ſtrung
Their *Epic* Harps, and Songs of Glory ſung;
Sounding a Charge, and calling to the War
The Souls that bravely feel, and nobly dare.

‡ See DIODORUS SICULUS, B. 15. † See PAUSANIAS. MESSEN. § PAUSANIAS.

Deſpair, had reſolved to abandon the War. But the Reſolution was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by TYRTÆUS, who, corroborating his Arguments with the Motives of Religion, determined them to riſk another Battle. Here, then, we are to contemplate the great Incident of his Life.* He convened his Army. He ſtood forth, as the Miſſionary of APOLLO. He reminded his Soldiers of the ſacred Oracle, under the Sanction of which they were preparing to fight. He ſung a War-Song! Military Glory and manly Fortitude re-echoed at every Pauſe! The Spirit of Heroiſm was univerſally rekindled; and every Boſom throbbed for War! Every Eye ſparkled with anticipated Triumph.! The SPARTANS ruſhed to Battle, and conquered!

THERE is a curious Circumſtance, however, recorded by JUSTIN, which ought not to be omitted. He intimates, that, though the SPARTANS looked with Contempt on Death, they were tremblingly ſolicitous in reſpect to the Rites of Sepulture:

Non de ſalute, ſed de ſepulturâ ſoliciti.

He adds, that an Expedient was, at laſt, diſcovered, which diſpelled all the Damps of Fear. Each Soldier tied a Token round his Arm, with his own Name and that of his Family inſcribed on it; that, if he ſhould fall in Battle, his Friends might, by this Means, diſtinguiſh his Body amidſt the Heaps of the Slain, and inter it with the Funeral Solemnities.

THUS was the *Spartan* Army fired with Ardors caught from Verſe, and crowned with Honors reflected from the Muſes!

AND ſuch high Reſpect was paid to theſe Rhapſodies of our Poet, that, after he had enlarged and methodiſed them into regular Poems, they were attached, as ſupplementary Pieces, to the military Code of LYCURGUS, for the Inſtruction of the *Lacedæmonian* Youth. It was alſo enacted, that, in every Campaign, the *Spartan* Soldiers ſhould attend, at the King's Tent, the Rehearſal of theſe military Leſſons.

WONDERFUL

* JUSTIN, B. 3.

WONDERFUL may ſeem the Effects of TYRTÆUS's Poetry; and equally ſurpriſing was the proud Diſtinction he enjoyed, from the Gratitude of his Country. Yet theſe probably were Facts. They ſeem authenticated by the concurrent Teſtimonies or Authorities of PAUSANIAS and JUSTIN, the Orator LYCURGUS, DIODORUS SICULUS, and PHILOCHORUS.*

IN antient Times, indeed, the combined Character of the Warrior and the Poet was no very extraordinary Phænomenon. The Tragedian ÆSCHYLUS gained a Laurel at the Battle of MARATHON: And SOPHOCLES, his poetical Succeſſor, commanded the *Athenian* Army, in Conjunction with PERICLES.

BUT the Influence and the Glories of the Poet are paſt. He is no longer the Elect of Oracles! He is no more ſuperior to Kings!

Alas!——

'Who now ſhall wake the *Spartan* Fife,
And call, in ſolemn Sounds, to Life
The Youths, whoſe Locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal Hyacinths, in ſullen Hue,
At once the Breath of Fear and Virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd, of old, to view?
What new TYRTÆUS wield the Sword he ſings?'

ALAS! the modern Bard is a feeble Being, a ſolitary Character. The Hoſts indeed of Fancy are his: 'Tis true he can marſhal his ideal Ranks, and bid them——

——'Now vaniſh, now appear;
Flame in the Van, or darken in the Rear!'

Yet, amidſt all the viſionary Splendor, he muſt envy the Trophies of TYRTÆUS.

* He lived in the Age of PTOLEMY EPIPHANES. See ATHENÆUS, B. 14, C. 7.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

THEOCRITUS,

BION, MOSCHUS,

AND

TYRTÆUS.

NOSTRI EN FARRAGO LIBELLI!

NOTES

ON

THEOCRITUS.

IDYLLIUM the FIRST.

L. 1. Yon' breezy Pine, whoſe Foliage ſhades the Springs,
In many a vocal Whiſper ſweetly ſings.

Αδυ τι το Ψιθυρισμα κ᾽ α πιτυς, αιπολε, τηνα,
Α πολυ ταις παγαισι, μελισδεται·

IN this firſt Line, there is an inimitable Sweetneſs. The Word Ψιθυρισμα finely expreſſes the Whiſpering of the Pine-tree. It properly ſignifies to whiſper ſoftly in the Ear. Ενψιθυρισδομες αδυ, and αλληλοις Ψιθυριζον are to be thus underſtood, in the ſecond and twenty-ſeventh IDYLLIA. In VIRGIL's Imitations, we have

Mænalus argutumque nemus pinoſque loquentes
Semper habet——and
Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro.

Theſe Lines correſpond with the above; but the following Verſes from POPE's ELOISA (which FAWKES hath adduced in Compariſon) expreſs a melancholy Murmur, inſtead of a gentle Whiſpering. They move with ſlow Solemnity; not with Dactyl Lightneſs. They do not lull to Repoſe; but awaken to Fear.

The darkſome Pines that o'er yon' Rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow Wind.

The two firſt Lines in THEOCRITUS may be regarded as Echoes to the Senſe: But in our Author, a Sentence containing a very vulgar Idea, not unfrequently flows in ſuch a Cadence of Melody, as to leave the deluſive Impreſſion of an elegant Simplicity, on the Mind. Thus happily, the Sound predominates over the Senſe; at thoſe Places, where the latter might otherwiſe diſguſt, by its Rudeneſs or Ruſticity.

L. 12. Sweeter thy Warblings, than the Streams that glide
Down the ſmooth Rock, ſo muſical a Tide.

It is impoſſible for any Tranſlation to do Juſtice to the original Line. It expreſſes the ſmooth Lapſe of a Water-fall, with a wonderful Diſtinctneſs.

Την απο τας πετρας καταλειβεται υψοθεν υδως·

HOMER's Verſe

——— *Κατα δε ψυχρον ρεεν υδωρ*
Υψοθεν εκ πετρης, &c. Odyſſ. B. 17.

becomes muſical by Tranſpoſition.

L. 15. A ſtall-fed Lamb awaits the Shepherd-Swain.

The *Dramatis Perſonæ* of the Paſtoral IDYLLIA are the BUBULCI, UPILIONES and CAPRARII. To the firſt was aſſigned the Care of Oxen; to the ſecond, that of Sheep; and to the third, the Care of Goats. The Rank of theſe Characters was in the Order in which we have mentioned them.

WARTON.

L. 23. 'Tis

L. 23. 'Tis PAN we fear: From Hunting he returns.

The *Goatherds* worſhipped PAN as their Preceptor in the Art of Singing and Playing on the Pipe; while the *Neatherds* and *Shepherds* were the Diſciples of APOLLO and the MUSES. The *Shepherd* THYRSIS having invited the *Goatherd* to his Paſtoral Seat, and deſired him to play upon the Pipe; the *Goatherd* anſwered, 'he could not do this at Noon, while PAN, whom he reverenced as his God, was aſleep; but THYRSIS might do it with Impunity, becauſe he did not lie under the ſame Obligations.' The *Shepherd* accordingly invokes the MUSES, and intreats them to be propitious to his Lay. The *Shepherd* THYRSIS had promiſed an He-Goat to PAN; and a She-Goat to the *Goatherd*, the Votary of PAN. In Return, the *Goatherd* had aſſigned the MUSES a Sheep, and THYRSIS, the Servant of the MUSES, a Lamb from the Fold. Such is the Diſtinction of Character in THEOCRITUS; and ſo accurately is it preſerved. WARTON.

L. 24. As all in Silence huſh'd the Noonday burns.

The Antients believed, (ſays Mr. WARTON after DACIER, on that Paſſage in HORACE,

Caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis)

that their Gods were accuſtomed to ſleep at Midday. Hence they attributed to that Seaſon a peculiar Silence and Serenity. Our *Goatherd* therefore refuſes to grant the Requeſt of THYRSIS, from an Apprehenſion, that he ſhould diſturb the noonday Slumbers of his guardian Deity. In one of the Hymns of CALLIMACHUS, TIRESIAS is ſtruck blind, as a Puniſhment for his Intruſion on PALLAS and the Nymph CHARICLO, while they were bathing at the Hour of Noon—at that ſolemn Period, when the Mountain was huſhed in meridian Stillneſs. To enter a Temple at Noonday, was prohibited among the Antients, from a Perſuaſion that their Deities were then aſleep. The PYTHAGOREANS and *Ægyptian* Sages forbad any one to ſpeak as he paſſed at this Hour the Gates of their Temples: The Divinity was to be worſhipped in Silence. Thus are we to underſtand ELIJAH—'And it came to paſs 'at Noon, that ELIJAH mocked them and 'ſaid,—" Cry aloud: For he is a God. " Either he is talking, or he is purſuing; " or he is on a Journey; or, peradventure, " *he ſleepeth, and muſt be awaked.*" This ſuperſtitious Notion of the Gentiles ſeems to be alluded to, in the Pſalms. He, who repoſes his Truſt in God, is ſaid, not to be afraid of Δαιμονα μεσαμβρινα, as the *Septuagint* Interpreters have rendered it. Thus alſo LUCAN:

'*Non illum cultu populi propiore frequentant,*
'*Sed ceſſere Deis, medio cum Phœbus in axe eſt,*
'*Aut cœlum nox atra tenet; pavet ipſe ſacerdos*
'*Acceſſum, dominumque timet deprendere luci.*'

WARTON.

Mr. WARTON's Notion relative to the PYTHAGOREANS hath been juſtly excepted againſt, by an anonymous Critic; who adds, that the Superſtition here deſcanted on, ſeems to have prevailed among the DRUIDS.

'*Non ſub horâ meridiei Druidarum lucos im-*
'*pune intrares.*'

L. 26. Whilſt on his Noſtrils ſits a better Spleen.

CASAUBON remarks, that all violent Paſſions cauſe a Senſation in the Noſtrils, ariſing from the Ebullition of the Spirits, which mount towards the Brain; and, endeavouring to free themſelves from Reſtraint, find a Vent by the Noſtril; and crouding through it, dilate it in their Paſſage. This is obſervable in the Bull, the Horſe, and the Lion, whoſe Noſtrils always dilate, when they are moved to Anger. In HOMER's ODYSSEY, there occurs a ſimilar Expreſſion.

Τω δ'ωρινετο Θυμος, ανα ειρας δε οι ηδη
Δριμυ μενος πρυτυψε.

'A ſharp Senſation ſtruck his Noſtrils.' On which EUSTATHIUS obſerves, Δριμυ μενος πρυτυψεν ηγουν προεκεντησε ταις ρισιν· ο δη προπασχει, ως τα πολλα, ο μελλων δακρυειν. ULYSSES felt a like Senſation in his Interview with LAERTES, through the violent Emotions of filial Tenderneſs. ARISTOTLE thinks this Affection of the Noſtrils originates in Anger. Οι ανδρειοι θυμοειδεις· ιτηλικωτατον γαρ ο θυμος προς τους κινδυνους· οθεν κ' Ομηρος· Δριμυ δ'ανα ειρυς μενος· παντα γαρ τα τοιαυτα εοικε σημαινειν την του θυμου εγερσιν κ' ορμην. Thus PERSIUS:

Ira cadat naſo, rugoſaque ſanna.

L. 37. O'erlaid with Wax it ſtands,

A Deſcription of the ΚΗΡΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ, as HEINSIUS informs us. It was much in Faſhion (at the Time THEOCRITUS flouriſhed) both among the ÆGYPTIANS and SICILIANS.

To beautify the Prows of their Ships, ſays POTTER, the Antients uſed ſeveral Colors, annealing

annealing them, by Wax melted in the Fire; which Art was called, from the Wax, Κηρογραφια, from the Fire Εγκαυστικη. It is deſcribed by VITRUVIUS; B. 7, C. 9. and mentioned by OVID:

——— Picta coloribus uſtis
Caruleam matrem concava puppis habet.
'The painted Ship with melted Wax anneal'd,
'Hath TETHYS *for its Deity.'*

L. 39. My large two-handled Cup, rich-wrought and deep.

Mr. WARTON obſerves, that this Cup was a moſt capacious Veſſel, which the *Sicilian* Shepherds uſed to fill with Milk, Wine, or other Beverage; when they meant to indulge to Exceſs. THEOCRITUS hath adorned it, in Proportion to its Size, with an abundant Variety of Sculpture. In the Formation and Selection of the paſtoral Imagery with which it is ornamented, the Judgement of the Poet is no leſs conſpicuous than his Invention: Though he has minutely deſcribed every Figure, he is no where tedious. His Fancy is not caught by Prettineſſes; or occupied in a childiſh Enumeration of trivial Circumſtances, like TRYPHIODORUS, in his Deſcription of the *Trojan* Horſe; not to mention, that the principal Value of the Prize propoſed by our Shepherd, was to be eſtimated from the Splendor and Elegance of the Sculpture: So that the Poet was almoſt neceſſarily obliged to give a diſtinct and accurate Painting of it. No Excuſe, however, of this Nature, will warrant that prolix Deſcription of the Baſket, in the 'EUROPA' of MOSCHUS. And VIRGIL hath certainly been unfortunate in his Imitation of the Paſſage before us. The Truth is, he had no adequate Idea of the Cup which the *Greek* Poet was deſcribing. The Cup of THEOCRITUS did not belong to VIRGIL's Age or Country.

NONNUS, in his Dionyſiacs, (Book 19, P. 516. V. 25. Edit. *Hanov.*) hath imitated this, and many other Paſſages of THEOCRITUS, with Succeſs.

L. 41. With Helichryſe entwin'd.

The Helichryſe was a Plant much celebrated by the antient Poets—ſtiled, according to MARTYN, *Chryſocarpum*, or *Hedera baccis aureis* (with golden or ſaffron-coloured Berries). This might have been VIRGIL's Ivy. *Victrices hederam*, &c. &c. Its Flower, ATHENÆUS tells us, was very ſimilar to the Lotus; and it is ſaid to have taken its Name from the Nymph HELICHYSE, who was the firſt that gathered it. In the ſecond IDYLLIUM, SIMÆTHA obſerves, that the Beard of her DELPHIS was yellower than Helichryſus. Perhaps it may be the *Engliſh* Orpiment. PLINY and THEOPHRASTUS ſay, that Κισσος is a Kind of Ivy that grows without a Support.

L. 49. Brimful, thro' Paſſion, ſwell their twinkling Eyes;
And their full Boſoms heave with fruitleſs Sighs!

Surely the Art of the Sculptor muſt have been wonderfully diſplayed in expreſſing the Motions of the Eyes, and even the Senſations of the Mind!

But Deſcriptions of this Sort often occur in the *Greek*, and, more frequently, in the *Hebrew* Poetry; though they will not eaſily ſtand the Teſt of critical Examination.

THEOCRITUS ſeems to have forgotten that he is deſcribing the Engraving of a Cup. The Poet hath the Realities before his Eyes: Life and Motion fire his Fancy; and his Painting correſponds with the Warmth of its Conceptions. WARTON.

L. 51. Amidſt the Scene, a Fiſher, grey with Years,
On the rough Summit of a Rock appears.

Mr. WARTON intimates, that THEOCRITUS hath ſhewn his Judgement in introducing the *local* Circumſtance of the *Fiſherman drawing his Net*, ſince the *Sicilian* Shore abounded with Fiſhermen. But as the Cup was not fabricated in SICILY, there is ſurely no peculiar Propriety in the *Repreſentation*, for the Reaſon Mr. WARTON hath aſſigned: Though drawn from the immediate Obſervation of the Poet, it might not have been *local* to the *Engraver*.

L. 53. And laboring, with one Effort, as he ſtands,
To throw his large Net, drags it with both Hands.

The Tranſlator hath here attempted an Echo to the Senſe. The Original is finely expreſſive of laborious Exertion;

For, as he ſtrives his Net's vaſt Weight to throw,
The Line too labours, and the Words move ſlow.

L. 59. Next red ripe Grapes in bending Cluſters glow.

Evidently in Imitation of the Vineyard in HOMER's Shield of ACHILLES.

Εν δ' ετιθει ραφυλησι μεγα βριθουσαν αλωην,

L. 60. A Boy, to watch the Vineyard, ſits below.

We are here reminded of MASON's much admired Deſcription of the Shepherd-Boys, amidſt their ruſtic Occupations.

Call the Loiterers into Uſe,
And form of theſe thy Fence, the living Fence
That graces what it guards.
——— *Let the leathern Scrip*
Swing at their Side ——
They too——*deſport*
In ruſtic Paſtime, whilſt that loveliеſt Grace
Which only lives in Action unreſtrain'd,
To every ſimple Geſture lends a Charm.

L. 61. Two Foxes round him ſkulk: This ſlyly gapes,
To catch a luſcious Morſel of the Grapes.

Dr. BEATTIE (if the *Tranſlator's* Memory do not fail him) ridicules the Idea of *Foxes* eating Grapes; and excludes the Circumſtance from what he deems legitimate Fable, on Account of its having no Foundation in Nature. There is, however, an unparallelled Boldneſs in this Deciſion. Setting aſide the Authority of ÆSOP and the ſubſequent Fabuliſts, we have ample Evidence in Favor of the popular Notion. The Voice of all Antiquity confirms its Truth. A Variety of Authors have informed us, that Foxes make great Havoc in the Vineyard. In Addition to the Evidence of our Poet, who was an acute Obſerver of Nature, we meet with a Compariſon in the EQUITES of ARISTOPHANES ſtrongly expreſſive of the Depredation of Foxes. The Comic Bard compares Soldiers who deſpoil Provinces, to Foxes that plunder Vineyards. But the Teſtimony of GALEN is more ſatisfactory. In his Book of 'Aliments' he expreſsly tells us, that Hunters had no diſlike to the Fleſh of Foxes in Autumn, when they were grown fat, by feeding on Grapes. NICANDER intimates (in his Alexiph.) 'that Foxes deſpoil the Vines.' And we read in the Song of SOLOMON: 'Take us the Foxes—the little Foxes that ſpoil the Vines.' *Cum pingui nocuit vulpes verſuta racemo,* ſings the *Mantuan* Bard.

If any modern Authority be required, conſult BUFFON, who ſays that Foxes are particularly fond of Grapes.

L. 68. Weaves Locuſt-traps.

Thus LONGUS, no infrequent Imitator of THEOCRITUS, deſcribing the puerile Sports of DAPHNIS and CHLOE: 'While 'CHLOE' was buſily employed in framing 'Locuſt-traps, ſo intent was ſhe on her A-'muſement, that ſhe forgot the Care of her 'Sheep.' And, hence perhaps VIRGIL:

Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco.

WARTON.

L. 71. From CALYDON it croſs'd the Seas.

HOMER, in his Catalogue of the Ships, reckons CALYDON among the *Ætolian* Cities. It was likewiſe called ÆOLIS, according to THUCYDIDES — την Αιολιδα την νυν καλουμενην Καλυδωνα.

L. 75. For thy LOV'D HYMN ——

In the Original, τον εφιμερον υμνον is the common Reading confirmed by all the MSS. Mr. WARTON had an Opportunity of collating. In THEOGNIS we find εφιμερον υμνον ασιδην. And, in HORACE, *ſeu condis amabile carmen.* The long conjectural Remarks of HEINSIUS on this Topic (as Mr. WARTON properly obſerves) are more ingenious than juſt. He would read

Τον εφ' Ιμερα υμνον——
The Hymn of Himera——

A River in SICILY, the Banks of which were the Scene of DAPHNIS' Loves, as it appears from a Paſſage in the ſeventh IDYLLIUM. The Authority of ÆLIAN hath been confidently adduced, as deciſive of the Queſtion. In the tenth Book of his Miſcellaneous Hiſtories (Chap. 18) ÆLIAN concludes his Anecdotes of DAPHNIS, with an Intimation, that STESICHORUS the *Himeræan* Bard is reported to have been the Inventor of the Bucolic. Mr. FAWKES, however, aſſerts, 'that we have the indiſputable Authority of 'ÆLIAN in Favor of HEINSIUS's Correc-'tion, which is undoubtedly genuine: For 'the Hiſtorian, ſpeaking of DAPHNIS and 'this Hymn, ſays, "It is that, which the "Goatherd calls τον εφ' Ιμερα υμνον; and that "STESICHORUS, the *Himeræan* Bard, firſt "ſung this celebrated Hymn."

Mr. FAWKES hath miſtaken HEINSIUS. The Tranſlator can find no ſuch Information in ÆLIAN.

L. 81. Where ſtray'd ye, Nymphs, when DAPHNIS
pin'd with Love?

To this Paſſage (which, as it hath been obſerved, VIRGIL, MILTON, POPE, and Lord

Lord LYTTLETON have all imitated) the Apoſtrophe to the Winds, in the Opening of OSSIAN's DARTHULA, bears a very remarkable Reſemblance.

'But the Winds deceive thee, O DARTHULA! and deny the woody ETHA to thy Sails. Theſe are not thy Mountains, NATHOS; nor is that the Roar of thy climbing Waves. The Halls of CAIRBAR are near, and the Towers of the Foe lift their Head. Where have ye been, ye Southern Winds, when the Sons of my Love were deceived? But ye have been ſporting on Plains, and purſuing the Thiſtle's Beard! O that ye had been ruſtling in the Sails of NATHOS, 'till the Hills of ETHA roſe; 'till they roſe in their Clouds, and ſaw their coming Chief.'

Who can recollect MILTON's Imitation without Enthuſiaſm?

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs Deep
Clos'd o'er the Head of your lov'd LYCIDAS *?*
For neither were ye playing on the Steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy Top of MONA *high,*
Nor yet where DEVA *ſpreads her wizard Stream.*

L. 88. And ev'n the Foreſt-Lion mourn'd his Death.

Thus VIRGIL, in his fifth Eclogue,

DAPHNI, *tuum Pænos etiam ingemuiſſe leones*, &c.

The Scholiaſt obſerves, that there were no Lions in SICILY. He would therefore read, αν ιχλαυσι—'Even a Lion *could* have 'lamented his Death.' But theſe ſurely are *difficiles nugæ*.

L. 91. Bulls, Cows, and Steers ſtood drooping at his Side.

'How frigid in Compariſon (ſays Mr. WARTON) is that Deſcription of VIRGIL 'who mentions only'—the Shepherd's little Flock ſtanding melancholy around him!' It is with all Diffidence that the Tranſlator diſſents from the ingenious Editor. Mr. WARTON thinks that the Deſcription of our *Sicilian* Bard hath gained Strength and Pathos, in proportion to the Multitude and Variety of Animals employed as Mourners at the Death of DAPHNIS. Yet his Brother of WINCHESTER hath diſcovered, perhaps, more genuine Pathos in that ſingle Stroke of VIRGIL—'*Stare circum*'—than in our *Sicilian*'s Aggregate of Beaſts collected indiſcriminately from the Meadows of SICILY, and the Foreſts of AFRICA.

L. 104. "Hah, too thoughtleſs in thy Loves!

The *Greek* Scholiaſt ſuppoſes this, to be a Continuation of PRIAPUS's Addreſs: It is rather, however, the Speech of the Nymph ECHENAIS, the Miſtreſs of DAPHNIS, upbraiding him with his Incontinence and Infidelity. In this Light, the whole Paſſage is both ſtriking and beautiful. There is a Vein of pleaſant Raillery runs through it; nor can we help obſerving its peculiar Gracefulneſs and truly characteriſtic Simplicity.

HEINSIUS and WARTON.

Still, however, a Difficulty remains. The Poet obſerves that DAPHNIS made no Reply. True: For how could he reply to what he did not hear? The female Perſonage, whoever ſhe is, is repreſented as thus complaining at a Diſtance, amidſt the Groves and the Fountains. A learned Critic hath conjectured that α Κωμα means the Goddeſs DIANA. It may be ſo. But the only Way perhaps of removing the Difficulty, is to imagine PRIAPUS ſtill continuing his Addreſs, and repeating this Paſſage as the Words of the ſlighted Nymph.

L. 107. He views with leering Eyes his Goats aſkance,

VIRGIL alludes to this Place—

Novimus et qui te—tranſverſa tuentibus hircis.

Ταυραι οφθαλμως ſeems to be a very bold Expreſſion, that will ſcarcely admit of a literal Verſion. HORACE's *Intabuiſſent pupulæ* expreſſes, with rather more Energy, the Effect produced in the Eyes, by a vehement Deſire for an unattainable Object.

L. 123. But he: 'Too true thou ſay'ſt, that Love hath won!
'Too ſure thy Triumphs mark my ſetting Sun!

This Paſſage hath been much perplexed by conjectural Criticiſm. In the Opinion of ſome, it means: 'Now all Things ſhew 'that my Sun is ſet,' intimating, that he foreſaw his Death; or, that he ſhould no more behold the Light of the Sun. Ηελιος δε Ουρανω εξαπολωλε—'the Sun has periſhed from Heaven'—hath been cited as an Illuſtration from HOMER's Odyſſey. Others think, that the Original ſhould run

Ηδη γαρ φρασδη παντ' ΑΛΙΟΣ αμμι ΔΕΔΥΚΕΙ
Δαφνις, &c.

Here the Senſe is rather obſcured than illuſtrated. The following Mr. WARTON

determines

determines to be the genuine Reading.

Ηδη γαρ ΦΡΑΣΔΗ παντ' αλιον αμμι δεδυκειν·
Δαφνις ΚΕΙΝ, &c.

'O VENUS, YOU SAY, THAT MY SUN *i. e.* 'ALL MY HOPES ARE SET, ARE VANISHED! 'DAPHNIS THEREFORE, &c.' which reminds the Tranſlator of that fine Hymn to HOPE, the Production of the elegant LANGHORNE:

Sun of the Soul, whoſe cheerful Ray
Darts o'er this Gloom of Life, a Smile;
Sweet HOPE, *yet further, gild my Way;*
Yet light my weary Steps awhile,
Till thy fair Lamp diſſolve in endleſs Day.

L. 131. There the broad Ruſh, in matted Verdure, thrives.

The Κυπειρος is, moſt probably, the three-cornered Ruſh, deſcribed by PLINY the Naturaliſt (21, 18) white at Bottom, and black at Top. It occurs ſeveral Times in THEOCRITUS. Some have imagined it to be a Tree; perhaps from its Aſſociation with Oaks, as in this Place, and the fifth IDYLLIUM: But VIRGIL, in Imitation of the Paſſage, aſſociates the Oak and the Reed:

Hic virides tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas
Mincius, eque ſacrâ reſonant examina quercu.

Κυπειρος is evidently an aquatic Plant in HOMER, Iliad B. 21. Yet POPE has tranſlated it Cypreſs. In the thirteenth IDYLLIUM, the Epithet Βαθυς is attached to Κυπειρος—deep or lofty; which may imply its thick Growth or its Height. It grew perhaps conſiderably high. There is no Doubt but it muſt have been an Object of ſome Diſtinction in the paſtoral Piece; otherwiſe THEOCRITUS would not have introduced it, (as in the firſt and fifth IDYLLIA) without a ſingle Epithet or Adjunct. We may poſſibly conceive ſome Idea of its Growth in SICILY, from SWINBURNE's Deſcription of the Fennel-Giant. His Route to MANFREDONIA was, thirty Miles, through a flat Paſture covered with Aſphodels, Thiſtles, wild Artichokes and Fennel-Giant. Of the laſt he tells us are made Bee-Hives (Σκαφιδας μελιττος, ſee fifth IDYLL.) and Chair-Bottoms. The Leaves are given to Aſſes, by Way of a Strengthener; and the tender Buds are boiled and eaten as a Delicacy, by the Peaſants. This Plant covers half the Plain; and riſes to ſuch a Height, that there is an Inſtance, in one of the Wars between FRANCE and SPAIN, of the *Spaniards* having marched through it, undiſcovered, cloſe up to the *French* Entrenchments.

L. 132. There Bees, in buſy Swarms, hum round their Hives.

Ω δε καλον βομβευντι ποτι Σμαιησσι μελισσαι

We cannot repeat this Verſe, without fancying we hear the Buzzing of Bees. It again occurs in the fifth IDYLLIUM.

L. 161. Leave *Lycaonian* HELICAS' high Tomb.

In the Original, it ſhould probably be read

——— Ελικα δε λιπ' Ηριον, αινυτε σαμα
Τηνο λυκαονιδαο ———

'But leave the Monument and that ſublime Sepulchre of HELICAS the Son of LYCAON.'

L. 165. O PAN, my Reeds ſo cloſe-compacted take,
And call forth all their Tones for DAPHNIS' Sake.

PAN *primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures*
Inſtituit ———

From theſe Paſſages, as well as many others interſperſed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poetry, it appears that PAN was highly honoured as the Inventor of the Shepherd's Pipe. The Muſical Inſtruments uſed by the antient Shepherds have various Names, denoting the Materials of which they were made—ſuch as Oat and Wheat Straw, Reeds and hollow Pipes of Box, Leg-Bones of Cranes, Horns of Animals, and Metals. The Pipe commonly uſed was compoſed of ſeven Reeds unequal in Length, and of different Tones, joined together with Wax. In the eighth IDYLLIUM, two Pipes are mentioned compoſed of nine Reeds. The *Fiſtula* is uſed, to this Day, in the *Grecian* Iſlands.

With reſpect to the Manner of Playing and Singing among the Shepherds, we need not heſitate in determining, that their vocal and inſtrumental Muſic was alternate—the Verſe they ſung correſponding with the Tune they played. It is impoſſible that a Shepherd could ſing and play at the ſame Moment. This Mode of Playing and Singing is very common with the Pipers and Fidlers at our Country Wakes, ſays Dr. PERCY. They probably borrowed the Cuſtom from the *Romans* during their Reſidence in BRITAIN. Thus, (adds he) the old *Engliſh* Minſtrels uſed to warble on their Harps, and then ſing,

L. 171. Ye Thorns and Brambles the pale Vi'let bear—

The Poet hath here reverſed the Order of Nature, on the Death of DAPHNIS. But the

the Phænomena he hath exhibited are not the independent Offspring of his own Imagination. They are evidently imitated from ISAIAH. 'The Deſart ſhall rejoice and 'bloſſom as the Roſe—the Glory of LE-'BANON ſhall come unto thee—the Fir-tree, 'the Pine-tree, and the Box together—the 'Wolf alſo ſhall dwell with the Lamb; and 'the Leopard lie down with the Kid: And 'the Calf and the young Lion, and the 'Fatling together; and a little Child ſhall 'lead them. And the Cow and the Bear 'ſhall feed—their young ones ſhall lie down 'together; and the Lion ſhall eat Straw like 'an Ox.'—Theſe are Paſſages which THEOCRITUS had, certainly, in View—though the Marks of Imitation are by no Means ſo ſtriking, as in VIRGIL's Pollio.

L. 192. For ſweeter, Shepherd, is thy charming Song,
Than ev'n Cicadas ſing, the Boughs among.

The Τεττιξ, or Cicada, occurs frequently in THEOCRITUS; an Inſect, which ſome have miſtaken for the Locuſt, and others for our *Engliſh* Graſshopper. POPE hath confounded it with the latter; and FAWKES (though ſenſible of his Error) hath followed POPE—copying, in Spite of HORACE's Ridicule, a great Man's Imperfections. We meet alſo with the Ακρις or Locuſt, in our Author: It is conſiderably larger than the Τεττιξ; which appears to be the principal Point of Diſtinction between them.

According to Dr. MARTYN's accurate Deſcription, 'the Τεττιξ hath a rounder and ſhorter Body than our common Graſshopper, and is of a dark green Color. Its Wings are beautiful, being ſtreaked with ſilver, and marked with brown Spots. The outer Wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated.' After the *Latin* Term Cicada, the *Italians* call it Cicala, and the *French* Cigale.

With reſpect to its Voice, it is characterized in the above Place (and moſt others of THEOCRITUS) as an Inſect, whoſe Song is muſical and pleaſing. Its Notes are ſometimes, however, repreſented as harſh and diſſonant. Λιγειοισσαν is an Epithet by which HOMER hath expreſſed his Idea of the Voice of the Cicada. SPONDANUS and HESYCHIUS diſagree as to the Meaning of the Word—the former interpreting it *ſweet*, the latter *feeble*. VIRGIL's Cicadæ are *querulæ* and *raucæ*. MARTIAL's *argutæ* and *inhumanæ*. The Voice of the Cicada, according to ANTIPATER (Anthologia Book I.) is as muſical as the Swan's. On this Queſtion the Moderns ſeem inclined to the unfavorable Side. SPENCE (who was certainly a *pretty* Scholar, as Dr. JOHNSON ſtyles him) remarks, 'that theſe Inſects make one uniform Noiſe all Day long in Summer Time, which is extremely diſagreeable, particularly in the great Heats. Their Note is ſharp and ſhrill in the Beginning of the Summer; but hoarſe and harſh towards the latter Part of it.' If, in the middle of the Summer, their Strain were found ſweet and muſical, the Inconſiſtencies of the Poets, on this Topic, might diſappear. 'They fix (Mr. SPENCE continues) on ſome ſunny Branch of a Tree, and ſing all Day long. Hence this Inſect is oppoſed to the Ant, in the old *Æſopian* Fables; which is as induſtrious and inoffenſive, as the other is idle and troubleſome. Any one who has paſſed a Summer in ITALY, or the South of FRANCE, will not think MARTIAL's Epithet *Inhumanæ*—too ſevere for theſe Creatures.' The Noiſe they make (the Tranſlator hath been informed) is occaſioned by the Friction, or Percuſſion of their Thighs, againſt a Sort of Tympanum in their Sides. ÆLIAN intimates ſomething ſimilar; but his Authority is little to be depended on. This lively Anecdotiſt tells us, that the female Cicada is mute; thinking, like a baſhful Bride, that ſhe ought, in Propriety, to be ſilent. See ÆLIAN, B. 1. C. 20.

ÆLIAN concurs with THEOCRITUS, ANACREON, VIRGIL, and the Poets in general, in affirming, that the Cicada lives on Dew—probably an erroneous Notion, tho' SPENCE ſeems inclined to believe it, and FAWKES aſſerts it gravely. From ÆLIAN, B. 12. C. 6. and ANACREON, Od. 42, we may judge, that this Creature was held in great Veneration by the Antients. The *Athenians* wore golden Cicadæ in their Hair, as an Emblem of national Antiquity; ſince, it ſeems, they derived their Origin, like thoſe Inſects, from the Earth. Sacred to the MUSES, and the Daughter of JUPITER, to eat a Cicada was deemed extreme Impiety. Such, however, was no infrequent Practice. JOHN the BAPTIST, we read, ate the Locuſt.

A harmleſs Inſect why purſue—
That only ſips the roſy Dew?

See a beautiful Epigram in the Anthologia on this Idea.

RAPIN's Ode to the Cicada is well known: The Tranſlator ſhall conclude his Notes with a Verſion of it—performed, at a very early Age, as a School-Exerciſe.

ODE

TO THE CICADA.

I.

CICADA lov'd, whoſe little Limbs are ſpread
On yonder ſoft luxuriant Bed;
Who hopp'ſt the Lawns along,
Chaunting an idle Song:
Whether, amid full-blown Flowers,
Blythe thou ſipp'ſt refreſhing Showers—
Drunk with Heaven's fragrant Tears;
Or where green Waters glide,
Thou loveſt to reſide,
In the moiſt Graſs of ſhady Plains;
Or modulating dulcet Strains
Thy emulative Throat
Outvies the Shepherd's Note,
Whilſt all the Village round thy Accents hears.

II.

Or when the Sun darts down its ſcorching Ray
To vex the Ruſtic's weary Way;
By a ſweet murmuring Rill,
Thou grateſt, ſhrieking ſhrill:
Or if the Deities of Heaven
Nectarian Sweets to thee have giv'n,
With miniſterial Rains:
And bounteouſly beſtrew
Thy Bed with pearly Dew—
Aſſiſt my Song; while ſkill'd in Rhymes
Thy Poet, thro' all future Times
To laſt, a Temple rears;
And thro' the liſtening Spheres
Still more and more thy Fame immortal Honor gains.

L. 196. Where ſport the Hours!—

The Daughters of JUPITER and THEMIS, according to ORPHEUS and HESIOD, the former of whom informs us, that they were born in the Spring.

Præſides foribus cæli cum mitibus HORIS,

ſays OVID; making them the Door-keepers of Heaven. In this Circumſtance HOMER agrees with OVID; and alſo aſſigns to them the Care of the aërial Regions, Il. B. 5. They are again mentioned by our Author, in the SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

L. 197. Beſpeak the Richneſs of thy Paſture-Vale!

This Line cloſes the Tranſlation. The Vulgarity of the concluding Sentence in the Original, is ſo very inconſonant with the other Parts of this truly elegant IDYLLIUM, that the Tranſlator hath taken the Liberty of omitting it.

IDYLLIUM the SECOND.

L. 1. Where—where's the Laurel pluck'd from yonder Grove?
Where the pale Philtre that may charm my Love?

OUR Fears are awakened for a Moment at the abrupt Appearance of the Enchantreſs, as ſhe invokes the pale Moon, and begins her horrid Rites. The Character however of SIMOETHA is of the mixed Kind. It was not the Purpoſe of THEOCRITUS, to excite our Fears, in a continued Series, by an uninterrupted Repreſentation of the magical Proceſs. Though in the Piece before us, the Pharmaceutria of VIRGIL, and a ſimilar Performance] by SANNAZARIUS, we may ſee the principal Ceremonies—we muſt have Recourſe to other Authors, for the Horrors of Incantation. The CANIDIA of HORACE and the *Theſſalian* Sorcereſs ERICHTHO, in the 6th Book of LUCAN, will furniſh us with no inadequate Ideas of antient Necromancy. We may remark, by the Way, that LUCAN had, probably, the Incident of SAUL and the Witch of ENDOR in View, while his ERICHTHO was raiſing up a dead Body, to ſatisfy the Enquiries of SEXTUS, concerning the Event of the Civil War. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS hath alſo exhibited Enchantment in all its Terrors.

The Practices of Witchcraft have been remarkably ſimilar in all Ages and Nations of the World. The magical Uſe of Amulets and Charms was, doubtleſs, of very high Antiquity; though Dr. WARBURTON hath referred its Original to the Age of the PTOLEMIES. Long before the Times of MOSES, the Art of Divination was practiſed in ÆGYPT and the Land of CANAAN. PHARAOH ſent for all the Magicians of ÆGYPT, to interpret his Dream. The Teraphim that RACHAEL ſtole from her Father LABAN, were, moſt likely, little magical Images. The Ear-Rings which JACOB buried under the Oak at SHECHEM, were no other than Amulets.

lets. ABRAHAM's Servant, (who was ſent to look for a Wife for his Son ISAAC) as ſoon as he found REBECCA, took a golden Ear-Ring (or Jewel for the Fore-head) of Half a Shekel Weight, and put it on her Face: This was probably a Frontlet, with magical Words engraved on it, like the *Arabian* Taliſman. See 'CLOGHER's Chronicle of the *Hebrew* Bible Vindicated.' Page 157.

As the World grew older, its Superſtitions increaſed. ÆGYPT no longer preſerved her ſuperior Pretenſions to Magic, while PONTUS, ASSYRIA (ſee Concluſion of this IDYLLIUM) and many other Nations became equally celebrated for their Enchanters; to whom the Power was attributed of reverſing the Order of Nature, on the moſt trivial Occaſions. The *Romans* were ſubjected to perpetual Alarms through the infernal Rituals of HECATE: And ſome Thouſands have been convicted, at a Time, of Sorcery, in the Imagination of this credulous People. Nor was it the uninformed Mind alone that gave Way to ſuch fanciful Superſtitions. The wiſe CICERO and the no leſs philoſophic AURELIUS were, in this Point, as undiſcerning as the vulgar. And, in after Times, the Apoſtate JULIAN, who rejected Chriſtianity, became a Dupe to magical Impoſture. We are not to wonder, then, at the Triumphs of Sorcery, at a ſubſequent Period, when Ignorance and Error had involved in Darkneſs the *European* Nations. In the fifth and ſixth Centuries it was a 'Darkneſs indeed that might be felt.' The Cruſades were, afterwards, the Means of introducing into *Europe*, a Species of Necromancy, whoſe Aſpect was peculiarly captivating to poetic Imagination. ASIA had been long, indeed, the Seat of Enchantment. The MAGI of PERSIA and the BRAHMINS of INDIA have, many Ages, been famed for their deep Reſearches in the occult Sciences; and their reputed Intercourſe with the inviſible World.

The romantic Invention of Genii and Fairies originated in the Eaſt: And ſuch may, juſtly, be conſidered as a valuable Acceſſion to the leſs marvellous Fictions of the claſſic Poet; though, in ſome of our modern Poems, we have an injudicious Mixture of the Gothic and Claſſical Machinery; witneſs the Oedipus of DRYDEN and LEE.]

L. 2. Where the *pale Philtre*—

Pallentia Philtra. OVID.

We read in the Argon. of ORPHEUS, V. 477.

Φιλτροις Υψιπυλην εξατοις εδαμασσεν Ιησων.

L. 23. IYNX, O force him, by thy myſtic Charms!
Force him, tho' faithleſs, to theſe longing Arms.

This Bird is ſuppoſed by ſome to be the Wry-neck: Though the original Word has been variouſly tranſlated—*paſſerculus*, *frutilla*, *regulus*. It was much valued by Enchanters. Its Tongue was moſt eſteemed, and was ſuppoſed to have a ſovereign Virtue in Love-Potions. Sometimes the whole Bird was faſtened to a Wheel of Wax, which was turned over the Fire, till both were conſumed. POTTER.

L. 34. But, in Revenge, I give this Laurel-Bough.

DAPHNIS *me malus urit—ego hanc in* DAPHNIDE *laurum.*

PLINY ſays, that by its crackling Noiſe the Laurel was thought to expreſs a Deteſtation of Fire. From the Noiſe it makes in burning, ſome tell us, it derived its Name—Δαφνη *i. e.* Δα φωνη. Mr. GAY hath happily imitated this Paſſage.

Two Hazel-nuts I threw into the Flame,
And to each Nut I gave a Sweet-heart's Name:
This with the loudeſt Bounce me ſore amaz'd,
That in a Flame of brighteſt Color blaz'd:
As blaz'd the Nut, ſo may thy Paſſion grow;
For 'twas thy Nut that did ſo brightly glow.

L. 41. Ev'n as this Wax evaporates in Fume,
May *Myndian* DELPHIS, ſcorch'd by Love,
conſume!

'As the Image conſumed, ſo did the Perſon it repreſented!'—Such was the common Opinion in the Days of THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL; nor was it leſs prevalent in this Country, in the Reigns of ELIZABETH and of JAMES. Dr. MARTYN obſerves, that, in the Beginning of the laſt Century, many Perſons were convicted of this Practice, and were executed accordingly; as it was deemed to be attempting the Lives of others. The 'Burning in Effigy' is often accompanied with the like Malignity.

L. 48. Hell's *Adamantine* Gates.

Κιπσαις ε'αδαμαντα——not *Rhadamanthus*, according to the vulgar Reading, but *Adamant.*

L. 49. Hark—

L. 49. Hark—the Dogs howling—to the *Cymbals* fly!

Thus VIRGIL

Tinnitusque cie, et matris quate Cymbala *circum.*

Among the *Swediſh Laplanders*, there is, in every Family, a *Drum*—for conſulting the Devil.

L. 53. See ſmooth'd in Calms the ſilent Waves repoſe!
But ah, this Boſom no ſuch Quiet knows!

At this ſolemn Scene, Mr. WARTON introduces a beautiful Night-Piece from APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, which has been thus finely tranſlated.

Night on the Earth pour'd Darkneſs; on the Sea,
The wakeſome Sailor to ORION's *Star*
And HELICE *turn'd heedful. Sunk to Reſt*
The Traveller forgot his Toil; his Charge
The Centinel; her Death-devoted Babe
The Mother's painleſs Breaſt. The Village-Dog
Had ceas'd his troublous Bay: Each buſy Tumult
Was huſh'd at this dead Hour; and Darkneſs ſlept,
Lock'd in the Arms of Silence. She alone,
MEDEA *ſlept not*———

L. 67. Fir'd by the *Arcadian* Plant.

HIPPOMANES here ſignifies a Plant, deſcribed as having the Fruit of the wild Cucumber, and the Leaves of the prickly Poppy; perhaps a Kind of Mullein.

In VIRGIL, Geor. 3. 280, it means a Poiſon. The Reader may ſee a learned Diſſertation on the Hippomanes, at the End of Bayle's Dictionary.

L. 81. Now, at his Threſhold, &c.

It was uſual (ſays POTTER) to ſprinkle enchanted Medicaments on ſome Part of the Houſe where the Perſon reſided. Drugs have been, in all Ages, very neceſſary to the Support of the Magical Art.

L. 89. What Time her Offerings, &c.

The following Paſſage from PLAUTUS, is very ſimilar to SIMOETHA's Narration.

Quo is Homo inſinuavit pacto ſe ad te S. per DIONYSIA.
Mater pompam me ſpectatum duxit: dum redeo domum,
Conſpicillo conſecutus eſt clanculum me uſque ad fores:
Inde in amicitiam inſinuavit.

At theſe Exhibitions which were very frequent among the *Greeks*, there were ſuch Opportunities for Love-Intrigues as ſeldom occurred on ordinary Occaſions. It was not uſual to meet with young Women of Character any where but in their own Houſes. There, indeed, they were not commonly acceſſible to their Gallants, having Apartments appropriated to themſelves.

Partly WARTON.

L. 89. What Time her Offerings fair ANAXO paid.

The *Athenian* Virgins were preſented to DIANA, before it was lawful for them to marry. On this Occaſion, they offered Baſkets full of little Curioſities to that Goddeſs, to gain Permiſſion to depart out of her Train, and change their State of Life. POTTER.

L. 97. I went—in CLEARISTA's Garments dreſt.

A good ſatyrical Stroke on the vulgar Vanity of thoſe Women 'who borrow Clothes to ſee the Show.'

Ut ſpectet ludos conducit Ogulnia veſtem.

CASAUBON.

L. 104. O Moon, his Boſom as thy ſilver Orb.

A Point of Beauty not very familiar to us, who dreſs ſo differently from the Antients.

Cervicem roſeam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, &c. WARTON.

L. 119. ——— like Thapſus, dead.

Θαψος—a *Scythian* Wood, of a boxen or golden Color: Some take it to be the *Indian* Guiacum. The Women who choſe to look pale, tinged their Cheeks with it.

HEINSIUS.

L. 140. Like Southern Damps, diſtilling from my Face!

Thus PETRONIUS:

Cum languidus Auſter
Non patitur glaciem reſolutâ vivere terrâ,
Gurgite ſic pleno facies manavit———

L. 142. ——What ſudden Tremors ſhook my Frame.

Very ſimilar to SAPPHO's Deſcription of the Effects of Love, in her Ode Εις την Ερωμενην, ſo finely tranſlated by PHILIPS.

L. 159. Thy Poplar Wreath with purple Ribbons dreſt.

Whenever a young Man was ſmitten with the Beauty of any Lady, (eſpecially a Courtezan) he wrote her Name in a Place appointed for the Purpoſe, with ſome Encomium

mium on her: Having thus acknowledged his Paſſion, he fixed on the Day following for a Feſtival, προς την αναδησιν, to crown her Head with a Wreath of Flowers and Ribbons. Thus in PLATO, ALCIBIADES, at a Feſtival, reſorts to AGATHO, with a Crown and Ribbons to adorn his Head. Lovers uſed alſo to decorate with Flowers the Doors of their Miſtreſſes. Hence the preſent Cuſtom of the *Greeks* to adorn the Doors of the Perſons they love, on the firſt of May, is derived. They ſing and walk before the Houſes of their fair Miſtreſſes, to draw them to their Windows; and ſuch were the Gallantries they practiſed in the Days of HORACE. The young Maidens dreſſed their Heads with natural Flowers, with which too they made themſelves Garlands; and the young Men, who wiſhed to be thought gallant, did the ſame.

See Sentimental Journey thro' GREECE by M. GUYS.

L. 170. And many a flaſhing Torch had turn'd thee pale.

Hic—hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppoſitis foribus minaces. HORACE.

It does not appear that the modern *Greeks* have preſerved this Part of the Ceremony.

L. 181. Full oft hath Love with wild Diſorder ſway'd
The roving Conſort, and the frenzied Maid!
Venom'd alike, the dark Contagion ſpreads
Thro' Virgin Chambers, or thro' bridal Beds.

Παρθενον εκ θαλαμοιο.

Θαλαμοι ſignifies the inner Chambers, appropriated to unmarried Ladies. The Rooms, where PRIAM's Daughters lived, were called Τεγεοι Θαλαμοι—the uppermoſt Rooms in the Houſe. The EUROPA of MOSCHUS is deſcribed in one of the upper Chambers of the Dome.

The Men and Women among the modern *Greeks* have ſeparate Apartments, called *Andronitis* and *Gynæconitis*. The latter, for the Security of the Women, is always in the interior Quarter of the Building. From ſuch Priſons the modern Ladies of TURKEY very frequently make their Eſcape, actuated by the ſame Frenzy, and the ſame roving Diſpoſition our Poet hath deſcribed. The Conſequences of this Paſſion, BARON DE TOTT hath ſtrikingly repreſented. 'It is impoſſible (ſays he) to conſider, without Horror, the diſmal Conſequences of the blind Paſſions to which the *Turkiſh* Women are ſometimes a Prey. I do not ſpeak here of thoſe Women who ſo frequently ſell their Charms, and whoſe mutilated dead Bodies I have often ſeen in the Environs of CONSTANTINOPLE; but of others, of a more exalted Rank, whom an irreſiſtible Fury overpowers, and who eſcape ſecretly from their Priſons. Theſe unfortunate Creatures always carry off with them their Jewels, and think nothing too good for their Lovers. Blinded by their unhappy Paſſion, they do not perceive that this very Wealth becomes the Cauſe of their Deſtruction. The Villains to whom they fly, never fail, at the End of a few Days, to puniſh their Temerity, and enſure the Poſſeſſion of their Effects, by a Crime which, however monſtrous, the Government is leaſt in haſte to puniſh. The Bodies of theſe miſerable Women, ſtripped and mangled, are frequently ſeen floating in the Port, under the very Windows of their Murderers; and theſe dreadful Examples, ſo likely to intimidate the reſt, and prevent ſuch Madneſs, neither terrify nor amend.'

L. 198. 'Of flowery Garlands many a gay Feſtoon'—

Here we ſee that it was uſual for Lovers to adorn their own Houſes alſo, with Flowers and Garlands in Honor of their Miſtreſſes.

Thus OVID:

Largis ſatiantur odoribus ignes
Sertaque dependent tectis.

And thus CATULLUS:

Mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
Linquendum ubi eſſet orto mihi ſole cubiculum.

L. 213. And, ye attendant Orbs, farewel—that light
With many a twinkling Ray, the Car of Night!

Ludite, jam nox jungit equos, currumque ſequuntur
Matris laſcivo ſidera fulva choro.

IDYLLIUM the THIRD.

L. 4. And TITYRUS, guide them to their wonted Rill.

VIRGIL hath tranſlated this Paſſage:

TITYRE, *dum redeo, brevis eſt via, paſce capellas;*
Et potum paſtas age, TITYRE; *& inter agendûm,*
Occurſare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

Hence Dr. MARTYN conjectures, that the *Mantuan* Bard was engaged in tranſlating the IDYLLIA of THEOCRITUS.

L. 11. —— Do my Looks offend?

Literally 'Beard and *flat Noſe.*'

L. 17. O were a little Bee's my happier Lot, &c.

Thus the Pſalmiſt: 'O that I had Wings like a Dove! then would I flee away, and be at Reſt!'

L. 19. —— Thro' its *Fern* and Ivy creep.

The antient Shepherds had a Notion that the Smell of Fern was offenſive to Serpents: Hence they made themſelves Beds of this Weed, for their greater Security. Neither Snakes or Adders, however, have at preſent any Antipathy to Fern; ſince they have been often obſerved lying in the midſt of it.

L. 27. Sweet ſmiling Nymph, whoſe *ebon Eye-brows* own.

The Fair-ones in THEOCRITUS are often characterized by the ſable Eye-brow, as the moſt diſtinguiſhing Feature of female Beauty. FAWKES hath tranſlated *κυανοφρυν black-eyed.*

L. 35. This Wreath of Ivy pale, and Parſley wove.

Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro.

The Antients attributed to Ivy and Parſley the Virtue of diſſipating the Fumes of Wine.

L. 38. A Wretch undone, I'll ruſh into the Wave, &c.

Thus SANNAZARIUS, Ecl. 2.

Jam ſaxo me me ex illo demittere in undas
Præcipitem jubet ipſe furor——

L. 39. Where, yonder, OLPIS, on the rocky Steep,
His Tunnies marks, reflected from the Deep:

In order to catch Tunnies, (which were very frequent on the Coaſts of SICILY) the Fiſhermen were uſed to place a Sort of Speculæ, on the higheſt Rocks that projected over the Sea, whence they might obſerve them in the Water. STRABO calls it Θυννοσκοπεια. And OPPIAN gives us a very particular Deſcription of it.

See WART. THEOCR. Vol. 2. P. 48.

For the Hiſtory of Tunnies, ſee PLINY—and ÆLIAN. Var. Hiſt. B. 9. C. 42. and B. 13. C. 16.

Of the Tunny-Fiſhery Mr. SWINBURNE gives the following Deſcription.

'The Nets are ſpread over a large Space of Sea, by Means of Cables faſtened to Anchors, and are divided into ſeveral Compartments. The Entrance is always directed, according to the Seaſon, towards that Part of the Sea, from which the Fiſh are known to come. A Man, placed upon the Summit of a Rock high above the Water, gives the Signal of the Fiſh being arrived; for he can diſcern from that Elevation what paſſes under the Waters, infinitely better than any Perſon nearer the Surface. As ſoon as Notice is given that the Shoal of Fiſh hath penetrated as far as the inner Compartment, or the Chamber of Death, the Paſſage is drawn cloſe, and the Slaughter begins.'

LYCIDAS, in the firſt Eclogue of SANNAZARIUS, appears to have been fiſhing for Tunnies.

Mirabar, vicina, Mycon, per littora, nuper,
Dum vagor, expectoque leves per pabula Thynnos——

The above deſcriptive Paſſage of our Poet VIRGIL hath thus imitated:

Præceps aërii ſpeculâ de montis, in undas
Deferar.

This, (among many other Inſtances of VIRGIL's Copies) is very inferior to its Archetype. It is general, indeterminate Imagery. Our *Sicilian*, like a true Original as he is, always preſents us with *real* Places and Cuſtoms. The Tranſlator here takes an Opportunity of remarking, that he hath ſeldom noticed the *Virgilian* Copies from THEOCRITUS, merely with a View of pointing out the Imitation. Every School-boy, in his Peruſal of our Author, recalls thoſe imitative Paſſages to Memory. Mr. MARTYN might have ſpared himſelf the Pains of collecting them; and Mr. FAWKES, of tranſcribing the Collection. It has been intimated, that the latter ſhould have acknowledged his Obligation to MARTYN, in this Reſpect, inſtead of having preſented to his Readers the Imitations of VIRGIL, as adduced by his own Diligence or Sagacity. The Obligation, however, if any, was ſcarce worth Acknowledgement.

L. 43. Soon by the withering Orpine-Leaf, I found
Some Change: Struck hollow, yet it gave no Sound.

Τηλεφιλον is probably Orpine, a low Plant, whoſe Branches trail on the Ground: The Leaves are ſmall, roundiſh, and of a glaucous Color; the Flowers ſmall, and of a whitiſh Green. MARTYN.

Cool Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balm, and cheerful Galingale——

ſings our Poet SPENSER.

L. 46. Mutter'd

L. 46. Mutter'd the wrinkled Hag.

This wrinkled *Agræo* ſeems to be as true a Gypſey, as ever muttered a Fortune-Tale in the New-Foreſt—For an admirable Painting of a Gypſey, (by the Way) ſee COWPER's "*Taſk.*" Is it not ſomewhat ſurprizing, that, amidſt the numberleſs Fluctuations of Cuſtoms and Faſhions, the ſame Notions of Love-Omens and Fortune-telling ſhould have obtained in almoſt all Countries and Ages of the World?—What is founded in Truth and the Nature of Things may well be immutable: But that the Chimeras of Fancy ſhould aſſume *ſimilar Forms* among every People, however remote their Situation—however diſſimilar their Manners and Uſages, is a Circumſtance worthy the Attention of the Philoſopher. The *Exiſtence* indeed of Witchcraft in all Nations is eaſily reſolvable into the dark Uncertainty yet ardent Curioſity of Man, in reſpect to future Events; attended with an alarming Conſciouſneſs of his own Imbecillity, and Dependence on the Will of ſome ſuperior Intelligence.

L. 46. ——— and turn'd her Sieve.

This Species of Divination was called Κοσκινομαντεια.

L. 53. My Right Eye itches!

'The Palpitation of the Right Eye (ſays POTTER) was reckoned a lucky Omen:' This, and many other Omens or Signs mentioned in THEOCRITUS, ſuch as a Pimple on the Noſe or Tongue indicating a Falſehood, &c. are well known to every old Woman in our Villages.

L. 58. — For, ſure, ſhe is not Adamant!

Yet he had before ſaid that ſhe was all Stone. So fluctuating are the Feelings and Sentiments of Lovers. We meet with a like Apoſtrophe in TIBULLUS:

Flebis: non tua ſunt duro præcordia ferro,
Vincta; nec in tenero ſtat tibi corde ſilex.

WARTON.

L. 63. From OTHRYS' Top the Seer MELAMPUS drove
His Herds, to *Pylian* Plains, impell'd by Love.

OTHRYS was a Mountain in THESSALY—which Country was much celebrated, in antient Times, for an extraordinary Breed of Oxen. Hence NELEUS, King of PYLUS, refuſed to give his Daughter in Marriage to MELAMPUS, King of TYRIUS, unleſs he procured him ſome of them—which he ſoon after accompliſhed by the Help of his Brother BIAS.

Univ. Hiſt. Vol. 6, P. 215, 8vo.

L. 73. Such high Tranſports bleſt JASION knew.

JASION was the Son of JUPITER and ELECTRA. THEOCRITUS here alludes to his Connection with CERES.

HOMER is more explicit:

Scarce could JASION *taſte her heavenly Charms,*
But JOVE's *ſwift Lightning ſcorch'd him in her Arms.* Odyſſ. B. 5.

HESIOD informs us, in his Theogony, that PLUTUS, the God of Riches, was the Offſpring of this unlawful Amour.

IDYLLIUM the FOURTH.

THE Characters of this IDYLLIUM are Hirelings—the Slaves of Shepherds—the loweſt Perſons in low Life—whoſe Converſation conſiſts in Abuſe and Ribaldry.

WARTON.

L. 3. By Stealth thou milk'ſt them, I ſuppoſe, at Eve?

A peculiar Species of Theft among the antient Ruſtics. The Delinquents were ſtiled Αμολγοι.

L. 16. —— While, in his Hand a Spade he bore.

A Spade was the Badge of a Wreſtler.

L. 17. What cannot MILO? Sure, he can perſuade
Ev'n Wolves to Madneſs!—

It being contrary to the Nature of Wolves (ſays the Scholiaſt) to run mad.

L. 20. His Heifers crop no more the tender Blade!

There is a Paſſage in the third IDYLLIUM of MOSCHUS much reſembling the above.—Theſe Verſes from VIDA's 11th Eclogue, are in the ſame Strain.

Illâ luce ut oves fluvios, et pabula læta
Fugere, et ſaturis ipſi præſepibus ultro
Abſtinuere boves clauſi fœnilibus, et vos
Tardius ah! miſeræ! rediiſtis monte capellæ.

Though the Tranſlator could never reliſh this Species of paſtoral Simplicity, (as the Critics term it) he willingly allows, that the *Poetica Licentia* will ſometimes admit of ſuch Deſcriptions, if not overcharged; eſpecially

especially as the Historian SUETONIUS hath very gravely told us, that, at the Death of JULIUS CÆSAR, the Horses he had consecrated when he passed the RUBICON, were observed to abstain from their Food, and shed Abundance of Tears into the Bargain.

L. 27. And feeds on Bundles of our fragrant Hay.

Victumque feres et virgea lætus
Pabula, nec totâ claudes fœnilia brumâ.
VIRGIL.

L. 36. The Marsh, the Groves that hide NÆTHUS' Floods.

SWINBURNE, speaking of the *Marshes* in these Parts, says that they are very proper for the breeding of the Buffalo—a Species of Cattle, which are of a heavy yet laborious Disposition, and delight in Marshes. During the broiling Heats of Summer they lay themselves down in the Water, and leaving only the End of their Noses above the Surface, defy the Assaults of the Myriads of Insects that swarm in these low Grounds.

The Air is unwholesome on the Banks of of the NIETO (antiently NÆTHUS), which divides the two CALABRIAS; but the Herbage must be incomparable, if a Judgment may be formed from the Delicacy and Sweetness of the Milk and Cream Cheeses, for which this Canton is renowned. SWINBURNE.

L. 37. Yes! and to Hell, too, will thy Cattle go—

Here neither the Commentators or Translators of THEOCRITUS seem to have noticed the peculiar Propriety and Beauty of the Original; in which CORYDON describing the different Places, whither the Cattle were driven for Pasture, says: 'They go sometimes to this Place—sometimes to that.' BATTUS replies: 'And they will go εἰς Ἅιδαν.'

L. 45. I chaunt sweet GLAUCA's Songs, and PYRRHUS' Lays;

GLAUCA was a Lutanist of CHIOS—PYRRHUS, a *Lesbian* Poet.

L. 46. Salubrious CROTON and ZACYNTHUS praise!

'COTRONE hath succeeded to the *Greek* City of CROTON; but does not cover the same Extent of Ground. In Summer, this Climate is said to be unhealthy; a Misfortune that cannot proceed from local Causes; for the Salubrity of CROTON was famous to a Proverb among the Antients. The ESARO (antiently ÆSARUS) which flowed through the very Centre of the old Town, now runs in a shallow stony Bed, at a considerable Distance North of the Gates. Of the antient CROTON, HERCULES was the supposed Founder. There is no Doubt but it was occupied by Navigators from ACHAIA. Here PYTHAGORAS, after his long Travels in Search of Knowledge, fixed his Residence. Under the Influence of his Philosophy, the *Crotoniates* inured their Bodies to Hardships, and their Minds to Self Denial, and Patriotism. In one Olympiad seven of the Victors in the Games, were Citizens of CROTON. Its Physicians were in high Repute. ALCMEON was the first who dared to amputate a Limb, in order to save the Life of a Patient—and the first who inculcated moral Precepts, under the Form of Apologues, though this Invention is more commonly attributed to ÆSOP. DEMOCIDES, its other celebrated Physician, was so singularly attached to his native Soil, that, tho' caressed and enriched by the King of PERSIA, whose Queen he had snatched from the Jaws of Death, he abandoned Wealth and Honors, and by Stratagem escaped to the humble Comforts of a private Life at CROTON. The Victory of the *Crotoniates* over the *Sybarites*, proved fatal to the Conquerors; whose rigid Practices of Virtue were soon relaxed by the Corruption of Riches and their pernicious Attendants. Not long after this took Place, the *Locrians* defeated them on the Banks of the SAGRA. They suffered much in the War with PYRRHUS; and by repeated Misfortunes, decreased in Strength and Numbers, from Age to Age, down to that of HANNIBAL, when they could not muster 20,000 Inhabitants. CROTON was taken by the *Carthaginians*. The *Romans* sent a Colony thither, 200 Years before Christ. In the *Gothic* War this City rendered itself conspicuous by its Fidelity to JUSTINIAN.
SWINBURNE.

L. 47. LACINIUM's Eastern Site.

LACINIUM is a Promontory not far from CROTON, known in modern Geography by the Name of CAPE DELLE COLONNE, which, with the Promontory of SALENTUM or ST. MARIA DI LEUCA, forms the Mouth of the *Tarentine* Gulf, seventy Miles wide. The Land

Land is very high—Rocks, coarſe Granite and Breccia. On a Point impending over the Waves are ſome ſcattered Stones, and a few regular Courſes of Building, ſaid to be the Ruins of the School of PYTHAGORAS, and of the Temple of JUNO LACINIA.

L. 49. Our ÆGON, (who devour'd, alone, that Day,
Full four-ſcore Cakes)

ATHENÆUS, PHILOSTRATUS, ÆLIAN, and other antient Writers, tell wonderful Stories of the Appetite and Strength of theſe athletic Exhibitors. In this IDYLLIUM ÆGON hath his twenty Sheep—and is here ſaid to have devoured four-ſcore Cakes: HERCULES could eat a Bullock at a Meal, Bones and all—Nor was MILO over-matched by him in the Merit of Voraciouſneſs.

WARTON

'Thoſe who prepared themſelves for Boxing uſed all the Means they could contrive to render themſelves fat and fleſhy, ſo that they might be better able to endure Blows. Hence corpulent Men or Women were uſually called *pugiles*, according to TERENCE—

Siqua eſt habitior paulo, pugilem eſſe aiunt.'

So far POTTER; whoſe Obſervations throw conſiderable Light on the Subject; and are more to the Purpoſe than a hundred Examples of exaggerated Gluttony. It is by no Means probable, that theſe Feats of Cramming ordinarily preceded the Days of public Conteſt. The Competitors in the Race, and the Wreſtling-Match (whatever might be the Caſe in Boxing) had acted more prudently in living abſtemiouſly, by Way of Preparation. 'Every Man that ſtriveth for the Maſtery, is temperate in all Things.' And it may here be remarked, that our ÆGON's twenty Sheep were intended for his Proviſion during his Stay at ELIS; and perhaps for Sacrifice and the Entertainment of his Friends. And if, as CASAUBON tells us, thoſe who meant to be Competitors at the *Olympic* Games, were expected to attend at leaſt thirty Days before their Commencement, in order to be duly trained up and prepared for exhibiting, the Combatants (the Games themſelves laſting nearly a Week) muſt have remained above five and thirty Days at ELIS.

IDYLLIUM the FIFTH.

L. 1. Fly, fly, my Goats, that wicked *Sybarite*, &c.

A Few Extracts from Mr. SWINBURNE's Travels may pleaſingly enough illuſtrate the *Italian* Scene of the IDYLLIUM before us. 'After Dinner (ſays Mr. S.) we croſſed the River SYBARIS, (near the COSSILE) and entered the Peninſula formed by that River and the CRATHIS, where a few degraded Fragments of Aqueducts and Tombs indicated the Spot on which ſtood the City of SYBARIS, noted to a Proverb in antient Hiſtory for the Luxury and Effeminacy of its Inhabitants. Attention to the Management of theſe two large Streams enſured Fertility to the Lands, and deep ſafe Channels for trading Fleets. Many Ages, alas! have now revolved, ſince Man inhabited theſe Plains, in ſufficient Numbers to ſecure Salubrity. The Rivers have long rolled lawleſs and unreſtrained, over theſe low deſolate Fields, leaving, as they ſhrink back to their Beds, black Pools and ſtinking Swamps to poiſon the whole Region, and drive Mankind ſtill farther from its antient Poſſeſſions. Nothing in reality remains of SYBARIS, which once gave Law to four Nations, reckoned twenty-five Cities among its Subjects, and could muſter three hundred thouſand fighting Men. Nothing remains of a City whoſe Walls incloſed a Space of ſix Miles and a half, and whoſe Suburbs extended near ſeven Miles along the CRATHIS. Seventy Days, ſays STRABO, were ſufficient to deſtroy all the Grandeur and Proſperity of SYBARIS. Five hundred and ſeventy-two Years before the Chriſtian Æra, the *Crotoniates* under their famous MILO, defeated the *Sybarites* in a pitched Battle; and broke down the Dams that kept out the CRATHIS; which ruſhing into the Town, ſwept away every Building of Uſe and Ornament. The Inhabitants were maſſacred without Mercy; and the few that eſcaped the Slaughter, and attempted to reſtore the City, were cut to Pieces by a Colony of *Athenians*, who afterwards removed to ſome Diſtance, and founded THURIUM. After the Deſtruction of SYBARIS, THURIUM became a conſiderable State under the Diſcipline of CHARONDAS.'

It appears, that, in the Time of THEOCRITUS, (long after the Deſtruction of the old *Sybaritic* Republic by the *Crotoniates*) the

Rivers CRATHIS and SYBARIS were ſalubrious Waters, rolling amidſt the richeſt Paſtures. If the Authority of THEOCRITUS be admitted, the Antients by no means deemed it imprudent to let their Cattle drink at the SYBARIS, from a Perſuaſion (as Mr. SWINBURNE ſays) that the Water was apt to excite dangerous Sneezings and Convulſions, being ſtrongly impregnated with mephitic Gas. COMATES promiſes to waſh his Goats in this Stream; unleſs indeed the Diſtinction be material between the Fountain SYBARITIS and the River SYBARIS. For an Account of the *Sybarites*, ſee ÆLIAN, B. 16, C. 23, with other Places, indeed, of his Miſcellaneous Hiſtory.

L. 15. ——For then thy envious Eyes
Glanc'd Theft; and, now, thy Hands have ſtol'n the Prize!

Ετανιν βασκαινων is ſtrongly expreſſive of an envious Eye that kills, as it were, with its Glances. The Tranſlator had at firſt rendered it

——— *for then with Envy ſwoln*
Thy Eyes glanc'd Theft; and now thy Hands have ſtol'n.

Lord Verulam attributes very powerful Effects to an Envious Eye. Indeed there are few People who have not experienced a certain Power of Faſcination in the Eye, whether affected by Envy or any other of the Paſſions. Who hath not felt the Influence of an angry, a diſdainful, a laſcivious, an intreating Eye?

Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.
VIRGIL.

Of this faſcinating Quality in Animals we are acquainted with various Inſtances, in Natural Hiſtory.

L. 10. Or into CRATHIS' Streams.

See ÆLIAN's ſtrange Fable concerning the Goatherd CRATHIS, from whom the River (he ſays) derived its Name. B. 6. C. 42.

L. 25. 'Nought's ſacred!'

A Proverb, that ſeems to have taken its Riſe from the following Circumſtance:—HERCULES, on his Arrival at DIOS, a City of *Macedonia*, ſaw ſeveral People coming out of a Temple: Being himſelf deſirous to enter and worſhip, he enquired to whom it belonged? He was informed that it was dedicated to ADONIS. On which he exclaimed ουδεν υγον—*nothing is ſacred*—intimating, that, as ADONIS was no Deity, he did not think him deſerving of any Honour or Worſhip; and that Things which made a Show of ſomething great and ſacred, are often, in reality, ridiculous Trifles. POTTER.

L. 27. 'MINERVA's Sow!'

An Adage uſed, when the unlettered put themſelves in Competition with the learned.

L. 37. ——— Beneath the friendly Shade
Of this wild Olive-Tree, that ſkirts the Glade.

Here our ruſtic Wights, COMATES and LACON, may be deſcribing, perhaps, the very Spot, of which Mr. SWINBURNE ſpeaks in the following pictoreſque Terms: 'For the next three Miles our Evening Ride was up a moſt beautiful ſloping Hill, thickly planted with Orange, Lemon, Citron, Olive, Almond, and other Fruit-Trees, which, by their contraſted Shades of Green, and the Variety of their Size and Shape, compoſed one of the richeſt Proſpects I ever beheld, even in ITALY—that Country of enchanting Landſkape. I was enraptured with the beautiful Scene, and almoſt intoxicated with Perfumes.'

L. 60. Softer than Sleep.

We have the ſame Expreſſion Μαλακωτερος υπνω in the fifteenth IDYLLIUM; and in VIRGIL—*Somno mollior herba.*

Thus too ANTIPATER:

Η ταχιραις λευσσοντα κοραις μαλακωλερον υπνω,

to which that well-known Line of POPE is ſurprizingly ſimilar,

The ſleepy Eye, that told the melting Soul.
WARTON.

L. 66. —— the Horn'd Poppy's tender Flower.

Γλαχων is thought to mean the Horned Poppy.

L. 70. In eight Straw-Hives ſhall Combs of Honey ſwim.

A Critic on WARTON obſerves, that theſe *Mellis Scaphæ*, or *Scaphides*, are no other than Straw-hives. 'It is remarkable (he continues) that in the North of England any Veſſel made in the ſame Form, and of the ſame Materials, is called a Skep, apparently from the Word *Scapha*. The Βυσσηνομας, in the ſame IDYLLIUM, ſeems to be the Parent of

of another Provincial Word, which ſignifies to be clamorous.' *Boiſterous* (if ſuch the Critic mean) is not provincial.

L. 93. Let but thy Umpire reach alive the Town.

Thus PLAUTUS:

Sinite abeam, ſi poſſum, viva à vobis.

L. 97. A goodly Ram I fatten for the Feaſt.

A Feſtival obſerved by the *Greeks*, in Honor of APOLLO, ſurnamed CARNEUS, from CARNUS, an *Acarnanian*, who was inſtructed by this God in the Art of Divination, but afterwards murdered by the *Dorians*. APOLLO ſent them in Vengeance a dreadful Plague, to avert which they inſtituted this Feſtival.

POTTER.

L. 102. Oft CLEARISTA pelts with Apples criſp.

Malo me GALATEA *petit, laſciva puella,*
Sed fugit ad ſalices, et ſe cupit ante videri.

L. 110. I have a gentle Ring-dove for my Fair.

Parta meæ Veneri ſunt munera; namque notavi
Ipſe locum, aeriæ quo congreſſere palumbes.

VIRGIL.

And SHENSTONE, improving on both Paſſages:

I have found out a Gift for my Fair,
I have found where the Wood-Pigeons breed;
But let me that Plunder forbear—
She will ſay, 'twas a barbarous Deed.

L. 113. A vi'let-coloured Fleece.

Πολλαν ſignifies violet-coloured. WARTON.

L. 147. She kiſt not for my Dove, or preſt my Ears.

A particular Sort of Kiſs which SUIDAS calls, Χυλρον, the Pot—becauſe the Perſon kiſſed was taken, like a Pot, by both his Ears.

——— Gnatuſque parenti
Oſcula comprenſis auribus eripiet.

TIBULLUS.

This Method of Salutation ſtill obtains among the modern *Greeks*, who ſalute each other, by kiſſing the Eyes, while they mutually take hold of each others Ears. Mr. WARTON would change Καθελοις into Καθελοντ', and read: 'I do not love ALCIPPE, becauſe ſhe did not kiſs me, when I took her by the Ears, and gave her a Pidgeon.' Surely the common Reading is the moſt obvious and natural!

L. 169. Or, like MELANTHIUS, may my Limbs be torn.

—One of the Suitors of PENELOPE. See HOMER's *Odyſſ.* But we are not to ſuppoſe that COMATES had read HOMER. The Circumſtance to which he alludes was traditionary.

IDYLLIUM the SIXTH.

L. 1. Late, Herdſman DAPHNIS, and DAMÆTAS fed
Their Herds, ARATUS.

ARATUS, Author of an Aſtronomical Poem, entitled *Phænomena*—the Poet, whom St. PAUL quotes, in the Acts of the APOSTLES.

L. 11. He, on the lucid Wave, his Form ſurveys;
And, on the Beach, his dancing Shadow bays!

REISKE ſeems ſo fond of Emendation, that even the moſt unexceptionable Paſſages are, frequently, the Subjects of his conjectural Criticiſm. He would change, in this Place, φαινει into ραινει, and make the Waters ſprinkle the Sheep-dog, inſtead of reflecting his Image. His Conjectures are often ingenious—but ſeldom probable. Mr. WARTON hath here, too, committed a Miſtake; ſuch as muſt be obvious to every Reader whoſe Head hath not been previouſly clouded with Commentaries. He miſtakes the Dog for the Nymph GALATEA. The Shepherd's Dog runs along the Shore barking at his own Shadow: GALATEA is yet in the Water. It is wonderful that a Perſon of Mr. WARTON's Taſte and Erudition, ſhould have miſunderſtood ſo clear a Paſſage.—But *Humanum eſt errare.* And, *Opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.* If an Error of Mr. WARTON, then, (after ten Years Labor) be excuſable, on this Ground, ought not many Imperfections to be, candidly, overlooked in the *Tranſlator?*

L. 16. Light as the Down that floats upon the Breeze.

Light as Thiſtle-down moving, that floats in the Air,
Sweet Gratitude's Debt to this Cottage I bear.

Song in ROSINA.

L. 21. "The King's in Check!"

The Original, alluſive, probably, to the Game of Cheſs, appears to be a proverbial Saying,

Saying, expreſſing a falſe Step; or a Situation not warranted by the Rules of Prudence or Propriety. 'She moves her King (Λιβω) from his proper Place, or from the Line (απο γραμμας) into Check,' contrary to the Rules of Cheſs. In other Words, 'GALATEA, blinded by Paſſion, flies her Lover, and follows her Scorner'—a falſe Move, in the Game of Love. VIDA thus deſcribes the Situation of the King, in the Game of Cheſs.

Non illi ſtudium feriendi, aut arma ciendi:
Sed tegere eſt ſatis, atque inſtantia fata cavere.
Haud tamen obtulerit ſe quiſquam impune propinquum
Obvius; ex omni nam ſummum parte nocendi
Jus habet; ille quidem haud procurrere longius auſit, &c.

Thus tranſlated by an anonymous Writer (whoſe Tranſlation is in general faithful enough to the Original; but ſhamefully inaccurate, in regard to Rhymes).

'Tis not for him to join the warring Hoſt;
Enough in Safety to preſerve his Poſt;
Yet ſhould ſome venturous Chief an Inſult dare,
He feels quick Vengeance from the Monarch's Spear.
With ſilent Pace he ſteals his eaſy Way,
Nor dares at Diſtance from his Line to ſtray.

The above Explanation of the difficult Paſſage before us, by no Means agrees with that of the Scholiaſt, or indeed any of the Commentators. They think the Paſſage alludes to what the Antients called Ζατρικιον, or *Scacchia*, anſwering to our Cheſs; but, in their Comments, betray a total Ignorance of the Game.

L. 25. By this one Eye, this precious Eye I ſaw—

Here, POLYPHEME ſwears by his 'dear Eye'—a common Oath, (obſerves TOUR) among the Antients. MEGARA, in the fourth IDYLLIUM of MOSCHUS, ſays, that 'HERCULES was dear to her, as her Eyes.' In TERENCE, ÆSCHINES tells MITIO:

Dii, me pater
Omnes oderint, ni magi' te, quam oculos nunc amo meos.

L. 44. On the ſmooth Ocean late my Face I view'd.

VIRGIL and OVID have imitated this Paſſage. The former hath made his little Landman view himſelf in the Sea; and the latter hath given POLYPHEME a lucid Stream for a Looking-Glaſs. Were VIRGIL to take OVID's Water, and OVID VIRGIL's Sea, all would be well.

See HURD on the Marks of Imitation.

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTH.

THE IDYLLIUM before us is entitled Θαλυσια, η Εαρινη Οδοιπορια—commonly tranſlated THALYSIA, or the *Vernal Journey*; though the THALYSIA were celebrated in Autumn. But Οδοιπορια ſignifies a Navigation or Voyage. This Poem, therefore, may be ſtiled the VERNAL VOYAGE of AGRANAX.

HEINSIUS.

L. 5. There LYCOPS' Sons their harveſt Offering paid.

In the *Grecian* Villages, and among the BULGARIANS, they ſtill obſerve the Feaſt of CERES. When Harveſt is almoſt ripe, they go dancing to the Sound of the Lyre, and viſit the Fields, whence they return with their Heads ornamented with Wheat-Ears, interwoven with the Hair.

See M. GUYS.

L. 7. Great LYCOPS' generous Sons, if any Good
How down, tranſmitted with illuſtrious Blood.

"If that Turn of Imagination—thoſe Infirmities of Intellect, which mark Inſanity or Delirium or Folly, are ſo often confeſſed to be hereditary, ſhall we not allow to all the Endowments and Talents of the Mind, the ſame Prerogative? The great Qualities of the laſt *Athenian* King flouriſhed in the ARCHONS for above 300 Years. The INCAS of PERU, during a far longer Period, were eminent for every princely Virtue. The Daughter of SCIPIO was Mother of the GRACCHI. The Heroiſm of the younger BRUTUS was the Heroiſm of his remote Progenitor. The Houſes of the MESSALÆ, the PUBLICOLÆ and VALERII were illuſtrious for 600 Years. The DECII, retaining, equally long, their primæval Character, attempted the Revival of *Roman* Virtue, in the Decline of the Empire." See DUNBAR on Hereditary Genius.

L. 9. From CLYTIA's and from CHALCON's Line they came.

CLYTIA was the Daughter of MEROPS, Wife of EURIPYLUS, King of Cos, and Mother of CHALCON. See HOM. Il. B. 1.

L. 11. From

L. 11. From whoſe ſtrong Knee impreſt upon the Rock.

Moses ſmote the Rock in Horeb, and the Waters guſhed out—an Incident which our Poet might have had an Eye to, in this Place.

L. 29. Where, where, my Friend Simichidas ſo faſt—

Theocritus in his Poem called *Syrinx*, claims to himſelf this Appellation of Simichidas, Παρις ἡετο Σιμιχιδας, &c. Paris and Theocritus are the ſame—for Paris, as Judge of the Beauty of the three Goddeſſes, was Theocritus, Θεων Κριτης: Thus Paris, metaleptically, is taken for Theocritus.

Heinsius.

L. 31. While ſleeping in each Hedge the Lizard lies.

The green Lizard is frequent in Italy, larger than our common *Eft* or *Swift*. At the ſame Time of the Day Virgil tells us

——*Virides etiam occultant ſpineta lacertos.*

L. 35. Struck by thy hurrying Clogs the Pebbles leap.

Αρβυλισιδισσιν—Αρβυλις was a Kind of wooden Shoe, armed with iron Nails. It was uſed to tread the Grapes in the Wine-Preſs.

L. 43. To bleſs the fair-veil'd Goddeſs.

Mr. Hole in his Notes to his very elegant Tranſlation of Homer's Hymn to Ceres, remarks, 'that Ceres was ſaid to have worn a *black* Veil by the *Grecian* Poets, either as a Sign of Sorrow for the Loſs of Proserpine, or to conceal her Grief from Obſervation.' But it was uſed as an ornamental Part of Dreſs, richly-embroidered and tranſparent, in very early Ages. Homer deſcribes, in his Iliad, a beautiful one offered by the *Trojan* Matrons, at the Altar of Minerva. And Penelope's is thus deſcribed in Pope's Odyſſey.

A Veil tranſlucent o'er her Brow diſplay'd
Her Beauty ſeems, and only ſeems to ſhade.

We find Rebecca makes uſe of one, on being informed, that Isaac was approaching to meet her. When Judah meets Thamar, ſhe is deſcribed as *covering* herſelf with a Veil. This Phraſe is rather remarkable, as Judah, on that Account, poſſibly, ſuppoſed her to be a Courtezan; and it is ſaid, that Slaves formerly, in Greece, wore larger Veils than other People. Euripides makes Andromache complain, in his Play of that Name: 'I was conducted from my Huſband's Bed to the Strand, my Face covered with the Veil of a Captive. It is well-known that the Veil of female Slaves in the Levant, at preſent, covers the whole Body; and that the *Greeks* have been more tenacious of their old Cuſtoms, than moſt other Nations.' The Uſe of the Veil (ſays M. Guys) is very old. The Veil of the *Grecian* Ladies of modern Times is Muſlin fringed with Gold; and, (as formerly) that of the Miſtreſs and the Maid, the Free-Woman and the Slave, are all different.

L. 52. Philetas or Sicelidas, in vain!

Both theſe Names occur in Moschus's third Idyllium. Sicelidas (or Asclepiades) was a *Samian* Poet—Philetas was of Cos.

L. 62. The Muſe-Cocks who the *Chian* Bird defy.

In this Manner, Horace ſtiles Varius the Cock of the *Mæonian* Song:

Scriberis Vario *fortis, et hoſtium*
Victor Mæonii carminis alite.

L. 66. The Strains I lately labour'd, on the Hill.

Whether the common Reading ought to be retained—εν ορεϊ—on a Mountain, or that of Heinsius and others—εν ϝεαρι—in the Spring, be preferable, is a Queſtion on which Pages of verbal Criticiſm might ſtill be waſted, as they have already been. After all the learned Argumentations of Heinsius, Mr. Warton hath more ſatisfactorily ſupported the common Reading. See Vol. 2, P. 87.

L. 81. Then, at my Hearth, the *Ptelean* Bowl he quaff'd.

The Antients held three Things requiſite towards indulging their Genius—ſays Heinsius—a good Fire, Wine, and Muſic. The Genius of the Moderns is not very averſe to the ſame Species of Indulgence.

L. 83. Then, as my Elbow high, my Couch ſhall ſwell.

Thus too Anacreon, Ode 4, quaffs the roſy Wine, reclining on odoriferous Herbs and Leaves and Flowers.

L. 98. Priſon'd in his ample Cheſt.

Κηρον according to Palmerius, not Καδον.

L. 121. On me the CUPIDS ſneez'd.

Sneezing was, ſometimes, accounted a lucky Omen, as in this Place, and a ſimilar Paſſage in the eighteenth IDYLLIUM. CASAUBON remarks, that the Antients thought it a Symptom of ſome Infirmity. Hence, after Sneezing, a ſhort Prayer was uſually put up to the Gods, ſuch as Ζευ Ζωζε, JUPITER ſave me. See Anthologia.

STRADA wrote a Treatiſe on Sneezing, where he tells us, that the Cuſtom of ſaluting thoſe who ſneeze is a Relick of Paganiſm. The Origin of this Cuſtom has been generally thought of a later Date—being referred by ſome, to that dreadful Æra in the Records of Mortality, when Sneezing was an epidemic Diſeaſe, accompanied by Death.

L. 133. But if thou ſmile not on thy Lover's Cauſe,
Be ſtung by Nettles—torn by Harpy-Claws.

See a ſimilar Threat in the 10th Ode of ANACREON. The *Arcadians*, if they miſſed their Prey in Hunting, uſed to beat the Statue of Pan (the reputed Preſident of that Sport) with Squills or Sea-Onions.

POTTER.

Thus the *Indians*, when any Calamity befalls them, chaſtiſe their Idols with Scourges.

L. 142. The yellow-hair'd DIONE's ſweet Receſs.

—ΕΔΟΣ, anſwerable to the *Engliſh* Word CATHEDRAL. WARTON.

L. 161. There, in kind Courteſy, our Hoſt had ſpread
Of Vine and Lentiſk the refreſhing Bed.

The ſame Uſage ſtill prevails in the LEVANT—as, indeed, in all the Eaſtern Nations. See Arabian Nights Entertainments, Vol. 4.

L. 171. The yellow Bees humm'd ſweetly in the Shade,
And round the Fountain's flowery Margin play'd.

—Near, let Fountains ſpring, and Rivulets paſs,
Meandering thro' the Tufts of Moſs and Graſs;
Let Caſſia green and Thyme ſhed Sweetneſs round,
Savory, and ſtrongly-ſcented Mint abound,
Herbs that the ambient Air with Fragrance fill,
While Beds of Vi'lets drink the freſh'ning Rill.

Such is the Station allotted to Bees (by the *Mantuan* Bard, in the Language of his juſtly admired Tranſlator WARTON) or, (as the *Tranſlator* hath paraphraſed EURIPIDES)

——— the Mead o'erſpread
With living Tints, where ne'er the ruſtic Swain
Preſum'd his Flocks to paſture, or the Scythe
Its Splendor glanc'd thro' Morning's roſy Dews;
But where the vernal Bee o'er Sweets unſhorn
Wanders on airy Wing, and ſucks the Flowers
That lowe the limpid Rill.

See HIPPOL. L. 73.

L. 180. The generous Juice, in PHOLUS' ſtony Cave?

The Cave of CHIRON and his Hoſpitality are deſcribed, at large, in the Argonaut. of ORPHEUS, Line 375 and 400, &c.

See JUVENAL, alluding, perhaps, to this Paſſage in our Poet.

——— Urnæ cratera capacem
Et dignum ſitiente Pholo.

And LUCAN:

Hoſpes et Alcidæ magni Pholo.

CHIRON was the Son of SATURN, according to OVID; though SUIDAS mentions him, with the other Centaurs, as the Offspring of IXION: He was the Father of ACHILLES. By him ÆSCULAPIUS was inſtructed in Phyſic, APOLLO in Muſic, and HERCULES in Aſtronomy.

IDYLLIUM the EIGHTH.

THE chief Beauty of the eighth IDYLL. (ſays WARTON) conſiſts in the Diverſity of Character between the Neatherd and the Shepherd. DAPHNIS feeds Oxen, and MENALCAS Sheep; and the Alluſions of both, reſpect their proper Buſineſs. The one never invades the other's Province.

L. 1. Once, DIOPHANTUS, up the breezy Grove.

The *Greek* runs Μαλα νεμων (ως φαττι) —certainly a Corruption. PIERSON hath probably reſtored the true Reading—Μαλα νεμων ΔΙΟΦΑΝΤΕ—DIOPHANTUS was a Friend of THEOCRITUS, addreſſed in the twenty-firſt IDYLLIUM. To the ſame Perſon the preſent IDYLLIUM was probably inſcribed. Perhaps PIERSON (notwithſtanding the Plauſibility of a late Conjecture) is equally right in reading Χρυσεον παλαιτα, in the ſame IDYLLIUM. Dr. JORTIN, indeed, would read Χρυσεια, the Adjective from Χρυσος. The *Ionic* Dialect he obſerves (Χρυσεον) is not often uſed in a *Doric* Song.

It is certain that the Librarians often obliterated proper Names, without the leaſt Shadow

Shadow of Authority—An Argument in Favor of the above Reading; where the Senſe is much improved.

L. 8. Their flamy Locks.

Αμφω των' ητην πυρροτριχω—COLLINS hath been applauded for his fine original compound Epithet FIERY-TRESSED—

Whether the FIERY-TRESSED Dane
Or Roman's *ſelf o'erturn'd the Fane*, &c.

Hath it ever been obſerved, that the *Greek* compound Epithet πυρροτριχος preciſely and literally correſponds with it?

L. 102. Her arched Eye-brows join'd.

TIBULLUS hath, alſo, celebrated the continuous Eye-brow. It is certain that the Ideas of Beauty are, in a great Meaſure, national; though not in ſuch a Degree as ſome Writers have intimated. The Tranſlator does not recollect the Place where it is aſſerted (though he is confident an Author of Diſtinction has ſaid it) that the Noſe of the VENUS DE MEDICIS (falling in a ſtrait Line from the Forehead) would be eſteemed, among us, a Deformity. But is not the *Grecian* Noſe of ANGELICA KAUFFMAN extremely beautiful, in the Opinion of *Engliſhmen*? Yet a very ſtrong Repreſentation of the continuous Eye-brow would by no Means ſuit our Taſte, though we univerſally laugh at the abſurd Notions of the TALAPOINS of SIAM, who ſhave their Children's Eye-brows entirely bare. The large arched Eye-brows of THEOCRITUS, joining over the Noſe, are much admired, to this Day, by the *Perſians*. ANACREON, in his twenty-eighth Ode, delineates the Eye-brow, with a Delicacy of Pencil that is exquiſite. The ſable Eye-brows of his Miſtreſs are finely-arched; and the Space that lies between their meeting Shade, is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. Painters attribute a Variety of paſſionate Expreſſion to the Eye-brow. Agreeably to this Idea, it is obſerved in "the Engliſh Orator," Book the Firſt, Page 16.

Whoſe Eye-brow ſhews Emotions, which the Heart Diſclaims, &c.

L. 105. ——— Nor aught could I reply.

TOUP reads (very ingeniouſly), for μικρον, μικρον—But we ought not to deny MARTYN the Merit of the ſame Conjecture, '*Ubi, pro* μικρον, *forte* μακρον *legi debet*'—ſays our humble Paralleliſt, P. 119.

L. 106. Sweet is the Breath of Cows—the Breath of Steers
Sweet, too, the Bullock's Voice the Herdſman hears.

This pleaſing Repetition hath frequently reminded the Tranſlator of the following delightful Paſſage in "Paradiſe Loſt." Mr. WARTON thinks MILTON had THEOCRITUS in View. Our *Engliſh* Poet hath certainly much improved upon his Original.

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flower
Gliſtering with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After ſoft Showers; and ſweet the Coming on
Of grateful Evening mild: Then ſilent Night, &c.

L. 110. But ſweet, at Noon, the Shade embowering deep,
Lull'd by the Murmur of a Stream, to ſleep.

There is a beautiful *Latin* Epigram on Sleep, the Inſertion of which in this Place, needs no Apology:

Somne levis, quamquam certiſſima mortis imago,
Conſortem cupio te, tamen, eſſe tori:
Alma quies, optata veni; nam, ſic, ſine vitâ
Vivere, quam ſuave eſt; ſic, ſine morte, mori.

Come, gentle Sleep, attend thy Votary's Prayer,
And, tho' Death's Image, to my Couch repair!
How ſweet, thus lifeleſs, yet with Life to lie,
Thus, without dying, O how ſweet to die!

Theſe Lines do Juſtice to the Original. They were preſented to the Tranſlator when a School-boy, by a Gentleman who has ſince gained a Name in the literary World—PETER PINDAR, Eſq;—but who poſſeſſes a Genius far ſuperior to the Subjects that, at preſent, engage it. To give an *Engliſh* Verſion of the above Epigram, was a Part of the Tranſlator's Evening Exerciſe——The redoubted PETER, however, on being requeſted to aſſiſt him, produced the Tranſlation annexed, in a few Minutes.

L. 119. That melts, my Swain, far ſweeter on the Ear,
Than Honey-Drops diſtil upon the Tongue——

Thus, in the Septuagint, Cant. C. 4. V. 11.

Κηριον αποσταζουσι χειλη Σου, νυμφη· μελι και γαλα υπο την γλωσσαν σου·

IDYLLIUM

IDYLLIUM the NINTH.

THE Diſcriminations of Character are well preſerved in this IDYLLIUM—DAPHNIS the Herdſman boaſts his ſmooth Bed compoſed of Skins that belonged to his White Heifers, which the South-Wind had blown down from a Rock, where they were cropping the Arbutus. To this, MENALCAS oppoſes his Fleeces, the Produce of his Flock, which lay in great Abundance at his Head and Feet, in the Cave.

WARTON.

In the Opening of the Piece, there is a fine Diſtinctneſs. The Swains are firſt to ſee their Calves ſuckled, &c. This Buſineſs attended to, they are to proceed to their Singing. The Oppoſition Μοσχως βωσιν—ταυροις ταυρως is obſervable. And the Repetitions τυ δ' ωδας αρχιο πρατος Ωδας αρχιο πρατος, τυ βωκολιασδιν—give an Air of beautiful Simplicity to the Original, which cannot preſerve its Effect in the moſt happy Verſion.

L. 35. The Shepherd-Swain a fine wreath'd Conch I gave,
Brought from the Murmur of the *Icarian* Wave.

It is ſeldom we meet with Deſcriptions of Conchs or any of the marine Shells, in the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets.

The elegant LUCRETIUS hath ſome Lines on the Subject:

Concharumque genus parili ratione videmus
Pingere telluris gremium, qua mollibus undis
Littoris incurvi bibulam pavit æquor arenam.

SANNAZARIUS, in his piſcatory Eclogues, gives frequent Deſcriptions of Shells; as indeed it might naturally be expected from the Nature of his Subject. In his firſt Eclogue, MYCON exclaims:

En tibi cærulei muſcum æquoris: en tibi conchas
Purpureas; necnon toto quæſita profundo,
Et vix eximis evulſa corallia ſaxis,
Adferimus.

In the third IDYLLIUM of SANNAZARIUS, MOPSUS rewards CHRONIS and IOLAS with a Conch and a Branch of Coral; juſt as the Umpire-Shepherd in this IDYLLIUM, preſents MENALCAS and DAPHNIS with a Conch and a Club. The principal Excellence of this Club (by the Way) ſeems to be deſcribed by the Word Αυτοφυα——It was a ſingle Plant.

L. 46. O that ſhe fill'd my ſoft melodious Hours!
For neither to the Honey-Bee the Flowers
So ſweet—or eaſy Sleep, &c. &c.

VIRGIL's are ſweet Lines—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine—quale per æſtium
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.

Nor are POPE's leſs pleaſing:

Not bubbling Fountains to the thirſty Swain,
Not balmy Sleep to Laborers faint with Pain;
Not Showers to Larks, or Sunſhine to the Bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy Sight to me.

IDYLLIUM the TENTH.

L. 17. Of meagre Vinegar I've ſcarce a Flaſk!
Thou, rich in WINE, canſt pierce the purple Caſk!

JOHN UPTON reads Πηλοι, (inſtead of Δηλοι) in this Place—an old Word for WINE.

L. 19. Ah! hence it is, my Fallows are unſown.

TOUP would read Σποδῳ, for Σπορῳ the common Reading. But this Paſſage does not ſeem to want Emendation.

L. 25. Go, claſp her! Hug thy little chirping Fright.

See the Original. Σιριφος γραυς was a proverbial Expreſſion, equivalent to *anus quæ in virginitate conſenuit: metaphora ſumta eſt a ſylveſtri locuſtâ, quam vocant γραυν Σειριφιαν καὶ μανλιν.*

SUIDAS.

'If you marry this old and loquacious Virgin, (ſays MILO) you will have a Cicada (or Locuſt) to diſturb you, all Night.' The vulgar Perſonages of THEOCRITUS are full of Adages. It is remarkable, that the common People, in general, manage the current Proverbs of their Country with great Adroitneſs. The Harveſt Field is a fine Scene for ruſtic Humour:

'Tis there
The rural Scandal, and the rural Jeſt
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious Time;
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry Hours away.

L. 46. Delightful Girl! how beauteous are thy Feet!

In SOLOMON's Song we read: 'How beautiful are thy Feet with Shoes!' JUDITH's

BITH's Sandals, 'raviſhed the Eyes of HOLOFERNES.' And a fine-ſhaped Foot was thought a Point of Beauty, among the loweſt Ruſtics in SICILY.

The following Stanzas from a Ballad, remarkable for its Eaſe and Vivacity, and curious Felicity of Expreſſion, will ſhew the Ideas of the Moderns, on this Subject.

Her Foot—it was ſo wonderous ſmall,
So thin, ſo round, ſo ſlim, ſo neat,
The Buckle fairly hid it all,
And ſeem'd to ſink it with the Weight.
And juſt above the ſpangled Shoe,
Where many an Eye did often glance,
Sweetly retiring from the View,
And ſeen by Stealth, and ſeen by Chance;
Two ſlender Ankles peeping out
Stood like Love's Heralds——

L. 26. Hah, mouthing it ſo big!

Μεγα μυθιυμαι immediately afterwards—in the Original. The Word *Mouth* was probably derived from Μυθος.

L. 35. Yet, in my Eyes, a *honey-colour'd* Maid.

In the Original μελιχλωρον—Such Epithets ſhould always be literally tranſlated. Tho' they may appear uncouth to the *Engliſh* Reader, they contribute to give him an Idea *of the Manner of the Original.*

L. 53. But haſt thou LYTIERSES' Numbers heard?

LYTIERSES was a Baſtard Son of MIDAS, King of PHRYGIA. He reigned after his Father, at CELÆNÆ, the chief City of PHRYGIA; and is deſcribed as a ruſtic, inhuman Tyrant; of an inſatiable Appetite; devouring, in one Day, three large Baſkets of Bread, and drinking ten Gallons of Wine. He took great Pleaſure in Agriculture; but, as Acts of Cruelty were his chief Delight, he uſed to oblige ſuch as paſſed by, while he was reaping, to join with him in the Work; and then cutting off their Heads, he bound up their Bodies in the Sheaves. For theſe and ſuch like Cruelties he was put to Death by HERCULES, and his Body thrown into the MÆANDER: Yet his Memory was cheriſhed by the Reapers of PHRYGIA, and an Hymn, from him called "LYTIERSES," ſung in Harveſt-Time, in Honor of their Fellow-Labourer.

Univ. Hiſt. Vol. 4, 8vo. P. 459.

The above Anecdote is taken from one of the Tragedies of SOSIBIUS, an antient *Syracuſian* Poet, who, according to VOSSIUS, flouriſhed in the 166th Olympiad. Mr. FAWKES hath printed the original Paſſage, together with a Tranſlation—but it only contains the Information already given.—"LYTIERSES" ſeems to be a Set of formulary Maxims, as HEINSIUS obſerves. MENANDER ſpeaks of this Song in his *Carchedonium:*

Αδοντα Λιτυιρσην απ' αριστου τους—
'*Singing* LYTIERSES *ſoon after Dinner.*'

L. 55. 'Bind—bind your Sheaves; leſt Travellers, ſcoffing, ſay,
"Such wooden Fellows ill deſerve their Pay."

—Which brings to Mind a Paſſage in the 129th Pſalm: 'Whereof the Mower filleth not his Hand; neither he that bindeth up the Sheaves, his Boſom: ſo that they who go by, ſay not ſo much as—'the Lord proſper you—we wiſh you good Luck in the Name of the Lord.'

L. 61. ——— from the Corn
When in briſk Eddies the light Chaff is borne.

See, in Scripture, the 'Ox that treadeth out the Corn.' This Cuſtom exiſts, in modern ITALY. Mr. SWINBURNE tells us, that the Corn at CANOSA is ſeparated from the Ear by the Trampling of a great Number of Mares tied in a String by their Tails, and whipped round and round. This Operation is performed in the TERRA DI OTRANTO by a Pair of Oxen, who drag between them a very heavy rough Stone that breaks the Sheaves, and ſhakes out the Grain.

IDYLLUM the ELEVENTH.

L. 25. ——— than the Curd more white!

TO the *Engliſh* Reader, perhaps, an inelegant Compariſon. It was, at firſt, omitted (with ſome others of the like Nature) by the Tranſlator: But a Critical Friend who peruſed the MS. adviſed him to preſerve ſuch Ideas with a ſcrupulous Exactneſs, as they were evidently characteriſtic of the Original.

L. 34. When

L. 34. When wandering round the hyacinthine Hill.

Thus VIRGIL, in Imitation:

Sepibus in noſtris parvam te roſcida mala,
Dux ego veſter eram, vidi cum matre legentem.

SCALIGER thinks VIRGIL's Apples preferable to our Poet's hyacinthine Leaves. WARTON, however, prefers the latter; and diſcovers an agreeable Simplicity in the *Leaves* of the Hyacinth, to which the *Flowers* have no Pretenſion. Though it appears, from numberleſs Inſtances, that the Simplicity of Particularizing conſtitutes one principal Charm in the Compoſitions of THEOCRITUS, yet ſuch Criticiſm as the above will ſtrike moſt Readers as too minute and trivial.

L. 42. Thy Eye-brows, ſtretch'd ſo ſhaggy and ſo wide—

Hirſutumque ſupercilium, prolixaque barba.

Many of the Critics have obſerved, that VIRGIL's Judgment hath here forſaken him, in transferring to his little *Italian* Shepherd the ſhaggy Eye-brow, &c. of POLYPHEMUS. LE CERDA thinks, that the Meaning to be conveyed by this Paſſage in VIRGIL, is, 'My violent Love hath made me neglect my Perſon.' The above Portrait of the *Cyclops* (or at leaſt a ſimilar one in HOMER's Odyſſ.) is evidently copied by the Writer of the *Arabian* Nights Entertainments. See V. 3d.

L. 49. Still, if the tepid Zephyr fan the Spring,
My plenteous Curd lies ready for the *Wring*.

Here the Tranſlator cannot but obſerve the beautiful Climax (if he may ſo expreſs himſelf) Spring—Autumn—Extremity of Winter—though, poſſibly, the *Engliſh* Reader will not reliſh the Curds and the Cheeſe, ſo minutely deſcribed.

VIRGIL's Shepherds have Plenty of Milk and Cheeſe, '*Preſſi copia lactis*'—which, according to MARTYN, means Curd, ſuch as the Ruſtics uſed to carry into the Towns, (after the Milk had been ſqueezed out from it) or ſalt, and lay by, for Cheeſe, againſt the Winter.

Their Morning Milk the Peaſants preſs at Night;
Their Evening bear to Town, when dawns the Light;
Or in the Maſs with ſparing Hand they pour
The taſteful Salt, and keep for Winter Store.

Dr. WARTON. Geor. 3. 493.

The modern *Italian* and *Sicilian* Shepherds are very like the Antient. SWINBURNE (in his Journey to TARANTO) found a Camp of *Abruzzeze* Shepherds on the Mountains. 'Rough (ſays he) in Aſpect, Dialect, and Dreſs, but civil and hoſpitable, they offered us Milk, Cheeſe, &c. &c.

The Tranſlator hath uſed *Cheeſe-Wringe*, as an antiquated Word. Leſt it ſhould be a provincial one, he ſubſtitutes the following:

Still, if the genial Spring my Meads have bleſt,
My plenteous Curd lies ready to be preſt.

L. 57. For thee, ten Does, all mark'd with Moons, I rear.

CASAUBON and HEINSIUS would read Μαννοφορως *wearing Collars*, according to the *Vatican* MS. The Antients, it is true, were fond of ornamenting in this Manner, the Animals they had brought up tame. But the common Reading hath more Simplicity—Αμνοφορως—all of them pregnant. The Tranſlator, however, hath preferred REISKE's Conjecture both to the Vulgate and Vatican—Μηνοφορως, *marked with little Moons*. A Paſſage in HOMER's Iliad, B. 23, may not unappoſitely illuſtrate this Emendation: HOMER is ſpeaking of a Horſe;

On whoſe broad Front a Blaze of ſhining White
Like the full Moon ſtood obvious to the Sight.

L. 58. And four fine Cubs, I plunder'd from a Bear.

OVID hath ſoftened the Ferocity of theſe ſavage Bears—Preſents that aptly characterize the Monſter POLYPHEME.

Inveni geminos, qui tecum *ludere poſſint,*
Villoſæ catulos in ſummis montibus urſæ.

L. 63. *There*, Ivy round my Bays and Cypreſs twines,
There, Grapes delicious load my bluſhing Vines.

The Repetition of ενθ in the Original, is particularly beautiful. It is expreſſed five Times. The *Engliſh* Word correſponding with it, could only be admitted *thrice* with Effect.

L. 71. On the red Hearth unquench'd my Embers live;
Then to the Flame my Beard—my Eye-brows give.

The *Cyclops* here alludes, perhaps, to TELEPHUS's Prediction, that his Eye ſhould be burnt out by ULYSSES. If we take this with us, the Senſe is obvious and eaſy. 'I could even ſuffer this Eye, which I value

ſo

ſo much, to be burnt by thee, GALATEA,&c.' And, as he had been talking of his Fire before, it ſeems a natural Tranſition.

WARTON.

HEINSIUS hath given a very different Interpretation, which, however, is far-fetched and improbable. This Paſſage, indeed, hath been abſolutely a *Crux Criticorum*. The Tranſlator hath not followed WARTON, whoſe Conſtruction, he thinks, is neither 'obvious or eaſy.'

L. 81. But yet, at once, my Flowers I could not bring;
For theſe in Winter riſe, and thoſe in Spring.

The Diſtinctneſs and ſimple Beauty of this Paſſage (in the Original) cannot eſcape the Admirers of THEOCRITUS.

L. 105. Full many a pretty Maid, at duſky Eve,
My Smiles and Jokes with frolic Laugh receive.

Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſitâ repetantur horâ. &c.

HORACE.

CORNELIUS GALLUS hath deſcribed a frolickſome Nymph in a pleaſing and natural Manner—

Erubuit vultus ipſa puella meos;
Et nunc ſubridens latebras fugitiva petebat,
Non tamen, effugiens, tota latere volens.
Sed magis ex aliquâ cupiebat parte videri,
Lætior hoc multo quod male tecta foret.

We meet with ſome curious Lines in Mr. WILLIAM BROWNE's Paſtoral Poems, correſponding with the above—

As that her Sonne, ſince Day grew old and weake,
Staid with the Maids to run at Barlibreake:
Or that he cours'd a Parke with Females fraught,
Which would not runne except they might be caught.

IDYLLIUM the TWELFTH.

THIS is one of the IDYLLIA that (for obvious Reaſons to the learned Reader) would not admit of a very cloſe Tranſlation.

The *Greek* and *Latin* Poets (it is well known) publiſhed, without the ſlighteſt Conſciouſneſs of Impropriety, ſuch Paſſages as, among us, would meet with univerſal Reprobation: But, melancholy Reflection! they were read and admired in the literary Ages of GREECE and ROME. Is not this Circumſtance too ſtriking an Evidence, that the Connection above alluded to, was countenanced, at leaſt, among the Antients? Friendſhips certainly exiſted in claſſic Days, like thoſe of PYLADES and ORESTES, NISUS and EURYALUS, &c. But from too paſſionate an Expreſſion in the Poet's Painting—a Warmth of Coloring too vivid—we may often ſuſpect ſomethlng more than pure Attachments founded on a rational Eſteem.

L. 16. The *golden* Joys of harmonizing Love.

THEOCRITUS hath applied the Epithet χρυσειοι to ανδρες. The *Greeks* have χρυση Αφροδιτη: And VIRGIL, *Venus* aurea and aureus *Saturnus*.

Thus HORACE:

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ.

From theſe Inſtances it appears that χρυσιος or *aureus* means *highly eſtimable*—in general; not *amiable* (as HEINSIUS remarks) in a reſtricted Senſe.

L. 30. Due Rites to DIOCLES, each feſtal Day.

At MEGARA, a City of ACHAIA, an annual Feſtival was held, in the Spring, in Memory of the *Athenian* Hero DIOCLES, who died in Defence of a certain Youth whom he loved: Hence there was a Conteſt at his Tomb, on which a Garland was preſented to the Youth who gave the ſweeteſt Kiſs.

POTTER.

L. 36. Fair GANYMEDE, &c.

Theſe eight concluding Lines are borrowed (with ſome little Alteration) from CREECH's THEOCRITUS; of whoſe Tranſlation they may be conſidered as the *purpureus pannus*. They are, however, a pretty licentious Paraphraſe of three Lines (or rather two) in the Original.

IDYLLIUM the THIRTEENTH.

L. 15. Or the Hen ſhook her Wing, by Twilight's Gleam,
Gathering her Chickens to the ſmoky Beam.

THIS Picture of a Hen and Chickens is drawn exactly from Nature. Nothing can be more pictoreſque than the ξυναμενος πτερα ματερος.

L. 25. And

L. 25. And HYLAS, with a filial Friendſhip fraught.

HYLAS is introduced, in a ſimilar Manner, in the Argon. of ORPHEUS. See L. 225,

L. 33. The Flower of Heroes.

Theſe Argonauts, the Flower of Heroes (or, of Sailors, as PINDAR calls them) were fifty-two in Number.

L. 41. Sharp Oxtongue's flowery Plant, and Ruſhes broad.

The Oxtongue (Βουτομον οξυ) was probably the *Carex acuta* of VIRGIL. The Leaves of this Plant are ſo ſharp, that it wounds the Tongues of Oxen, as the Word βουτομος expreſſes. See BUTUMUS in MILLER. For Cyperus or the three-cornered Ruſh, ſee Note on the firſt IDYLLIUM, Line 131ſt in Tranſlation.

L. 56. And ſweet NYCHEA, like the blooming Spring.

Literally, '*ſhe looked the Spring.*'

L. 65. Meantime, ALCIDES, clouded o'er by Grief.

VALERIUS FLACCUS admirably well paints the ſudden and vehement Emotion of HERCULES, on the Loſs of HYLAS. Arg. B. 3, L. 570.

Sed neque apud ſocios, ſtructaſque in littore menſas
Unanimem videt æger HYLAM; nec longius atrem
Intendens aciem. Varios hinc excitat æſtus
Nube mali percuſſus amor: quibus hæſerit oris,
Quis tales impune moras, caſuſne deuſne,
Attulerit: denſam interea deſcendere noctem
Cum majore metu: Tum vero et pallor, et amens
Cum piceo ſudore rigor.

Yet we obſerve his uſual Pomp of Words. All his Deſcriptions, indeed, are inflated. We are delighted by his ardent Imagination, but his turgid Expreſſions intervene, and the Pleaſure is but for a Moment.

WARTON.

L. 71. From the deep Water HYLAS thrice replied——

——*Ut littus, HYLA, HYLA, omne ſonaret.*
And every Wood, and every Valley wide
He fill'd with HYLAS' Name, the Nymphs eke
HYLAS cride.

Fairy Queen.

'HERCULES having made the Hills and Foreſts tremble (ſays ANTONIUS) by calling ſo mightily on the Name—HYLAS; the Nymphs who had ſnatched him away, apprehenſive that the enraged Hero would at laſt diſcover HYLAS in their Fountain, transformed him into Echo, which anſwered HYLAS to every Call of HERCULES!

L. 72. Tho' near, each feeble Murmur, as at Diſtance, died!

This Line is meant to expreſs the Sound iſſuing from the Water, with an undulatory Motion, and dying gradually away.

L. 87. In vain—his HYLAS number'd with the BLEST;
The ſtarry Seats, in blooming Youth, poſſeſt.

The Beatification of HYLAS is well deſcribed in the Argonautics of ORPHEUS. (L. 641.) What Ideas ORPHEUS had conceived of a happy Immortality, may be ſeen in his very beautiful Portrait of the MACROBII, all ſmiling Serenity and Peace, and mutually reflecting Felicity on each other, amidſt their Ambroſial Feaſts. (L. 1110.)

IDYLLIUM the FOURTEENTH.

IN this IDYLLIUM we find nothing Paſtoral; not even a Trace of the ruſtic Life. 'Tis all in the Strain of comic Humour and Feſtivity. Neither the Perſons, Subjects, or Converſation, have any Thing bucolic in them.

WARTON.

Certainly nothing bucolic was ever intended. No one will doubt Mr. WARTON's Aſſertion, whoſe Head is free from conjectural Perplexity.

L. 9. A Beggar from ATHENS, in Leanneſs your Brother.

Thus ARISTOPHANES (Nub. 103) ridicules the Diſciples of SOCRATES: 'Do you ſay, that they were palefaced and bareſoot?' THEOCRITUS hath more than once ſeized an Opportunity of aſperſing the Manners of the *Athenians*, who, indeed, by no Means correſponded with the People of SICILY, in reſpect to national Habits or Character. Their Dreſs was ſordid, and their Manner of Living abſtemious, compared with *Sicilian* Luxuries.

WARTON.

L. 23. While fragrant and briſk was the Juice of the Grape.

'Tho' four Years old, yet fragrant as from the Wine-Preſs.'

L. 26. And

L. 26. And now with our Toaſts the full Bumpers were crown'd.

REISKE has publiſhed a facetious Epigram, by POSIDIPPUS, that will illuſtrate the Cuſtom of Toaſt-Drinking among the Antients. See Comment. ad Anthолog. REISK. P. 246.

Ναννης ἡ Λυδης επιχει δυο, ἡ φερ', εκαστε,
Μιμνερμε, ἡ τε ζωφρονος Αντιμαχε.
Συγκερασον τον πεμπτον εμοι, τον δ' εκτον εκαστε,
Ηλιοδωρ', ειπας οστις ερων ετυχεν.
Εβδομον Ησιοδε, τον δ' ογδοον ειπον Ομηρε—
Τον δ' ενατον Μεσων, Μνημοσυνης δεκατον.
Μεγον υπερ χειλες πιομαι, Κυπρι. Τ' αλλα δ' ερωτες
Νηφοντ' οινωθεντ' ουχι λιην αχαριν.

Nævia ſex cyathis; ſeptem Juſtina, &c. is known to every School-boy.

L. 44. And 'Miſchief!' (ſaid I) was I right in my Fears?
Begone, nor inſult me! a Curſe on thy Tears!
Begone, ſince *a Sweeter thy Boſom poſſeſſes*,
Go, cheriſh his Love with thy wanton Careſſes!

The two laſt Lines, (which expreſs the Meaning of a Paſſage become famous in the Annals of Criticiſm) were, accidentally, omitted in the Text. The Omiſſion, however, does not, in the ſlighteſt Manner, affect the general Senſe.

The *Greek* Line correſponding with them, is as follows:

Αλλος τοι γλυκιων υποκολπιος· αλλον ιοισα
Θαλπε φιλον·

The Literati are not unacquainted with the Circumſtances attending Mr. TOUP's Note on the Word υποκολπιος. The Offence it gave to a learned Dignitary of the Church was ſurely not without Reaſon; if any Regard to Decency or Decorum be thought neceſſary in a critical Annotator. The Sheet, where the obnoxious Note appeared, was cancelled; though a few Copies of WARTON's THEOCRITUS were in Circulation, before the Biſhop of OXFORD had an Opportunity of interpoſing. If the Tranſlator have been rightly informed, Mr. WARTON alledged, in his Vindication, that 'the Note in Queſtion had entirely eſcaped him,' which (as he was the Publiſher of TOUP's Communications) hath been thought a very unſatisfactory Excuſe. The Tranſlator is of a different Opinion. A ſingle Note might have been eaſily overlooked, amidſt a vaſt Variety of voluminous Annotation; eſpecially as Mr. WARTON had no Suſpicion of any Thing improper in his Friend's Criticiſms. The Subſtance of the cancelled Sheet was republiſhed in TOUP's '*Curæ Poſteriores, ſive Appendicula Notarum utque Emendationum in* THEOCRITUM.' In the Preface to this Publication TOUP obſerves:

Quod vero ſcripſimus ad XIV. 37. de verbo Υποκολπιος, *verum eſt et honeſtum. Sed rem pro ſingulari ſuâ ſagacitate minus ceperunt nonnulli* OXONIENSES; *qui et me ſugillare haud erubuerunt, homunculi eruditione mediocri, ingenio nullo; qui in Hebraicis per omnem fere vitam turpiter volutati, in literis elegantioribus plane hoſpites ſunt. Sed de hoc viderit Academia. Nos uberius infra et in ſuo loco.* Let us turn to the Note, Page 24th—At the Concluſion of it, we meet with the ſame contemptuous Language: '*Idem autem* υποκολπιος *et* εν τω κολπω. *Quomodo locutus eſt D.* JOANNES *XIII.* 23. Ην δε ανακειμενος εις των μαθητων αυτε ΕΝ ΤΩ ΚΟΛΠΩ, &c. *In gremio vocat* JUVENAL. *II.* 120.

——— *ingens*
Cœna ſedet, GREMIO *jacuit nova nupta mariti.*

Quod perinde eſt. Sed de toto hoc commercio, quod antiquiſſimum eſt, et neutiquam indecorum, conſulendus omnino vir illuſtriſſimus et cui ſexcenti Hebræculi non ſunt pares, eruditiſſimus POTTERUS *in Archæol. Græc. Lib. IV. cap.* 20. *Quod in primis notabit* homo male ſedulus, *et qui nec me nec mea ſatis intellexit. Sed parco homini, qui nemini pepercit.*

In Apology for TOUP's offenſive Commentaries (for he frequently indulged his vitiated Imagination in a Diſplay even of the groſſeſt Obſcenities) it hath been intimated, that he was not writing *ad populum*—that he was employing a Language underſtood (comparatively ſpeaking) but by a Few; and that thoſe Few were not in Danger of Corruption. But let it be conſidered, that he was addreſſing himſelf to the Guardians of Morality and Religion—to the moſt eminent Characters in the Church—to the higheſt of the Epiſcopal Order. In conſequence of one of his Dedications to the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY, it was ſhrewdly ſaid, 'that he had hung up the Enſigns of PRIAPUS in the Chapel at LAMBETH.' An Epigram on this Idea (of which Dr. LOWTH is the reputed Author) hath been, for ſome Time, circulated in MS. among the Literati. The Tranſlator may, perhaps, gratify ſome

of his Readers, by the Inſertion of it in this Place.

Αναθημα.

Λιψανα κ᾽ κακα λυμα᾽, ἅπαν ευπον, ευτελες ἐργον,
Γηραλεων ληρων γευτοδοκης Σανιδας,
Ευρωτα, Φαλλοφτε, κ᾽ ιμεροεντα κιναιδων
Ασματα, κ᾽ μισης παιγνια Σωταδικης,
Ανδρων μιτροφορων πολυφιρτατῳ ἐξοχα παντων
Τουτοις αισχρολογος δηκατο γραμματικων.

For complete Information in reſpect to the public Exhibition of the Ευρωτα Φαλλοντι in the Sacrifices to PRIAPUS, ſee MONFAUCON's Antiquities.

In his 'Notes on LONGINUS (as well as THEOCRITUS, SUIDAS, &c.) Mr. TOUP hath diſcovered the ſame prurient Fancy—the ſame Indecency of Alluſion. See Page 287, where he quotes what he calls an elegant Paſſage from the *Satyricon* of PETRONIUS, full of libidinous Deſcription—and then places by the Side of it (in Purſuance of his Illuſtration) a Verſe from St. JOHN's Goſpel.

L. 45 ——— A Curſe on thy Tears!

By μαλα REISKE underſtands *valde—abundè*—not *poma*, as it is commonly tranſlated.

L. 46. —— She gather'd her Veſt in a Knot.

—— *Nodoque ſinus collecta fluentes.* VIRGIL.

Both APOLLONIUS and VIRGIL have happily imitated the Simile of the Swallows, which we meet with in the next Line.

L. 59. Regardleſs of me, a poor Shade, or the Gulf
Into which ſhe has plung'd me, &c.

The Tranſlator hath here introduced an Idea not in the Original; omitting, at the ſame Time, the Δυσανοι Μεγαρηες.

Such Liberties are, in his Opinion, admiſſible in a poetical Tranſlation, provided they occur but rarely; and that, without deſtroying any characteriſtic Beauty.

IDYLLIUM the FIFTEENTH.

REISKE very juſtly obſerves, that, in regard to Sweetneſs or Pleaſantry, few of the IDYLLIA can be compared with the SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS. And the Poet (he adds) hath repreſented, in the moſt lively Manner, the Garrulity, Levity, Trifling, Malignity—but we muſt not tranſlate all.

L. 4. But EUNÖE, ſee for a Chair and a Cuſhion.

'See for a Chair, EUNÖE'—ſays TOUP—*quod amicitiæ et obſervantiæ ſignum.* 'And get a Cuſhion too,' *quod mollitiei et elegantiæ muliebris eſt.*'

L. 9. "What a brave Heart have I"——
WARTON's Words, in Explanation.

L. 16. He was ever a ſtrange unaccountable Man.

'My Huſband's a ſtrange unaccountable Man'—WARTON's Words—exactly correſponding with the Metre the Tranſlator had adopted, before he had the Satisfaction of ſeeing WARTON's Edition.

L. 26. To buy me ſome Nitre and Paint, at a Shop.

In the Detail which POLLUX hath given us of the various Apparatus that miniſtered to the Dreſs of the *Grecian* Ladies, we meet with Nitre and Paints of various Colors.

The *Naxian* Women uſe a great Deal of Rouge, at the preſent Day. And they have a Cuſtom (which is very common among the Eaſtern Nations, though not known to the antient *Greeks*) of blackening their Eye-brows and Eye-lids. For an Illuſtration of the modern Manners of the *Grecian* Iſles, ſee the Comte de CHOISEUL's "Voyage Pittoreſque."

L. 32. Well might it be ſaid, he was *fleec'd* of his Money.

The Tranſlator thinks a Pun is only admiſſible amidſt the Flippancy of light and frivolous Converſation. No one (he ſhould imagine) will object to its Introduction in this Place. Neither the Characters or the Diſcourſe revolt from it. Beſides, it appears to be in the Manner of THEOCRITUS. Had the *Sicilian* written in the *Engliſh* Language, the above Pun would probably have occurred to him. And the moſt faſtidious Critic who conſiders the πενθημα κ᾽ ε Πενθεα of the twenty-ſixth IDYLLIUM, can ſcarcely object to the Tranſlator's Addition, as uncharacteriſtic of his Original. The Propriety, indeed, of introducing ſuch a Play upon Words as πενθημα κ᾽ ε Πενθεα in the Place where it occurs, is, by no Means, unqueſtionable. The Imagination hath been previouſly agitated by the Wildneſs of a Bacchanal Scene, in which Frenzy and Murder have appeared in their direſt Forms. The Images of Horror ſtill preſſing around us, we are abruptly told, that the frantic Bacchanals bore from the Mountain

Mountain not 'Pentheus, but Penſiveneſs'—The *Engliſh* Reader may conceive ſome faint Idea of the Pun from the laſt Word, which, however, does not ſufficiently expreſs the Senſe.

L. 34. And faſten your Robes with its Claſps, &c.

CATULLUS has finely touched on the ſeveral Parts of a Lady's Dreſs, where he deſcribes the Diſtreſs of ARIADNE for the Loſs of THESEUS:

Non flavo retinens ſubtilem vertice mitram,
Non contecta levi velatum pectus amictu.
Non tereti ſtrophio lactantes vincta papillas:
Omnia quæ toto delapſa è corpore paſſim
Ipſius ante pedes fluctus ſalis alludebant.

De Nuptiis Pelei, &c. L. 63.

Here we have the Head-dreſs—a Sort of Saſh or Mitre, the looſe Robe, and the Scarf which covered the Boſom. The Scarf ſometimes deſcended from the Head and covered the Neck. ANACREON wiſhes to be tranſformed into the Scarf which ſpread itſelf over his Miſtreſs's Boſom.

This Subject might be conſiderably illuſtrated from ARISTOPHANES, who often deſcribes or alludes to the Dreſs of the female Sex. (There is Reaſon to expect that the Learned as well as the Unlearned will be amply gratified by the *promiſed Tranſlation* of this comic Poet.) From the Relations of ATHENÆUS and TERENCE, we may collect, that Tight-lacing is not merely a modern Cuſtom. The modiſh Ladies of the preſent Day may have Recourſe to the Uſages of Antiquity, if they pleaſe, as a Sanction for almoſt every Species of Vanity or Folly. In TERENCE's *Eunuch* we are informed by CHEREA, that Tight-lacing was much in Faſhion; and that too, under the Direction of Mothers, who miſerably tortured their Daughters' Bodies in order to give them a fine Fall of the Shoulders, and an eaſy genteel Shape. Immediately after, is mentioned another Practice, that of reducing the Shape, by denying the Appetite, to the Slenderneſs of a Bulruſh. According to TERENCE, ſpare Diet was the uſual Expedient.—There ſeems to be a Degree of Viciouſneſs in this Faſhion that cannot be conſidered without Deteſtation: Yet is it ſo common in this Country, that there is ſcarcely a Perſon who hath not ſeen Inſtances of it—always injurious to Health (to ſay nothing of mental Depravation) and frequently attended with Fatality.

L. 44. —— How dare you ſo careleſsly ſpill, &c.

——An exquiſite Painting of a Female fluttering with various Feelings, amidſt her Preparations for a public Place, where ſhe is going rather to be ſeen than to ſee—more than uſually anxious about ornamenting her Perſon—full of conceited Airs and affected Delicacy—chiding her Maid without knowing why—and, in violent Haſte, exhibiting all the Marks of Levity, Caprice, and Arrogance. This Picture of the *Syracuſian* Women, though drawn two thouſand Years ago, hath its perfect Reſemblance at the preſent Day, in real Life, as well as on the Stage.

WARTON, ſlightly altered.

L. 50. And my Life I'd near into the Bargain laid down.

'It coſt me more than two Minæ and my Life almoſt into the Bargain.' TOUP.

L. 61. Good Heavens! what a Tide! how or when ſhall we ſtem it?

Very poſſibly this Poem might have been a Sort of Interlude, intended for theatrical Repreſentation. Admitting the Conjecture, the Tranſition before us, (which would otherwiſe appear abrupt) is agreeable and eaſy. In the firſt Act we have the Converſation between PRAXINOE, GORGO, and EUNOE. This ends with PRAXINOE's ordering her Servant to call in the Dog, and ſhut the Door.

A new Scene then commences; and the Women enter, as PRAXINOE exclaims: Ω Θεοι, &c. Line 44th in the Original.

Thus far Mr. WARTON. The Reader will ſee that the Tranſlator hath improved on theſe Hints. They ſo exactly coincided with his preconceived Ideas of this Dramatic Piece, that he hath ventured to print it, as *an Interlude in three Acts*.

L. 65. A Thief or a Robber how ſeldom we meet;

ÆGYPT was remarkable for Theft and Robberies.

Thus CICERO, in his Oration in Defence of RABIRIUS POSTHUMUS:

Illinc (meaning at ALEXANDRIA) *omnes præſtigiæ—illinc, inquam, omnes fallaciæ, &c.*

—Hence

—Hence the Chorus in ARISTOPHANES, Nub. v. 1128.

Ως ισως βυλησεται
Και εν Αιγυπτῳ τυχειν ων μιλλον, η κρινει κακως.
WARTON.

L. 66. Tho' Pickpockets, &c.

'A parcel of idle Raſcals.'

Κακα παιγνια—παντες Αεργοι—for Ερειοι—amended by TOUP, with a Reference to the Verſe in EPIMENIDES as quoted by Saint PAUL to TITUS.

Κακα θηρια, γαστερες αργοι

L. 114. Man's indeed a wiſe Animal!

Nil admirari ſapientis—The Admiration of theſe Women is certainly connected with Ignorance. But TELEMACHUS admires the rich Furniture of MENELAUS's Palace, with ſimilar Emotions. See Odyſſ. B. 4. L. 71.

M. GUYS informs us, that the *Grecian* Houſes are divided into two Parts by a great Hall, which takes up the Centre and whole Width. In this Hall (he adds) the *Greeks* give Feaſts, and perform all the Ceremonies that require Room. We may hence, perhaps, conceive ſome Idea of the Hall at ALEXANDRIA, where the Feſtival of ADONIS was celebrated.

L. 119. ——— VENUS's beautiful Lover.

The Αδωνια were celebrated in moſt of the Cities of GREECE, in Honor of VENUS and in Memory of her beloved ADONIS. The Solemnity continued two Days; on the firſt of which certain Images or Pictures of ADONIS and VENUS were brought forth with all the Pomp and Ceremonies practiſed at Funerals: The Women tore their Hair, beat their Breaſts, and counterfeited all thoſe Poſtures and Actions uſual in lamenting the Dead. There were alſo carried along with them Shells filled with Earth, in which grew ſeveral Sorts of Herbs, eſpecially Lettuces, in Memory that ADONIS was laid out by VENUS on a Bed of Lettuces. Theſe were called Κηποι or Gardens; whence Αδωνιδος κηποι are proverbially applied to Things unfruitful or fading; becauſe thoſe Herbs were only ſown ſo long before the Feſtival as to ſprout forth, and be green at that Time—and then were preſently caſt out into the Water. The following Day was ſpent in all poſſible Expreſſions of Mirth and Joy, in Memory of ADONIS's returning to Life, and dwelling with VENUS one half of every Year. POTTER.

L. 120. Ceaſe—ceaſe, idle Dames, &c.

See the Original, where the Stranger talks in the *Doric* Dialect.—It is the very Dialect he ridicules: Is this characteriſtic or natural? Perhaps (ſays WARTON) he uſes the *Doric* Tongue in Deriſion.

L. 134. Shall excel penſive SPERCHIS.

See the Story of SPERCHIS in the ſeventh Book of HERODOTUS, Chap. 134.

L. 135. With a Languiſh ſo ſoft, ſo delicious an Air.

Διαθρυπτιλαι.

There is no adequate Word in the *Engliſh* Language for this fine Expreſſion. It is in itſelf a Picture. We ſee the *Greek* Girl preparing to ſing with a languiſhing *Sportability* of Air.

L. 140. Whom GOLGOS and the *Erycian* Height.

CATULLUS hath tranſlated the original Verſe—

Quæque regis GOLGOS, *quæque Idalium frondoſum.*

L. 141. And thy fair Fanes of Gold delight.

'O VENUS, rejoicing in thy golden Garments or Temples.' WARTON.

Χρυσῳ παισδες—is, however, a ſtrange Expreſſion—moſt probably, a Corruption.

L. 177. The blooming Cup-bearer of JOVE.

We cannot eaſily determine, whether theſe Figures were in Tapeſtry, Painting, or Sculpture. The Critics have very confuſed and diſcordant Ideas on the Subject. There is every Reaſon to think, that ſome of them were ſolid Figures; and there is no Doubt but Tapeſtry was the moſt conſpicuous and ornamental Part of the Scene. WARTON.

L. 211. And greet us with returning Love.

The Tranſlator had at firſt intended to reſerve the principal Anecdotes that have been related in reſpect to the Feſtival of ADONIS, for a Place among his Notes on the firſt ELEGY of BION. The preſent, however, on further Conſideration, appears to be the propereſt Place for them.

No Reader of THEOCRITUS can be ignorant, that ADONIS was the Son of CYNARAS, King

King of CYPRUS. He is repreſented as particularly fond of the Chace. See THEOCRITUS—IDYLL. I.—and BION—IDYL. I.—Of the Manner of his Death we are furniſhed, in this Book, with abundant Information. PROPERTIUS tells us, that he was killed by a Boar in CYPRUS:

——— *percuſſit* ADONIM
Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.

'The Anniverſary of his Death was celebrated through all the *Pagan* World. ARISTOPHANES reckons the Feaſt of ADONIS among the chief Feſtivals of the *Athenians*. The *Syrians* obſerved it with all the Violence of Grief, and the greateſt Cruelty of Self-caſtigation. It was celebrated at ALEXANDRIA in Saint CYRIL's Time; and when JULIAN, the Apoſtate, made his Entry at ANTIOCH, in the Year 362, they were celebrating the Feaſt of ADONIS. The Antients differ greatly in their Accounts of this Divinity. ATHENÆUS ſays, he was the Favorite of BACCHUS. PLUTARCH maintains, that he and BACCHUS are the ſame; and that the *Jews* abſtained from Swine's Fleſh, becauſe ADONIS was killed by a Boar. AUSONIUS, (Epig. 30.) affirms, that BACCHUS, OSIRIS, and ADONIS are one and the ſame.'

LANGHORNE.

According to Dr. STUKELY, the *Britiſh* DRUIDS were accuſtomed to celebrate the Myſteries of ADONIS.

The ſuperſtitious Myſtery of lamenting for ADONIS may be thus explained:—ADONIS was the Sun: The upper Hemiſphere of the Earth, was antiently called VENUS; the under, PROSERPINE; when the Sun, therefore, was in the ſix inferior Signs, they ſaid he was with PROSERPINE; when in the ſix ſuperior, with VENUS. By the Boar that ſlew ADONIS, they underſtood Winter—not unaptly repreſented by ſo gloomy an Animal. On another View of the Matter, we may ſuppoſe that they meant by ADONIS the Fruits of the Earth; which are, for one while, buried, but at length appear flouriſhing to the Sight. When, therefore, the Seed was thrown into the Ground, they ſaid, ADONIS was gone to PROSERPINE; but when it ſprouted up, they ſaid he had reviſited the Light and VENUS. Hence, probably, it was, that they ſowed Corn, and made Gardens for ADONIS.

Univerſal Hiſt. Vol. 2.

In MAUNDRELL's Travels, we meet with a curious Illuſtration of this antient Superſtition. 'We had the Fortune to ſee (ſays Mr. M.) what may be ſuppoſed to be the Occaſion of that Opinion which LUCIAN relates—viz.—that the River ADONIS, at certain Seaſons of the Year, eſpecially about the Feaſt of ADONIS, is of a bloody Color, which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a Kind of Sympathy in the River for the Death of ADONIS, who was killed by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which this Stream riſes. Something like this we ſaw actually come to paſs; for the Water was ſtained to a ſurprizing Redneſs; and (as we obſerved in Travelling) had diſcoloured the Sea, a great Way, into a reddiſh Hue—occaſioned, doubtleſs, by a Sort of Minium or red Earth waſhed into the River by the Violence of the Rain, and not by any Stain from the Blood of ADONIS.' The Prophet EZEKIEL beheld the Women at JERUSALEM weeping for TAMMUZ or ADONIS. 'Then he brought me to the Door of the Gate of the Lord's Houſe, which was towards the North, and *behold, there ſat Women weeping for* TAMMUZ." Theſe Verſes in the eighteenth Chapter of ISAIAH allude, according to St. CYRIL, to the Rituals of ADONIS. 'Woe to the Land ſhadowing with Wings, which is beyond the Rivers of ÆTHIOPIA: That ſendeth Ambaſſadors by *the Sea*, even *in Veſſels of Bulruſhes upon the Waters*—ſaying, Go, ye ſwift Meſſengers, to a Nation ſcattered and peeled, &c.'—When the female Votaries of VENUS receive theſe ſwift Meſſengers, they ceaſe their Lamentation, as if VENUS had found ADONIS.

Let us cloſe the Subject with MILTON's Epic Strain:

——— *Thammuz came next behind,*
Whoſe annual Wound, in LEBANON, *allur'd*
The Syrian *Damſels to lament his Fate*
In amorous Ditties all a Summer's Day,
While ſmooth ADONIS, *from his native Rock,*
Ran purple to the Sea, ſuppos'd with Blood
Of THAMMUZ, *yearly wounded.*

Par. Loſt, B. 1. L. 445.

L. 216. —— Crowd of your *Cronies.*

Cronies—a vulgar Word, yet characteriſtic of GORGO. TOUP, WARTON, and REISKE concur in the Opinion of her Vulgarity.

IDYLLIUM the SIXTEENTH.

L. 2. —— And *Bards* the Deeds of Earth;

—ΑΟΙΔΟΙ—Rhapſodiſts—Poets—but the Word *Bard* is now uſed as a general Appellation. For the antient Diſtinction between the *Bardi* and Ἀοιδοὶ, ſee the firſt Note on TYRTÆUS.

The Ἀοιδὸς, in the Days of THEOCRITUS, had little of that Dignity attached to the firſt Ἀοιδοὶ of GREECE. He ſung, however, (juſt as ACHILLES is repreſented in his Tent ſinging to the Harp) Κλεα ἀνδρων.

L. 39. 'Tis theirs to welcome every coming Gueſt;

—In the Language of the Apoſtle, 'Given to Hoſpitality.' In HOMER's Odyſſey, ſuch Characters as theſe are delineated on a broader Canvaſs. We meet with the fineſt Precepts for the Conduct of domeſtic Life, in that truly beautiful and pathetic Poem. THEOCRITUS had, without Doubt, the Odyſſey in View. See Book 15.

True Friendſhip's Laws are by this Rule expreſt.
Welcome the coming—ſpeed the parting Gueſt—

—POPE's Verſion—repeated in his Imitation of the ſecond Satire of the ſecond Book of HORACE.

——— Thro' whoſe free-opening Gate
None comes too early—none departs too late:
For I who hold ſage HOMER's Rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the parting Gueſt.

In HOMER's Iliad, Book 6, we have an extraordinary Character of a hoſpitable Man,

'Whoſe ever-open Door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.'

'Thus the Patriarchs in the old Teſtament, (ſays Mr. POPE) ſit at their Gates to ſee thoſe who paſs by, and entreat them to enter into their Houſes. This cordial Manner of Invitation may be ſeen in the 18th and 19th Chapters of GENESIS. The *Eaſtern* Nations ſeem to have had a peculiar Diſpoſition to theſe Exerciſes of Humanity, which continues, in a great Meaſure, to this Day. It is yet a Piece of Charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect Caravanſerahs, or Inns, for the Reception of Travellers.—GALLIAS of AGRIGENTUM, (according to DIODORUS SICULUS) having built ſeveral Inns for the Relief of Strangers, appointed Perſons at the Gates, to invite all Paſſengers to make Uſe of them. He entertained and cloathed, at one Time, no leſs than five hundred Horſemen. There were in his Cellars three hundred Veſſels, each of which contained an hundred Hogſheads of Wine. Another AGRIGENTINE, at the Marriage of his Daughter, feaſted all the People of his City—at that Time above twenty thouſand. HERODOTUS, B. 7, tells us, that PYTHIAS a *Lydian*, entertained XERXES and his whole Army, with great Magnificence.'

In OSSIAN, we have frequent Inſtances of Hoſpitality. 'The Light of Heaven (we read) was in the Boſom of CATHMOR. His Towers roſe on the Banks of ATHA: Seven Paths led to his Halls. Seven Chiefs ſtood in the Paths, and called the Stranger to the Feaſt. But CATHMOR dwelt in the Wood, to ſhun the Voice of Praiſe!' CATHMOR dwells in a Wood to avoid the Thanks of his Gueſts; which (Mr. MACPHERSON juſtly obſerves) is ſtill a higher Degree of Generoſity than that of AXYLUS in HOMER: For the Poet does not ſay, but the good Man might, at the Head of his own Table, have heard with Pleaſure the Praiſe beſtowed on him by the People he entertained.

L. 41. But chiefly theirs to mark with high Regard
The MUSE's laurel'd Prieſt—the holy Bard.

Such was the Reſpect paid to Poets, by the People of SICILY, long after the heroic Ages, that as many of the *Athenians* (who were taken Priſoners in the Overthrow under NICIAS) as could repeat a Paſſage from EURIPIDES, were rewarded with their Life and Liberty, and ſent home with diſtinguiſhed Marks of Honor. See THUCYDIDES.

L. 47. What tho' ALEUA's or the *Syrian*'s Domes—

—ANTIOCHUS, King of SYRIA. The *Aleuadæ* and *Scopadæ* reigned in THESSALY and the neighbouring Iſlands.

L. 55. ——— the mighty *Ceian* ———

—SIMONIDES. He wrote on the Battles of MARATHON, THERMOPYLÆ, SALAMIS and PLATÆA. See QUINTILIAN, B. 11, C. 2.

L. 66. Or ILION live, with no recording Muſe?

——— Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

HORACE.

TULLY

TULLY hath made an Obſervation to the ſame Purpoſe: *Niſi Ilias illa extitiſſet, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruiſſet.* See PINDAR, Olymp. X. L. 106.

L. 82. From the red Brick to waſh its Hues away.

—Similar to the ſacred Text: 'Can the *Æthiopian* change his Skin, or the *Leopard* his Spots?—Then may ye alſo do Good, that are accuſtomed to do Evil.'

Hence Mr. FAWKES, perhaps, took the Liberty of turning the Brick into an *Æthiop*.

'Tis eaſier far to bleach the Æthiop *foul*, &c.

VIRGIL hath imitated this Paſſage:

Quem qui ſcire velit, &c. Geor. B. 2. L. 105.

And TERENCE's GETA ſays in the ſame Senſe:

Purgem me? laterem lavem.

HORACE ſeems to entertain a different Opinion reſpecting the Reformation of an avaritious Man:

Fervet avaritiâ miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.

Of all the Vices, however, that of Avarice is the moſt difficult to be eradicated; ſince it increaſes with our Years, while other Maladies of the Mind loſe their Strength as we grow old. The Love of Money frequently adheres to the Miſer, at the Moment of Diſſolution. 'I cannot—muſt not—part with that, and died'—was the laſt Sentiment of expiring GRIPUS. ATHENÆUS mentions a Perſon who ſwallowed ſeveral Pieces of Money but a few Minutes before his Death; and ordered what he could not ſwallow to be buried with him.

L. 102. *Phœnician* Armies ſhrink in pale Diſmay!

The whole of this Paſſage is in the Spirit and Manner of ſcriptural Prophecy. In a ſimilar Strain VIRGIL writes:

Hujus in adventum jam nunc et Caſpia regna, &c.

See PINDAR's firſt *Pythian* Ode.

Grant, O Son of SATURN, *grant my Prayer,*
The bold Phœnician *on his Shore detain*, &c.

WEST.

L. 106. ——— horſe-hair Creſt.

Criſtâque hirſutus equinâ, ſays VIRGIL.—And the Chiefs of the Iliad have horſe-hair Creſts on their Helmets. But the Kings of CALEDONIA and IRELAND adorned their Helmets with Plumes of Eagles' Feathers. It was from this Mark that OSSIAN knew CATHMOR, in the ſecond Book of TEMORA. "Now would we have mixed in horrid Fray, like two contending Ghoſts, that bending forward from the Clouds, ſend forth the roaring Winds; did not OSSIAN behold, on high, the Helmet of ERIN's Kings. The Eagle's Wing ſpread above it, ruſtling in the Breeze. A red Star looked through the Plumes. I ſtopped the lifted Spear." And afterwards it occurs, in the third Book—"FINGAL is there in his Strength. The Eagle-wing of his Helmet ſounds."

L. 108. And ye, who honour with your guardian Love
The Walls of wealthy SYRACUSE.

PROSERPINE and CERES were more particularly worſhipped by the *Syracuſians*.

According to Mr. SWINBURNE (the entertaining and elegant Traveller, to whom the Tranſlator recurs with extreme Pleaſure) the City of SYRACUSE was, antiently, of a triangular Form. Its Circuit amounted to 22 Engliſh Miles. It contains, at preſent, about 18,000 Inhabitants. The Buildings, in any other Situation, might be thought tolerable; but to an Obſerver who reflects on the antient *Syracuſian* Architecture and Opulence, they muſt appear mean. The Cathedral, which was the Temple of MINERVA, is now dedicated to our Lady of the Pillar. The Church is made out of the old Building. There are alſo ſome Remains, though not remarkable, of the Temple of DIANA. Near the Quay, which is ſmall, is a large Pool of Water, defended from the Sea by a Wall, and ſurrounded by Houſes, on every other Side. This is the celebrated Fountain of ARETHUSE, the Miſtreſs of the conſtant ALPHEUS.

L. 119. There thouſand Flocks thro' rich Luxuriance play.

'The Folds ſhall be full of Sheep, and the Valleys alſo ſhall ſtand ſo thick with Corn that they ſhall laugh and ſing.'

Pſalm 65.

'That our Garners may be full and plenteous with all Manner of Store—that our Sheep may bring forth thouſands and ten thouſands

thouſands in our Streets. That our Oxen may be ſtrong to labour—that there be no Decay—no leading into Captivity, and no complaining in our Streets.' Pſalm 144.

L. 124. ——— perch'd Cicada ———

Among the Fables falſely attributed to Æsop, *the Ant and the Cicada* may probably be numbered. We meet with it in the Epiſtles of Theophylactus firſt publiſhed by Aldus. This Writer lived about 600 Years after Chriſt, in the Time of the Emperor Heraclius. The "*Daw with borrowed Feathers*" may alſo be found in his Epiſtles. And many of thoſe Fables which have been generally regarded as of high Antiquity, were the Product of theſe darker Ages. Warton.

L. 125. Then Spiders' Webs ſhall fill the ruſted Shield,
And every Soldier ſhall forget the Field—
Thee, Hiero, &c.

'And they ſhall beat their Swords into Plough-Shares, and their Spears into Pruning-Hooks: Nation ſhall not lift up Sword againſt Nation; neither ſhall they learn War, any more. Iſaiah, C. 2. V. 4.

'All Kings ſhall fall before him—All Nations ſhall do him Service. Pſalm 72.

Every attentive Obſerver will concur in Opinion with the Tranſlator, that Theocritus had read the Pſalms of David and the Prophecies of Isaiah.

L. 136. Where your firſt Votary's breathing Incenſe roſe.

Eteocles, the elder Son of Œdipus by Jocasta, is ſaid to have firſt ſacrificed to the Muses at Orchomenos: Hence they are called the *Eteoclean* Deities or Graces.

Mr. Tasker hath tranſlated Pindar's Address to the Graces, Olymp. 14, with Eaſe and Spirit:

Ye Graces, ſmiling Progeny of Heaven,
To whom, by Lot, Cephisus' Streams were giv'n,
Where fair young Steeds adorn the Plain—
Queens of the bright Orchomenos, ye reign!
Crown with Succeſs your Suppliant's Prayer!
In ever-blooming Beauty's Pride
Who o'er old Mincia's Race preſide,
Ye ſplendid Virgins hear!
Whate'er is ſweet or pleaſant here below
Your Bounties all beſtow!
Is any Hero crown'd with Fame
In Olympia's ſacred Game?
In the Liſts is any ſtrong?
Any beauteous, fair or young?—
From you they all acquire their captivating Force:
From you ev'n Wiſdom's Charms derive their copious Source.

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTEENTH.

Mr. Warton is inclined to think, that this magnificent encomiaſtic Production is not the Work of Theocritus. But he brings no Authority to corroborate an Opinion drawn merely from the Genius of the Compoſition. This Species of Evidence is, in ſome Caſes, more ſatisfactory than any external Teſtimonies whatever. But as Opinions will always differ on Subjects of Taſte, there are many who will not be convinced by Mr. Warton's Arguments; while they imagine, in the preſent Encomium, all thoſe ſimple Graces—all that Sweetneſs and Chaſtity and characteriſtic Propriety, ſo diſtinguiſhable in the Panegyric on Hiero.

Our learned and elegant Editor hath interwoven, in a late Wreath of Gratulation, (preſented to Royalty) a ſweet poetical Sprig—congenial with the Garlands that adorn the *Ægyptian* Monarch.

—He, ſweet Maſter of the Doric *Oat;*
Theocritus, forſook awhile
The Graces of his paſtoral Iſle—
The lowing Vale, the bleating Cote,
The Cluſters on the ſunny Steep,
And Pan's own Umbrage dark and deep,
The Caverns hung with Ivy-twine,
The Cliffs that wav'd with Oak and Pine,
And Ætna's hoar romantic Pile;
And caught the bold Homeric *Note,*
In ſtately Sounds exalting high
The Reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty-teeming Tide
Of his own Nile's redundant Flood,
O'er the cheer'd Nations, far and wide,
Diffuſing Opulence and public Good:
While in the rich-warbled Lays
Was blended Berenice's Name,
Pattern fair of female Fame;
Softening with domeſtic Life
Imperial Splendor's dazzling Rays,
The Queen, the Mother, and the Wife!

L. 2. With

L. 2. With JOVE begin the Strain?———

In the Original εκ Διος αρχωμεσθα—the very Words with which ARATUS begins his Phænomena.

On Earth, join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him 'midſt, and without End.
MILTON.

L. 13. —— how bright the high-ſoul'd Father ſhone.

PTOLEMY LAGUS (one of ALEXANDER'S Captains) inherited, on the Death of his Maſter, a conſiderable Portion of the Empire. ÆGYPT, LIBYA, and that Part of ARABIA which borders upon ÆGYPT, fell to his Share.

L. 46. —— the ſweet Delights of wedded Love.

See THEOGNIS. Such are his Sentiments—
—ωδεν, Κυρν', αγαθης γλυκερωτερον εστι γυναικος,
Thus APOLLONIDES, a very antient Poet:
Ου χρυσος, ω τυραννις, ω πλυτω χλιδη
Τοσυτον ειχε διαφορας τας ηδονας,
Ως ανδρος εσθλη κ' γυναικος ευσεβης
Γνωμη δικαια, &c. &c.
Thus too the old Bard HIPPOTHOON:
Αριστον ανδρι κτημα, Συμφαθης γυνη—

Theſe Paſſages by no Means favour the common Opinion entertained of the *Greeks*, in reſpect to their arbitrary Treatment of the female Sex. The *Grecian* Wives have been generally repreſented as Slaves, not as Companions to their Huſbands.

L. 50. Not one reflects the Image of the Sire.

Thus JUVENAL, in his ſixth Satire:
Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimet infans.
Line 81.

And afterwards
Eſſes
Ethiopis fortaſſe pater.

HESIOD remarks as a Happineſs attending good Men, that
Τικτουσιν δε γυναικες εοικοτα τεκνα γονευσι—
Indeed it was a general Perſuaſion among the Antients, that thoſe Children who did not reſemble their Parents, were illegitimate. This Notion hath been tranſmitted to modern Times. The *Calabrians* (according to Mr. SWINBURNE) believe that every Child whoſe Mother hath been true to her Marriage-Vow, muſt neceſſarily reſemble the Father. It is, no Doubt, an eaſy Matter (adds our favorite Traveller) to perſuade a Peaſant who ſeldom conſiders the Lineaments of his Face in a Glaſs, that the Features of the Infant are miniature Copies of his: But if he were to become thoroughly convinced, that no ſuch Reſemblance exiſted, he would never be perſuaded to pardon his Wife, or look upon the Child in any other Light, than that of a Baſtard.

L. 67. Then brightening Coos, as ſhe ſaw thee born, &c.

This Impерſonation of the Iſland is in the true Scriptural Manner.—'The Valleys ſhall laugh and ſing.' 'Why hop ye ſo, ye high Hills?'—'Break forth into Singing, ye Mountains! O Foreſt, and every Tree therein!' and many other figurative Expreſſions, conceived in a ſimilar Style of oriental Magnificence, might be adduced, as bearing a general Reſemblance to the bold Imagery of our Poet.

L. 87. Yet, where the Fatneſs of the NILE o'erflows.

The Tranſlator had at firſt intended to collect into one Point of View the principal Accounts that have been written of the River NILE, from HERODOTUS to Baron DE TOTT. He actually begun to put his Scheme into Execution; but the Materials ſo increaſed upon his Hands, that he found his Collections ſwell to a Size much too large for a Note, before he had gone through half his Plan. Reflecting, at the ſame Time, that none of his Readers could poſſibly be unacquainted with the general Hiſtory of the NILE, he abruptly abandoned his Taſk of abridging, as both tedious and impertinent. He ſhall at preſent, therefore, content himſelf with mentioning a few ſtriking Circumſtances relative to this Subject, in a detatched Manner, and ſetting down References to the beſt Authors that have treated it.

In the Time of HERODOTUS, the NILE was an hundred Days riſing, and, as many, ſubſiding. The Inundation is now much leſs. See HERODOTUS, Euterpe, P. 55.

PLINY ſays, that the NILE received no Rivers into it. Later Obſervations have proved his Miſtake.

For entertaining Accounts of the NILE, ſee ÆLIAN'S various Hiſt. B. 5, C. 52. B. 3, C. 33. B. 10, C. 43, 45. STRABO, P. 817, *Arabian* Nights Entertainments, Vol. 4.—In VIRGIL'S 4th Geor. we have very poetical Lines on the Subject.

To diſcover the Sources of the NILE, was a great Deſideratum among the Antients.—But all their Attempts in Purſuit of this Object, proved abortive. Whether the Moderns have been more ſucceſsful or not, may be conſidered as rather problematical—ſo inconſiſtent and contradictory are the Reports of the Miſſionaries and other Travellers who pretend to have effected the Diſcovery.

KIRCHER tells us, that the NILE takes its Riſe in the Kingdom of GOJAM, from a ſmall Aperture on the Top of a Mountain. The Communications of Mr. BRUCE on this Topic, have been generally received as authentic; though Baron de TOTT hath attempted to deſtroy their Credit. The *French* Traveller aſſerts, that the Sources of the NILE are not yet known, though one BRUCE an Engliſhman, hath paſſed for the Diſcoverer of them. The Tranſlator cannot pretend to enter into the Merits of the Caſe. A few Anecdotes from the Baron's Book, ſhall conclude theſe deſultory Remarks.

'It is to be obſerved (ſays the Baron) that the Water of the NILE becomes thick, by waſhing the clayey Soil over which it paſſes: It appears, when drank, as light and limpid as the cleareſt: The *Ægyptians* themſelves believe it to be nouriſhing, and ſay whoever drinks of their River, will never remove to any great Diſtance from its Banks. The divine Honors the *Ægyptians* paid to the NILE are, in a Manner, ſtill preſerved under the *Mahometans*. They give this River the Title of *Moſt Holy*: They likewiſe honour its Increaſe with all the Ceremonies practiſed by *Pagan* Antiquity. The antient *Ægyptians* had the barbarous Cuſtom of ſacrificing a young Girl to the NILE, when the Waters were arrived at a certain Height. They called her the *Arooſſa* or the *Bride*. And the Name and Ceremonies of this ſanguinary Feaſt are ſtill preſerved; though the Caliph OMAR has rendered it more humane, by ſubſtituting a Pillar of Earth, which repreſents the Victim, and is thrown into the NILE.'

L. 105. Thro' all thy Marts the Tide of Commerce flows.

Mr. SAVARY, in his Letters on ÆGYPT, deſcribes the Revolutions of *Ægyptian* Commerce, in antient and modern Times. The Æra of PTOLEMY was not the leaſt illuſtrious. 'PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS (ſays he) imitated the Example of his Father, continued the Canal from the Red Sea to the NILE, and had the Glory of compleating it. In the Latitude of SIENE, he built on the Red Sea a City, which, in Honor of his Mother, he called BERENICE; between which and COPHTOS he eſtabliſhed Inns, and provided Ciſterns of Water, for the Uſe of the Carravans that, in twelve Days, traverſed theſe burning Sands. To protect their Commerce, the PTOLEMIES maintained a formidable Fleet, both in the Red-Sea, and the Mediterranean. PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS had ninety-ſeven Veſſels, moſt of which were 200 Feet long, with many more of inferior Size; and innumerable Advice-Boats and Pacquets, deſtined for conveying Orders, &c. through his Dominions, Compared with ſome of the *Ægyptian* Veſſels, particularly the Galley deſcribed by PLUTARCH, in his Life of DEMETRIUS, our largeſt Men of War would appear but ſmall Frigates. A Nation muſt have acquired great Skill in Ship-building, which could produce ſuch Prodigies of Art, as no ſucceeding Age hath been able to imitate. By means of their Commerce and Naval Power, the *Ægyptians*, though they never were diſtinguiſhed for their military Skill and Courage, were enabled to extend their Conqueſts into the remoter Parts of ÆTHIOPIA and JEMEN—and the PTOLEMIES had thirty-three thouſand Cities ſubject to their Power. Theſe Facts would appear incredible, were they not atteſted by the moſt authentic Authors; and did we not reflect, to what Splendor Commerce might raiſe a Kingdom waſhed by two Seas, and enjoying the Treaſures of an inexhauſtible Soil.'—See Monthly Review, Vol. 74, P. 527. See alſo Univerſal Hiſt. Vol. 9, 8vo. P. 283.

L. 123. His Bards, with melancholy Step, depart.

The Fame of PTOLEMY's Munificence drew ſeven Poets to his Court, who, from their Number, were called the *Pleiades*—THEOCRITUS, CALLIMACHUS, APOLLONIUS, ARATUS, LYCOPHRON, NICANDER and PHILICUS.

L. 131. Lo PTOLEMY, on Virtue's arduous Road,
Hath in the Footſteps of his Father trode.

Thus HEINSIUS interprets this difficult Paſſage: 'PTOLEMY alone treading cloſe in the Footſteps of his Fathers, yet warm in the

the Duſt, defaced and roſe over them'—alluding to an Expreſſion uſed in a certain Conteſt among the Antients: Επιβεβηκα Σου, Υπεραινω ειμι—I have ſtept over you—I am beyond you. For Illuſtrations of the above, ſee HOM. Il. B. 23, L. 763. and PINDAR, Pyth. 8, L. 48. Nem. 6, L. 28. Pyth. 6, L. 45.

For a Sketch of PTOLEMY's Character, ſee IDYLL. 14. See alſo Univerſal Hiſtory.

Yet PTOLEMY, it ſeems, with all his Virtues, had a Mixture of Envy in his Compoſition. His prohibiting the Exportation of the Papyrus, leſt ATTALUS, King of PERGAMUS, ſhould ſurpaſs him, in the Accumulation of MSS. (which were eaſily copied on this *Ægyptian* Paper) detracts, in no trifling Degree, from his Character of Liberality. The Prohibition, however, gave Occaſion to a more uſeful Invention. The Spirit of ATTALUS was too active to acquieſce in the Obſtruction of its Views. We are told, that being forbidden to uſe the Papyrus, he invented the Pergamena or Parchment.

In regard to their Accumulation of Books, and their Patronage of literary Men, there is no Doubt but ATTALUS and PTOLEMY were partly influenced by the Love of Learning. But Emulation (or rather Envy) was the moſt powerful Principle. To this Spirit of Rivalry the celebrated Library at ALEXANDRIA, which, according to A. GELLIUS, conſiſted of 700,000 Volumes, in a great Meaſure owed its Magnificence, though not its Exiſtence. It was burnt about fifty Years before Chriſt, by CÆSAR's Soldiers. From its Aſhes aroſe another Library that, (equally ill-fated) was deſtroyed in the ſixth Century, by the Caliph OMAR, the Contemporary and Companion of MAHOMET. See Abul. Phar. Hiſt. Degnaſt. P. 180. and Modern Univ. Hiſt. Vol. 1, Page 498.

To the well-verſed in Literature, the "*Philological Enquiries*" of the truly learned and poliſhed HARRIS, will furniſh moſt elegant Amuſement on the Subject before us. His Reflexions are thoſe of a Man who, poſſeſſing uncommon Erudition, looks back with Complacency on the Career of Science he hath run, and reviews with Senſibility and Taſte the more ſtriking Incidents in the Regions of Philology.

It is remarkable enough, that the *Saracens* were, afterwards, as eager to preſerve, as they were, firſt, active to deſtroy Literature. In their Treaties with the *Greek* Emperors, they demanded, by expreſs Articles, the Works of the Antients.

IDYLLIUM the EIGHTEENTH.

L. 4. Soft hyacinthine Wreaths adorn'd their Hair ——

THE *Greek* Ladies have different Modes of dreſſing the Head at preſent—more or leſs ornamental; the Diſpoſition of which they frequently vary. Sometimes the Hair flows in Treſſes on the Shoulders—at other Times it is formed into a Roll about the Head, or *negligently tied with Flowers*. In this laſt Method, it is eaſy to recognize the Faſhion of the *Lacedæmonian* Ladies.

M. GUYS.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore terræ quem ferunt ſolutæ.

HORACE.

L. 9. To the light Meaſure as they beat the Ground.

Thus HOMER:

Μαρμαρυγας Θηειτο ποδων, Θαυμαζε δε Θυμω.

Odyſſ.

And, in the ſame Senſe, HORACE:

Junctæque nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede.

But the Power of Harmony to produce all the Graces of Motion in the Body, is expreſſed with inimitable Beauty, in Mr. GRAY's 'Progreſs of Poeſy'—(excepting "The Bard") the fineſt Ode in the *Engliſh* Language.

Thee the Voice, the Dance obey
Temper'd to thy warbled Lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet Green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen
On CYTHEREA's Day;
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic Meaſures;
Now purſuing—now retreating,
Now in circling Troops they meet:
To briſk Notes in Cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling Feet.

In the Marriage Proceſſion—on the Shield of ACHILLES, Iliad, B. 18, the new-married

ried Perſons are attended by Singers and Dancers.

Here ſacred Pomp and genial Feaſt delight,
And ſolemn Dance, and hymeneal Rite.
Along the Streets the new-made Brides are led,
With Torches flaming, to the nuptial Bed:
The youthful Dancers in a Circle bound,
To the ſoft Flute and Cithern's ſilver Sound,
Thro' the fair Streets: the Matrons in a Row
Stand in their Porches and enjoy the Show.

POPE.

L. 17. Come, with her Fellow-Virgins let her play,
And own a Mother's Care, till Dawn of Day.

Thus CATULLUS:

Heſpere, qui cælo fertur crudelior ignis?
Qui gnatam poſſis complexu avellere matris,
Complexu matris retinentem avellere gnatam;
Et juveni ardenti caſtam donare puellam.

Carm. Nupt. L. 20.

How ſimilar is the following Deſcription of M. GUYS (who was preſent at a *Grecian* Marriage): "The young Bride richly dreſſed, wearing long Treſſes of Threads of Gold interwoven with her beautiful Hair, after the Manner of the *Greeks*, deſcended from her Apartment: She eagerly advanced to kiſs her Father and Mother—Who could behold with dry Eyes a tender and reſpectable *Mother unable to detatch herſelf from a Daughter whom ſhe preſſed in her Arms*, and whom ſhe bedewed with Tears, which an Exceſs of Joy and Affection cauſed to flow on her maternal Boſom?—At their Return, the Bride's Mother conducted her Daughter into *an Apartment* ſuperbly furniſhed; *the Tapeſtry and Bed of which, embroidered on a Ground of White*, and adorned with beautiful Flowers, were the Work of this good Mother. She had laboured at them privately, for ten Years, without the Knowledge of any one."—They dance and ſing ſtill, all Night; but the Companions of the Bride are excluded.

L. 30. Anointed for the Revels of the Green.

To one, who conſiders theſe naked Exhibitions of Women, according to the *Spartan* Uſage, or views, in Imagination, the *Aſiatic* Females, in the Baths, at the preſent Day, the Song of SOLOMON can preſent no exaggerated Deſcription, or unnatural Delineations of Beauty. Lady W. MONTAGUE ſeems to intimate an Opinion (which the *Elegantes formarum Spectatores* will probably aſſent to) that he who, with an Eye to Beauty, ſhould ſurvey the *Turkiſh* Women in their Baths, would little attend to the fineſt Face: His principal Attention would be elſewhere directed.

L. 35. Or, as the Riſing of the purple Morn——

Ως αντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προζωπον, &c.

Τις αυτη η εκκυπτουσα ωσει ορθρος; &c.—Who is ſhe that looketh forth like the Morning?

Canticles.

Οι δε οφθαλμοι αυτου οιδος εωσφορου.—His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning.

JOB.

Χειμωνος απεντος, &c.

Ιδε ο χειμων παρηλθεν, ο υετος απηλθεν—Lo the Winter is paſt—the Rain is over and gone.

Canticles.

Αρματι θεσσαλος ιππος.

Τη ιππω μου εν αρμασι Φαραω ωμοιωσα σε η πλησιον μου. Septuag. Cant. I have compared thee, O my Love, to a Company of Horſes in PHARAOH's Chariots.—Compare theſe Paſſages with THEOCRITUS.

L. 40. Behold her various Labors of the Loom!

The ſevere Critic may call this, in the Language of JOHNSON, a mere Adumbration of the Original. But a literal Verſion would by no Means pleaſe the *Engliſh* Reader.

L. 48. Love, charming Boy, ſits playing in her Eye.

If we recollect, that the Eye was held ſacred to CUPID, where, PHILOTHRASTUS ſays, he was ſuppoſed to lie in Ambuſh, we ſhall ſee a peculiar Propriety in the Image before us. Thus in MELEAGER's beautiful Epigram, where he hath imitated the firſt IDYLLIUM of MOSCHUS, CUPID lies hid in ZENOPHILA's Eye.

Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

See Anthol. 7, Ep. 16.

L. 55. Be flowering Lotus twin'd, that loves the Ground.

ATHENÆUS tells us, that the *Alexandrians* were particularly fond of Garlands compoſed of the Lotus-Flower. And Lotus-Wreaths are often obſerved in the *Ægytian* Monuments. MILLER and MARTYN have given accurate Deſcriptions of two different Lote-Trees, neither of which appears to be the Lotus of our Author.

The

The Leaves of the Lote-Tree or Nettle-Tree, ſays MILLAR, are like thoſe of the Nettle; the Flower conſiſts of five Leaves, expanded in Form of a Roſe, containing many ſhort Stamina in the Boſom: The Fruit, which is a roundiſh Berry, grows ſingle in the Boſom of its Leaves. MARTYN thinks, 'it is more probable that the Lotus of the *Lotophagi*, is what we call Zizyphus or the Jujube-Tree: The Leaves of this are about an Inch and a half in Length, an Inch in Breadth, of a ſhining green Color, and ſerrated about the Edges: The Fruit is of the Shape and Size of Olives, and the Pulp of it has a ſweet Taſte like Honey; and therefore cannot be the Nettle-Tree, the Fruit of which is far from that Delicacy which is aſcribed to the Lotus of the Antients.'

According to PROSPER ALPINUS, the *Ægyptian* Lotus (which grows along the NILE at the Time of its Inundations) is the ſame as our great Water-Lily; the Plant, perhaps, which occurs in HOMER's Iliad, B. 9. Near ROSETTA it grows in great Abundance.

L. 74. And give to HYMEN's Joys ———

For a particular Account of the Divinity-ſhip of HYMEN, ſee *Natalis Comes*. The Occaſion of his Deification, is thus related by an ingenious Author: 'HYMEN was a young Man of ATHENS, obſcurely born, but extremely beautiful. Falling in Love with a young Lady of Diſtinction, he diſguiſed himſelf in a female Habit, in order to get Acceſs to her, and enjoy the Pleaſure of her Company. As he happened to be one Day in this Diſguiſe, with his Miſtreſs, and her female Companions, celebrating, on the Sea-ſhore, the Rites of CERES ELEUSINA, a Gang of Pirates came upon them, by a Surprize, and carried them all off. The Pirates, having conveyed them to a diſtant Iſland, got drunk for Joy, and fell aſleep. HYMEN ſeized his Opportunity, armed the Virgins, and diſpatched the Pirates: After which, leaving the Ladies on the Iſland, he went in haſte to ATHENS, where he told his Adventure to all the Parents, and demanded her he loved, in Marriage, as her Ranſom. His Requeſt was granted—and ſo fortunate was the Marriage, that the Name of HYMEN was ever after invoked, on all future Nuptials. And, in Progreſs of Time, the *Greeks* enrolled him among their Gods.'

DANCHET, Diſſertation ſur Ceremonies Nuptiales.

IDYLLIUM the NINETEENTH.

THE Tranſlation here given was Part of a School-Exerciſe.

See ANACREON, Ode 40.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTIETH.

DANIEL HEINSIUS aſcribes this IDYLLIUM to MOSCHUS. Whether it belongs to MOSCHUS or THEOCRITUS, it certainly poſſeſſes a high Degree of poetical Merit.

L. 11. She ſpoke, and ſpitting thrice,

Τρις εις τον κολπον.—Literally, *thrice ſpit into her Boſom.*

It was cuſtomary for the antient *Grecians* to ſpit three Times into their Boſoms, at the Sight of a Madman, or one troubled with an Epilepſy. This they did in Defiance, as it were of the Omen; for ſpitting was a Sign of the greateſt Deteſtation and Contempt: Hence πτυειν, *(to ſpit)* means *to contemn.*

POTTER.

L. 23. Or, elſe, what God hath faſhion'd me anew.

Here the Poet (ſays MARTYN) ſeems to allude to the ſudden Transformation of ULYSSES, in HOMER's Odyſſ. B. 13, L. 429.

L. 25. ——— like claſping Ivy ———

Κισσος. PLINY and THEOPHRASTUS (ſee Note on firſt IDYLL. L. 40, in Tranſ.) have obſerved that Κισσος was a Species of Ivy that grew without Support. If, however, the Authority of THEOCRITUS have any Weight in Botany, this Paſſage proves the direct Contrary. Κισσος ποτι ῥιζιμνον.—The *Greek* and *Latin* Poets have often uſed the Ivy as an Illuſtration, in their Deſcriptions of perſonal Beauty. Thus VIRGIL: *Hederâ formoſior albâ.* On which SPENCE remarks: '*More beautiful than Ivy* to us may ſeem but an odd Simile.' It might ſound otherwiſe to

an *Italian*, whoſe Country abounds with Ever-greens; moſt of them of a ruſty and diſagreeable Color; whereas Ivy is of a clean lively Green. They uſed it, of old, in the moſt beautiful Parts of their Gardens. PLINY, ſpeaking of his Garden, and of the Hippodrome (which ſeems to have been one of the prettieſt Things in it) ſays: '*Platanis circuitur; illæ hederâ veſtiuntur; utque ſummæ ſuis, ita imæ alienis frondibus virent.*' HORACE compares young Beauties to Ivy, and old Women to dead withered Leaves.

L. 30. Ev'n as MINERVA's Eyes more ſweetly beam'd.

MINERVA's Eyes were of a ſparkling Azure. ANACREON, ſee Ode 28, oppoſes the vivid Blue of MINERVA's Eyes to the ſoft Languiſhing of thoſe of VENUS. Naturaliſts obſerve, that the blue Eye hath the moſt powerful Effect in Beauty, as it reflects the greateſt Variety of Lights, being compoſed of more various Colors. Our Poets ſeem to have different Ideas of the blue Eye from that of THEOCRITUS and ANACREON. The *Circaſſian* Ladies have been celebrated for

Their Eyes' blue Languiſh, *and their golden Hair.*

So ſings the ſweeteſt of our modern Bards —borrowing, what hath been commonly thought Original, from POPE;

And the blue Languiſh *of ſoft* ALIA's *Eye.*
Iliad 18, L. 50.

Nor can COLLINS's much-admired Expreſſion

Her Eyes of dewy *Light* ——

(applied to Pity) boaſt the Originality generally attributed to it. ANACREON, in his Portrait of BATHYLLUS, applies the Epithet Δροσωδὴς to the Eye.

L. 32. Dropt Muſic than the Honeycomb more ſweet.

Εκ Ϲωματων δε
Εϱϱει μοι φωνα γλυκιϱωτϱα η μελικηϱω·
Κηϱιον αποσταζουσι χειλη Ϲου, νυμφη· μελι κ᾽ γαλα
υπο την γλωσσαν Ϲῳ·

Thy Lips, O my Spouſe, drop as the Honey-comb; Honey and Milk are under thy Tongue.

L. 45. And was not ſweet ENDYMION's Self, a Swain—

The Sophiſt LONGUS who (not excepting VIRGIL) may be conſidered as the moſt elegant Imitator of THEOCRITUS, hath plainly a View to theſe Verſes in the following Paſſage: 'If I have been in Love with a Shepherd, I have but imitated the Gods. ANCHISES was a Herdſman, yet VENUS delighted in his Perſon. BRANCHIUS fed his Goats, and APOLLO was enamoured of the Swain. GANYMEDE was a Shepherd, yet JUPITER ſnatched him to Heaven.' WARTON.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-FIRST.

THERE is a Tradition, that THEOCRITUS ſung this Story to the *Ægyptian* Fiſhermen. He might with more Propriety, perhaps, have entertained his own Countrymen with this ſimple and pleaſing Tale. For, ASPHALION's Alluſion to the Prytaneum, a Place (as the Commentators ſay) on the Coaſt of SICILY, proves the Characters of this Piece to be *Sicilian.*

L. 1. 'Tis Penury, DIOPHANTUS, &c.

Tum variæ venere artes, &c. VIRGIL.

And PERSIUS Prol.

Quis expedivit pſittaco, &c.

Thus tranſlated by DRYDEN:

Who taught the Parrot human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endued the chattering Pye?
'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their Maſters, and their Maſters theſe.

The introductory Lines do not ſeem well adapted to the Dialogue that follows. We find, that, though indeed Care might intrude on the Fiſhermen, during the Period of Reſt, it was Care of no very melancholy Complexion. They were, on the whole, happy; being repreſented as content with their Situation. They deemed their Cot a Palace—and lived in Glee.

L. 11. Beſide them many an Inſtrument of Toil.

Jam fragilem in ſicco munibant ſaxa phaſelum;
Raraque per longos pendebant retia remos:
Ante pedes ciſtæque leves, humique jacebant,
Et calami, naſſæque et viminei labyrinthi.

L. 21. Not ev'n a Dog or Pot was theirs:—

Ου κυνα—an happy Emendation of JOANNES AURATUS. It was before read, ουχ ινα.

L. 23. They

L. 23. They paſs'd their Hours, with Poverty their Friend.

The Poverty, Simplicity, and Contentment of theſe good old Fiſhermen, are very pleaſingly delineated. The *African*, 'who lives upon his Bow,' as deſcribed by Mr. ADDISON, here recurs to Memory.

Coarſe are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chace,
Amidſt the running Stream he ſlakes his Thirſt,
Toils all the Day, and at the Approach of Night
On the firſt friendly Bank he throws him down;
Or reſts his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted Game;
And if, the following Day, he chance to find
A new Repaſt, or an untaſted Spring,
Bleſſes his Stars, and thinks 'tis Luxury.

There is a ſimilar Painting, and equally beautiful, in *Natalis Comes*, De Venat. B. 1.

Ipſa fames jucunda venit venantibus; ullas
Delicias non expectant, quas improba ventris
Ingluvies reperit: Contenti ſimpliciori
Sunt menſâ; nec fœmineus ſylveſtria luxus
Ingreditur: Carpunt alto quæ plurima monte
Naſcuntur—quæ ſylva tulit. Si lumina quando
Arrepit ſomnus, feſſis medicina laborum,
Invitant volucrum cantus, dulceſque ſuſurri,
Et Zephyro quæ ſylva tremit jactata ſereno.
Nec deſunt herbæ molles, gratiſſima ſtrata,
Invidioſa toris, auratis, murice tinctis.

L. 49. He ſeems, my Friend, the ſhrewdeſt Judge of Dreams, &c.

Taken, probably, from a Verſe of EURIPIDES, which we meet with in PLUTARCH.

Μαντις δ' αριστος οστις εικαζει καλως.

TULLY hath thus tranſlated it:

Qui bene conjecit, vatem perhibebo optimum.

L. 54. ——— indeed the living Light
In Prytaneum, burns both Day and Night.

If this Paſſage refer to that Prytaneum at ATHENS (where a Fire, ſacred to VULCAN, was kept conſtantly burning), there might be an Impropriety in ſuch an Alluſion, as SCALIGER remarks: For we cannot ſuppoſe two ignorant Fiſhermen acquainted with a Place ſo remote from their Labors. But it appears, that there was a Place in their Neighbourhood named Prytaneum, where nocturnal Lamps were fixed, for the Convenience of fiſhing, by Night. To this Circumſtance SANNAZARIUS alludes:

Dumque alii notoſque ſinus, piſcoſaque circum
Æquora colluſtrant flammis, aut linea longe
Retia, captivoſque trahunt ad littora piſces.

See ſecond Eclogue.

L. 59. Nor was my Stomach full——

Whatever may be Lord MONBODDO's fantaſtic Notions of Dreams, or however plauſibly the ingenious SEED may reaſon on the Subject (ſee his Sermons), they are, in Reality, very cloſely connected with Materialiſm—more dependent on the Machinery of corporeal Creatures, than that of ſpiritual Eſſences. Repletion is one great Cauſe of them, as the good old Fiſherman ſeems to intimate.

L. 66. Dogs dream of Bones, and Fiſhermen of Fiſh.

Borrowed from FAWKES.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SECOND.

TO compare different Authors that have written on the ſame Subject, is generally found both amuſing and inſtructive. It would be worth while to read APOLLONIUS and VALERIUS FLACCUS with our Author, in the Combat of POLLUX and AMYCUS, and the Death of HYLAS.

The Combat of the Cœſtus is ſaid to have been invented by AMYCUS. HOMER, APOLLONIUS and THEOCRITUS have, neither of them, made mention of Plates of Lead or Iron, in their ſeveral Deſcriptions of the Cœſtus. But—

Terga boum plumbo inſuto ferroque rigebant

we may recollect in VIRGIL.

L. 32. And reach'd BEBRYCIA's inhumane Abodes.

A Country near BITHYNIA, in ASIA, bounded on the North, by the PONTUS EUXINUS.

L. 34. And o'er the *ſhelter'd* Beach———

Ακτη υπημενος—*haud ventoſa maris ora, ſed littus tranquillum—vento non expoſitum.* Under the Wind. TOUP.

L. 41. And, tracing the Receſſes of the Mount.

This pictoreſque Scene reminds the Tranſlator of Guy-Cliffe, in Warwickſhire.

See LELAND, Vol. 4, P. 66.

Guy-

Guy-Cliffe, ipſa ſedes eſt amænitatis: Nemuſculum ibi eſt opacum, fontes limpidi et gemmei, antra muſcoſa, prata ſemper verna, rivi levis et ſuſurrans per ſaxa diſcurſus; nec non ſolitudo, et quies Muſis amiciſſima.

L. 45. Full many a *Pebble* ſparkled to the Light.

In the Original ΑΛΛΑΙ κρυσαλλω—*Other* Springs. But here all the Commentators ſeem to have ſuſpected a Corruption. REISKE hath changed αλλαι to αμμοι, which may be ingenious enough—but the Emendation of RHUNKENIUS deſerves the higheſt Applauſe. He thinks it muſt have been originally written ΑΑΛΑΑΙ *Calculi* or Pebbles —which hath every Appearance of Probability. We are much pleaſed when with a very trivial Alteration (ſuch as the Addition of a Letter) the Senſe is materially improved. MUSGRAVE, that admirable Judge of antient Elegance, was highly delighted with this Correction. And TOUP, in a very learned Note, where (as uſual) we have a fine Reliſh of Antiquity, amidſt a Variety of correſponding Paſſages, hath proved beyond Diſpute, the Propriety of the Emendation.

WARTON.

L. 53. Hard by (his Couch the Rock) a Chieftain frown'd.

Here we have all thoſe terrible Graces (ſays Mr. WARTON) which Poets of the preſent Day, either dread or diſdain—but which we ſo much admire in the Writers of Antiquity! We find a gigantic Figure ſitting with no other Covering but the Sky, amidſt an unknown Solitude, with the Trees of the Mountain waving their vaſt and ſhadowy Foliage around him! In ſuch bold and magnificent Deſcription, we diſcover the Genius and the Pencil of a SALVATOR ROSA. Surely (as our Critic remarks) THEOCRITUS hath far exceeded APOLLONIUS RHODIUS in this, as well as other Paſſages of the Poem. Yet Dr. WARTON gives the Preference to APOLLONIUS. Our Commentator hath CASAUBON on his Side; and his Brother of WINCHESTER the learned SCALIGER. 'Who ſhall decide, &c.'—but

——*de guſtibus non diſputandum.*

The gigantic Stature of AMYCUS is well deſcribed both by APOLLONIUS and VALERIUS FLACCUS; the latter of whom in the following Verſes, B. 4, L. 232, reminds us of DAVID and GOLIAH.

Illum Amycus nec fronte trucem, nec mole tremendum
Vix dum etiam primæ ſpargentem ſigna juventæ
Ore renidenti luſtrans obit, et fremit auſum.

'And when the *Philiſtine* looked about and ſaw DAVID, he diſdained him: for he was but a Youth and ruddy, and of a fair Countenance. And the *Philiſtine* ſaid unto DAVID: 'Am I a Dog that thou comeſt to me with Staves?' And the *Philiſtine* curſed DAVID by his Gods.' SAM. I. Chap. 17.

WARTON.

Mr. MICKLE hath thus finely diſplayed the vaſt Figure of GOLIAH:

So ſtrode in ELAH's Vale the towering Height
Of GATH's proud Champion; ſo with pale Affright
The Hebrews *trembled, while with impious Pride*
The huge-limb'd Foe the Shepherd-Boy defy'd:
The valiant Boy advancing fits the String,
And round his Head he whirls the ſounding Sling;
The Monſter ſtaggers with the forceful Wound,
And his vaſt Bulk lies groaning on the Ground.

Luſiad, B. 3.

L. 67. Health, Friend, &c. &c.

This Dialogue is not, perhaps, very judiciouſly introduced. But THEOCRITUS ſeems happy to relax the Severity of Deſcription by Dramatic Familiarities.

WARTON.

L. 101. Soon as the Combatants, &c.

In the Conteſt between AMYCUS and POLLUX, FLACCUS ſeems inferior to APOLLONIUS, in nearly the ſame Proportion as APOLLONIUS to THEOCRITUS. The firſt is inflated with too pompous Expreſſion—the ſecond hath leſs Bombaſt; but the laſt is diſtinguiſhed by a truly majeſtic Simplicity.

WARTON.

In reſpect to the Death of AMYCUS, by the Hand of POLLUX, ORPHEUS concurs with THEOCRITUS.

PLINY takes Notice of the Tomb of AMYCUS, ſhaded by an antient Laurel, near HERACLEA, in PONTUS.

Nat. Hiſt. C. 16.

L. 123. Drunk with the Blows ——

Πληγαις μεθυων—a very bold and ſingular Metaphor. The Poets often ſay, Drunk with Cares—with Love—with Grief—but here μεθυων is metaphorically aſſociated with

a

a non abſtract Term. There is a Paſſage in HOMER's Odyſſey that ſeems to have given Occaſion to this Expreſſion:

Ηϛαι πυϛαζων κεφαλη μεδυοντι ϵοικως.

WARTON.

L. 168. His Hands he lifted, to renounce the Fight.

In Conteſts of this Nature, the vanquiſhed Perſon was accuſtomed to ſtretch out his Hands, ſignifying that he declined the Battle, &c. POTTER.

FAWKES hath tranſlated a curious *Greek* Epigram of LUCILLIUS, on a Conqueror in the Cœſtus. Anthol. B. 2.

This Victor, glorious in his Olive-Wreath,
Had once Eyes, Eye-brows, Noſe, and Ears and Teeth;
But turning Cœſtus-Champion, to his Coſt,
Theſe—and (ſtill worſe) his Heritage he loſt.
For, by his Brother ſued, diſown'd, at laſt
Confronted with his Picture, he was caſt.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-THIRD.

L. 14. ——— Death was in her Look.

INSTEAD of ϵιχϵν, HEINSIUS reads ϵιδϵν αναγκαν, *ſhe looked Neceſſity*. Thus EURIPIDES: Δϵινη αναγκη, and PINDAR ϵχθϵϙ αναγκᾳ.——It is unneceſſary to inform the claſſical Reader, that HORACE hath uſed the Word *Neceſſitas*, in the ſame Manner.

L. 30. Where Lovers drink Oblivion of their Woe!

Borrowed probably from the Canticles, C. 8, V. 6, 7. The Original is:

Ζυνον τοισιν ϵρωσι το φαϵμακον ϵνθα το λαθϙ.
Αλλα κ᾽ ην ολον αυτο λαβων πωλϖ χριλϙ αμιλξω,
Ουδϵ κϵ τως Cϵσσω τον ϵμον ποθον.

The Septuagint:

Κραταια ως θανατϙ αγαπη, Cκληρϙ ως αδης ζηλϙ· πϵριπλϵρα αυτης πϵριπλϵρα πυρϙ, φλογϵς αυτης.

Υδωρ πολυ ϖ δυνησϵται Cβϵσαι την αγαπην· κ᾽ ποταμοι ϖ Cυγκλυσωσιν αυτην.

"Love is ſtrong as Death: Jealouſy is cruel as the Grave: The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire, which hath a moſt vehement Flame. Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it."

L. 35. Fair is the Roſe, yet ſoon its Beauty flies.

Thus VIRGIL—*Alba liguſtra*, &c.

And NEMESIANUS, Ecl. 4:

Reſpice me tandem, puer O crudelis, Iola!
Non hoc ſemper erit: perdunt et gramina flores;
Perdit ſpina roſas, nec ſemper lilia candent.

L. 67. Then ran, to view the Wreſtlers in the Grove.

It hath been aſked, what a young Lady has to do, in the Palæſtra? In the Opinion, however, of the Tranſlator, there appears to be no Reaſon for departing ſo far from the Senſe of the Original, as to ſubſtitute any other Place of Amuſement. Why might not our female Perſonage have entertained herſelf in looking at the gymnaſtic Exerciſes?—Though (among the Antients) the Reſtraints impoſed on a certain Part of the female World might, poſſibly, have forbidden an Excurſion of this Nature, it is not neceſſary to attach ſuch an Idea to our imaginary Character, whom we cannot ſubject to too ſcrupulous Decorums, diveſted as ſhe ſeems, of the ſofter Blandiſhments and Delicacy of her Sex.

L. 72. He fell, and cruſh'd her, in the Fountain-Wave.

There is ſome Reſemblance in the Fate of CALLIMACHUS's Youth, Epig. 11th.

DUNCOMBE hath thus tranſlated the Epigram:

A Youth, who thought his Father's Wife
Had loſt her Malice with her Life,
Officious, with a Chaplet grac'd
The Statue on her Tomb-ſtone plac'd;
When falling, ſudden, on his Head,
With the dire Blow it ſtruck him dead:
Ah! hence be warn'd, each foſter-Son,
Your Step-Dame's Sepulchre to ſhun!

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-FOURTH.

THIS IDYLLIUM hath been attributed to MOSCHUS or BION. But it certainly contains Imagery and Sentiment, which have not a Feature of their Genius, and far, indeed, ſurpaſs their Powers. There is ſurely no Reaſon for refuſing it a Place among the IDYLLIA of our Poet. In ſome Parts, THEOCRITUS riſes above his uſual Tenor, and ſoars to the Heights of Epic Poetry. PHILOSTRATUS the Younger, hath

drawn a fine Picture of this Story, where the Artiſt had, probably, a View to the Poem before us. Thus too the Painter of POLYPHEMUS and GALATEA might have copied, in a great Degree, the *Cyclops* of THEOCRITUS. There is no Doubt, indeed, but the antient Painters were much indebted to Poetry, for the Subjects and Embelliſhments of their Art. HOMER himſelf hath been ſtyled by LUCIAN the "firſt of Painters." If we conſider his Shield of ACHILLES, we may be inclined to think that he borrowed his Ideas from Picture; ſo perſpicuous and beautiful is the Diſpoſition of his Imagery: but we are well aſſured, that ZEUXIS, POLYGNOTUS and APELLES were very aſſiduous in tranſlating his Beauties into Colors.

WARTON, *with ſome Variations.*

L. 1. Soon as ALCMENA bade her pleaſing Care
Waſh'd, and with Milk well fed, for Reſt prepare.

We ſee the firſt Ladies, among the Antients—even Princeſſes—by no means ſuperior to -— NATURE. They were not placed in ſo elevated a Situation, as to licenſe their Contempt of Humanity. But our modern Ladies may view themſelves (enviable Preeminence indeed) above Life's Comforts—ſhall we add, its Failings too?—The Tranſlator, however, begs he may not be miſunderſtood. He is not influenced by a blind Veneration for the Antients; nor would he inſinuate a Diſlike to modern Uſages or Manners. Though in the Times of primitive Simplicity, the Princeſs ALCMENA might waſh her Children, with Propriety and Decorum, ſuch an Office, in a Lady of Diſtinction, might, poſſibly, at the preſent Day, be unbecoming and revolting. Yet are the great Lines of parental Duty indelible, either by Cuſtom or Faſhion. They are equally viſible to the unjaundiced Eye, in every Age and Country. Through the falſe media, indeed, of Corruption and Luxury, theſe Lines have been dimly ſeen by the Antients, as well as ourſelves. A CORNELIA, an AURELIA, or an ATTIA might have adorned their diſtinguiſhed Stations by an unremitted Attention to the Education of their Children: But we have on Record, many unamiable Examples of Females, who, corrupted by the vitiating Faſhions, had little Claim to the Name of Mothers. The Philoſopher PHAVORINUS (as AULUS GELLIUS informs us) reprimanded the Wife of a Senator, for making the unnatural Reſolution—not to nurſe her own Child. From this ſacred Duty prompted by Inſtinct, and enforced by Reaſon, no Station, however eminent, can exempt the Parent. It is a Duty, whoſe Obligation is indiſpenſable from the Wife of a Peaſant to the Conſort of a King—though more meritorious in a Perſonage of high Rank, while oppoſed by faſhionable Folly, than in the Mother of an infant HERCULES, while according with primæval Simplicity.

L. 21. Briſtled their azure Scales o'er many a Fold.

The Appearance of the Serpent hath been a noble Subject for poetic Deſcription, among the *Greek* Authors, from the Argonautics of ORPHEUS, to the Herculiſcus of THEOCRITUS. ORPHEUS finely paints the Serpent that guarded the golden Fleece. (Argon. L. 925.) PINDAR, in his firſt *Nemean* Ode, relates the Story, before us, in a very animated Manner. The Serpents of VIRGIL that devoured LAOCOON's Sons, are more ſtriking than any other the *Roman* Writers have preſented to us.

L. 28. And thro' the Room a ſteady Splendor broke—

Perhaps (ſays Mr. WARTON) the fiery Eyes of the Serpents may be ſuppoſed to be the Cauſe of this Light. But he prefers with the Tranſlator, the Idea of a ſupernatural Illumination. See Diſſertation.—Such Imagery hath a ſtrong Effect on the Fancy—not unlike the Horror we feel amidſt the enchanted Scenes of TASSO or ARIOSTO.

L. 47. And ſee what Light o'er all the Chamber falls.

Does not this appear to be imitated from HOMER—where TELEMACHUS and ULYSSES are ſurveying by Night the Armoury of the royal Palace! See Odyſſey, B. 19, L. 37. Compare SOPHOCLES, Trachin. L. 880.

WARTON.

L. 66. Flung the dead Monſters at his Father's Feet.

This is a fine Stroke of the Poet. We have been terrified at the marvellous Atchievements of the Infant HERCULES. But here our Senſations become mixed. While he throws the Serpents at his Father's Feet, we have ſtill a Shade of Terror on our Minds; but his engaging Manner, ſo natu-

ral

ral to his Age, recalls our Preconceptions of the Child; and tempers our Fear with the Feelings of Affection.

WARTON.

L. 87. The Days ſhall come, when many a Maid of GREECE, &c.

The Predictions of the Seers were, in general, no better than caſual Conjectures. Such venerable Perſonages, indeed, as TIRESIAS, might have poſſeſt, from long Experience and Obſervation, a Degree of Sagacity and Foreſight, very nearly approaching the prophetic Spirit. But of all the Heathen Writers of Antiquity, who have aſſumed the Style and Manner of the Prophet, the Poet SENECA is the moſt happy in his Oracles. The following Prediction is clear and beautiful. It is free from all oracular Ambiguity.

——— *Venient annis*
Sæcula Seris, *quibus* Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus, *Tiphyſque* novos
Detegat orbes; *nec ſit terris*
Ultima Thule. MEDEA, Act 2.

No one will heſitate in the Application of theſe Lines to the Diſcovery of AMERICA. Yet they were written near fifteen hundred Years before the Event took Place.

With reſpect to the particular Paſſage before us, in the Prophecy of TIRESIAS we may remark, that the *Greeks* not only celebrated their Heroes and Heroines in popular Songs (which hath been common enough in all Countries) but were probably accuſtomed to recite and ſing, at their Feſtivals, thoſe long heroic Poems, the Compoſitions of their firſt-rate Writers. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, Argon. 4. very plainly alludes to this Uſage, while he predicts, in Triumph, the Fate of his Poems, to be ſung at each ſucceeding Feſtival, with increaſing Pleaſure and Applauſe. HOMER is ſaid to have chaunted his own Verſes—which, perhaps, may be collected from himſelf. Hymn to APOLLO, L. 169. Partly WARTON.

The modern *Greek* Ladies are ſaid to be equally as much attached to hiſtoric Songs or Tales as the antient. 'They love Fables and Romances: The Matrons are fond of relating; and the young Women plume themſelves on their Adroitneſs in repeating thoſe they have learnt, or can compoſe, from ſuch Incidents as happen within their Knowledge. Theſe Stories are told, and Ditties chaunted, during the Occupation of Spinning or Embroidery. The latter, indeed, is the chief Employment of the *Greek* Women. Thoſe who follow it for a Maintenance, are employed in it from Morning till Night.' (M. GUYS). So that the Prophecy of old TIRESIAS,

The Days ſhall come, when many a Maid of GREECE
Shall ſing till duſky Eve, ALCMENA*'s Name,*

hath been fulfilled in its moſt literal Application: The Energies of its Completion might be obſerved, perhaps, at the preſent Moment.

'There it was where our Fleet lay!' exclaimed the old *Greek* Pilot to Mr. ANSON, meaning the *Grecian* Fleet, at the Siege of TROY: The *Greek* Ladies, alike intereſted in the Story of ALCMENA, may ſtill celebrate her Actions as but of yeſterday!

L. 99. He ſhall be called the Son-in-Law of Gods, &c.

'And his Name *ſhall be called Wonderful*, &c. &c.'

L. 103. Then with the Fawn the harmleſs Wolf ſhall dwell.

—Borrowed, without a Doubt, from ISAIAH: 'The Wolf ſhall dwell with the Lamb, and the Leopard ſhall lie down with the Kid.' It is ſurpriſing that our Author (particularly in this prophetic Part of the Poem) has not more ſtrikingly alluded to ISAIAH's Writings, with which he was, indiſputably, well acquainted. Indeed the Style of TIRESIAS is that of the ſacred Prophet.

L. 106. Such Copſe or Low-Wood as the Foreſts bear,
The rough Aſpalathus, &c. &c.

Sometimes the ominous Thing was burnt with *ligna infelicia*, that is, ſuch Sort of Wood as was in tutelâ inferûm deorum avertentiumque—(ſacred to the Gods of Hell, and thoſe which averted evil Omens) being chiefly Thorns, and ſuch other Trees as were only fit to be burned. Sometimes the Prodigy, when burnt, was caſt into the Water; and particularly into the Sea, as THEOCRITUS hath deſcribed.

POTTER.

The

The Aſpalathus is the Roſe of JERUSALEM, or our Lady's Thorn. (JOHNSON's Dictionary.) The Paliurus may be the Plant which is cultivated in our Gardens, under the Name of Chriſt's Thorn. Of this is ſuppoſed to have been made our Saviour's Crown, when he was led to Crucifixion. (MARTYN.) The Acherdus occurs in HOMER's Odyſſey, B. 14. The Sylvan Lodge of EUMÆUS is fenced with it. POPE tranſlates the Paſſage

Encircled with a Fence of living Thorn.

The moſt powerful of all Incantations was to throw the Aſhes of the Sacrifice backward into the Water.—Thus VIRGIL:

Fer cineres Amarylli, foras; rivoque fluenti,
Tranſque caput jâce; ne reſpexeris.—

L. 127. As the young Plant amidſt the Garden grows, &c.

A ſimple and beautiful Compariſon much uſed by the antient Poets. THEOCRITUS ſeems to have borrowed it from HOMER, Iliad 18. Here THETIS, ſpeaking of her Son ACHILLES, ſays:

Like ſome fair Plant, beneath my careful Hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the Land.

In the Pſalms, the flouriſhing Child is compared to an Olive-Branch.

L. 154. Nor daſh the glowing Axle on the Goal.

Thus NESTOR cautions his Son. Il. B. 23.

In the ancient Chariot-Races, the Goal was a large Trunk of an Oak or Pine-Tree, erected on the Confines about a Cubit's Height, and ſupported, on each Side, by two white poliſhed Stones. See MENARD's Mœurs des Grecs.

L. 172. Beneath his Mother's Eye the Hero grew.

Thus have we had an Opportunity of contemplating the Inſtitution of Youth, in thoſe heroic Ages, which we regard with a Kind of ſuperſtitious Veneration. At theſe Times of primæval Simplicity, when Luxury had neither enervated the Body, or corrupted the Mind, it is with Pleaſure we obſerve the Care and Diligence of the Parent, in the Education of his Children—a Taſk, of all, the moſt momentous that can engage the Attention of a reaſonable Being. But among the Antients (according to DIONYSIUS HALICARN.) there prevailed, though in a later Age than that of HERCULES, a moſt vicious and diſſolute Mode of Education. The Corruption introduced, indeed, by ARISTODEMUS among the *Cumæan* Youth would ſhock the *Simplicity* of human Nature; though, in this *luxurious* Age, *we* may conſider it, with little Emotion. Yet, amidſt all our Luxuries, we may poſſibly be ſomewhat ſurpriſed at a ſtudied Syſtem of Effeminacy. We are told, that ARISTODEMUS entirely aboliſhed the gymnaſtic Exerciſes—that he ordered Boys to wear their Hair long, in the Manner of Females, to ſtain it of a yellow Color, and pay particular Attention to the curling it—to ſhelter themſelves, with Umbrellas, from the Sun, or the Inclemency of the Weather—to uſe Fans—to wear the ſofteſt Garments, richly-wrought—to frequent the Baths—to perfume themſelves with the ſweeteſt Unguents—to paſs a great Part of their Time under the Care of Women, amidſt Muſic, Dancing, and Revelry—and, in ſhort, to reduce themſelves, by every poſſible Expedient, to the moſt abandoned State of effeminate Senſuality. It was alſo decreed, that this Proceſs of ſyſtematic Corruption ſhould be continued to the Age of twenty. DIONYS. HALICARN. Antiqu. Rom. V. I, B. 7, P. 409. Edit. Oxon.

Partly WARTON.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-FIFTH.

L. 19. ——— here, beneath the Dew, &c.

ΕΑΡΙΝΑΙΣ ὑγιλασσι λελυμενον ἀνθεσι πρσαις.

Nonnus. Dion. B. 3, L. 15.

Laugh'd the freſh Floweret, waſh'd by vernal Dews.

L. 35. And, widely waving, far as yonder Hills,
These ſhadowy Gardens ——

The Gardens of AUGIAS, in reſpect to their Extenſiveneſs, ſeem to have been laid out on MASON's Idea. See Engliſh Garden, Book 1, Line 240.

Does then the Song forbid the Planter's Hand
To clothe the diſtant Hills, and veil with Woods
Their barren Summits? No—it but forbids
All Poverty of Clothing. Rich the Robe,
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears

Her

On her thron'd Eminence: Where'er ſhe takes
Her horizontal March, purſue her Step
With ſweeping Train of Foreſt; Hill to Hill
Unite with Prodigality of Shade.

L. 69. Oft he would aſk, whence came this Hero-Gueſt?

We may, perhaps, wonder that our old Herdſman hath not yet taken the Liberty of aſking HERCULES his Name; or rather that the Hero himſelf had not given him the Information, at the Beginning of their Interview. But the Antients never enquired the Names of their Stranger-Gueſts.

This Species of Etiquette is obſervable in HOMER's *Phœnicians*, who are repreſented as hoſpitably entertaining ULYSSES, tho' they were ignorant of his Name, and did not preſume to aſk it. It ſeems that Silence was enjoined on ſuch Occaſions, by the Laws of antient Hoſpitality; which were held ſacred by all the Nations of Antiquity, but peculiarly adhered to, in the more Northern Countries.

TACITUS, ſpeaking of the *Germans*, tells us: '*Quemcunque mortalium arcere tecto nefas habetur: pro fortunâ quiſque apparatis epulis excipit.* Notum ignotumque, *quantum ad jus hoſpitii, nemo diſcernit.*'

De Morib. Germ. C. 21.

It was a Cuſtom among the antient *Scots*, (particularly among the *Highlanders*) to let their Doors open, the whole Night; ſo that the Stranger had free Acceſs to their Houſes, even while they were aſleep. This (by the Way) anſwers to the Deſcription of TIBULLUS, in his fine Repreſentation of the Golden Age. To aſk their Gueſt, with any Degree of Importunity, from what Country he came—whither he was going—or what was his Name, 'till he had ſpent a Year under their Roof, was thought a Breach of Civility and Good-Manners. MACBETH's Murder of DUNCAN, therefore, in SHAKSPEARE, was doubly criminal, from the Circumſtance of DUNCAN's having been his Gueſt. His Violation of the popular Laws of Hoſpitality, greatly enhanced the Atrocity of his Crime. He was obliged, by the ſtrongeſt Ties of Religion, to obſerve thoſe Laws himſelf, and, as a Perſonage of Rank, to enforce the Obſervation of them. Not one of SHAKSPEARE's numerous Commentators ſeems to have noticed this Circumſtance. Dr. WARTON.

L. 78. And drove the ſcattering Maſtives far away.

In this Paſſage THEOCRITUS plainly imitates HOMER, Odyſ. B. 14. Great Attention was paid to Dogs by the Princes and Heroes of old. TELEMACHUS, Odyſſ. B. 2. was followed by two domeſtic Dogs. ACHILLES, Il. B. 23, is deſcribed with nine large Dogs at his Board. Two Dogs attend EVANDER, in VIRGIL, B. 8. And SYPHAX, in LIVY, *Inter duos Canes ſtans, Scipionem appellavit.*

Dr. WARTON.

L. 102. See Troops of Slaves, with Taſks aſſign'd them all.

The following little Paſtoral Effuſion of FRACASTORIUS, is much in the Manner of THEOCRITUS, whoſe principal Beauty, (as we have often remarked) conſiſts in Particularizing. *Poem. Ital.* Vol. 2, P. 234.

Nox venit, et paſtæ redeunt ad tecta capellæ.
Præ caper it, cui barbâ jubat, cui cornua pendent
Intorta, et grandes olido de corpore ſetæ.
Pone gregem reliquum compellit arundine virgo
Upilio, multo armantur cui baltea fuſo.
At mater longæva, igni dum braſſica fervet,
Mulctra effert, gravidoque recens lac ubere mulget.
Ruſticus, interea, pinguis collector olivæ,
Interea et validus primâ de nocte bubulcus,
Advenere domum: congeſtâ tum focus orno
Ingenti, aut fago, vel fragmine roboris, ardet:
Tolluntur lætæ flammæ, lateque relucent.

L. 107. From Stall to Stall the curious King repairs.

Such were formerly the Riches of Kings! For a ſimilar Deſcription, ſee OPPIAN, Cyneg. I. 139. WARTON.

L. 122. Were never known to caſt the untimely Young.

Thus we read, Geneſis, C. 30, V. 30, 43: 'Thy Cattle is now increaſed to a Multitude—And the Man increaſed exceedingly, and had much Cattle.' And C. 31, V. 38, 'Theſe twenty Years have I been with thee; thy Ewes and thy She-Goats have not caſt their Young.'

L. 130. Ruſh on the Mountain *Beaſts*, &c.

It is remarkable that both CREECH and FAWKES have tranſlated the Word Θῆρες—*Lions*—though we afterwards find (ſee Tranſlation, L. 175) that

—— ——— *in* Grecian *Foreſts roar,*
No Natives but the Bear, the tuſky Boar,
And droving Wolf——

Θηρ signifies a Beaſt, in general. Though a Lion in HOMER, it may be a Bear in THEOCRITUS.

The Paſſage alluded to, is thus tranſlated by POPE, Iliad, B. 15:

As when a Lion, ruſhing from his Den
Amidſt the Plain of ſome wide-water'd Fen
(Where numerous Oxen, as at Eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker Mead)
Leaps on the Herds before the Herdſman's Eyes;
The trembling Herdſman far to Diſtance flies—
Some lordly Bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out, arreſts, and lays him dead.

L. 207. 'Twas now high Noon. No Roar I heard or ſaw, &c. &c.

A fine Picture of Noonday Solitude and Silence. Thus APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, Book 4, Line 1247.

Ουδε τιν' αϱδμον, &c.

—They ſaw no winding Path nor Stream,
Or Shepherd's Cottage at a Diſtance gleam—
But all, one Deſert, in dead Silence lay.

L. 270. Expir'd the Monſter of the *Nemean* Wood.

Probably the Concluſion, as well as the Beginning of this IDYLLIUM is loſt. For admitting that HERCULES has finiſhed his Story of the *Nemean* Lion, we might naturally expect ſome Reply from PHYLEUS. We might expect HERCULES, alſo, to proceed with the Relation of other Adventures. Not to mention, that he afterwards cleanſed the Stables of AUGIAS. Surely the Poet could not have abandoned his Hero thus abruptly. With reſpect to the Author of this Poem, Mr. WARTON, with other learned Men, hath his Doubts, though he by no Means thinks it unworthy of THEOCRITUS. But there is an Abruptneſs in the Style of THEOCRITUS, not ſuiting the Character of the Piece before us: The Diction of this IDYLLIUM is more fertile and flowery, its Periods more poliſhed, and Verſification eaſier, than what we meet with in the *Sicilian* Poet. His Style, in ſhort, ſeems to be that of a Writer to whom heroic Subjects had been familiar. REISKE is of Opinion, that "HERCULES the Lion-Slayer" is a Fragment of a large Work ſaid to have been written by PISANDER, on the Exploits of HERCULES.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE Characters, the Scenery, the Cataſtrophe, and the Morality of this IDYLLIUM are evidently borrowed from the Bacchæ of EURIPIDES; which exhibits an extenſive View of the Bacchanalian Rites. The *Engliſh* Reader may ſee the *Meſſenger*'s intereſting Narrative of the Death of PENTHEUS very happily tranſlated in WOODHUL's Verſion. The lyric Parts of this Tragedy (as indeed of all the Dramatic Pieces of EURIPIDES) preſerve their Enthuſiaſm in POTTER's Tranſlation.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-SEVENTH.

THIS IDYLLIUM forms a ſtrange Contraſt with the twenty-ſixth—Flippancy, Familiarity, and the rudeſt Ruſticity, oppoſed to romantic Enthuſiaſm and Frenzy, and tragical Horror. Perhaps theſe IDYLLIA become intereſting by their Juxtapoſition. A regular Arrangement of the Pieces of THEOCRITUS might deſtroy much of their Effect.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-EIGHTH.

L. 4. Where riſes VENUS' Fane, embower'd in Reed.

Την εν Σαμῳ Αφϱοδιτην ην οι μεν εν ΚΑΛΑΜΟΙΣ καλεσιν. ATHENÆUS, B. 13.

—Yon deep Bed of whiſpering Reeds.

L. 8. ——— charm his welcome Gueſt.

Οππως ξεινον εμον τεϱφομ' ιδωι—

Ut lætitiæ fructum capiam ex obtutu hoſpitis mei.
WARTON.

L. 12. The genuine Model of domeſtic Life.

For a Character of the antient Matrons, ſee *Epitaph. Spon. Miſcell. Erudit. Antiq. P.* 151.

HIC. SITA. EST. AMYMONE.
MARCI. OPTIMA. ET. PULCHER
RIMA. LANIFICA. PIA. PUDICA.
FRUGI. CASTA. DOMISEDA.

See St. PAUL's Epiſtle to TITUS, 2, 5.

Σωφϱονας, αγνας, οικϖϱους.

In HOMER, HELEN hath her golden Diſtaff, and ſilver Baſket; and, in MOSCHUS, EUROPA has her golden Baſket, ornamented with a Variety of emblematic Figures.

L. 24. Traceſt

L. 24. Traceſt to ARCHIAS' City-Walls ——

SYRACUSE, built by ARCHIAS, one of the *Heraclidæ*, who came from CORINTH into SICILY, in the ſecond Year of the eleventh Olympiad. Univ. Hiſt.

IDYLLIUM the TWENTY-NINTH.

HORACE hath imitated this Paſſage, Ode 17, L. 2.—

Ah te meæ ſi PARTEM *animæ rapit*
Maturior vis, quid moror altera;
Nec carus æque, nec ſuperſtes
Integer?

If the Tranſlator remember rightly, ſome wicked Wit hath ſtiled this Paſſage an *Hiberniciſm*. HORACE, in the firſt Place, conſiders his Friend as a *Part* of himſelf; and, in the ſecond Place, intimates, that if this Part ſhould be taken away, the Remainder would not be the Whole. Perhaps a parliamentary Word-Coiner might rather call it a *Truiſm*.

IDYLLIUM the THIRTIETH.

THIS Piece (ſays Mr. WARTON) was not written by THEOCRITUS. The Nature and Manner, it muſt be confeſſed, are both very different from thoſe of the other IDYLLIA. But might not THEOCRITUS have imitated ANACREON? The Tranſlator recollects more than one modern Poet who hath occaſionally aſſumed a Shape ſo unlike himſelf, as to render it impoſſible to recognize him.

THE EPIGRAMS.

I.

L. 1. Theſe roſcid Roſes ———

THAT the Roſe was ſacred to the MUSES, appears alſo from ANACREON, Od. 53, and SAPPHO, Frag. 2.

L. 8. ——— ſo ſnowy-white.

TOUP interprets μαλθ not *villoſus, ſhaggy*, but *albus, white—ſnowy*.

II.

BRODEUS (ſays BLACKWALL) has quarelled with the common Reading in the ſecond EPIGRAM of THEOCRITUS.

Ο καλα Συριγγι ΜΕΡΙΣΔΩΝ
Βυκολικας Υμνας ——

Where he has peremptorily thrown out μεριſδων, and offered Reaſons why μελισδων ſhould take Place. But in my Opinion his Conjecture is ſpoiled, and the rejected Reading aſcertained by the Authority of HORACE, who ſeems to have this Paſſage in View—

—— *Grataque fœminis,*
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides.

Which our Poet SPENSER imitates:

And all the while moſt heavenly Melody
About the Bed ſweet Muſic did divide,
Him to beguile of Grief and Agony.

All this is ingenious enough. But BRODEUS is probably right. Μελισδων is more natural and eaſy than Μεριδων.

V.

Theſe Inſcriptions were not only to be met with on Marbles, Statues, &c. but were ſometimes found on the antient Paintings. If we carry this Idea along with us, we ſhall diſcover an Elegance in theſe EPIGRAMS that may have hitherto eſcaped us: In the mean Time, much of their Obſcurity will diſappear. Here, theſe Shepherds ſeem to have been painted in the Act of playing their ruſtic Ditties; and, at a little Diſtance, PAN ſleeping in a Cave, near an aged Oak. The EPIGRAM is an Explanation of the Painting. WARTON.

We ſee, that there was formerly a much more intimate Correſpondence between Poets and Painters than at preſent ſeems to exiſt. It is a known Fact, that they mutually copied from each others Works. In this Connexion there was great Elegance and Beauty. Mr. HAYLEY hath been ſtudious to revive it; and his EPISTLE to ROMNEY is a fine Inſtance of his Taſte and Knowledge, in a Province congenial with that on which he ſheds ſuch diſtinguiſhed Honor. The Subjects he recommends to his Friend's Attention, are very judiciouſly and happily choſen. Some are taken from MILTON and SHAKSPEARE. POLYGNOTUS, we know, copied from HOMER. After having mentioned the Name of HAYLEY, it might be deemed preſumptuous in the Tranſlator to allude to any Work of his own. It is with all Diffidence, however, that he refers his Readers

to

to the concluding Part of his "Engliſh Orator," where, in the Delineation of Oratorical Action, he hath given Examples of pathetic Oratory, drawn from ſuch hiſtorical Subjects, as either have been, or might, with Propriety, be adopted by the Hiſtory-Painter. Such is that of CÆSAR's dropping his Papers in extreme Agitation, through the Power of CICERO's Eloquence—the Death of CHATHAM, in the Houſe of Lords, drawn by COPLEY—and the Picture of MARIA-THERESA, in the midſt of her *Hungarian* Subjects—the firſt and the laſt of which have never been (as far as the Tranſlator knows) exhibited in Painting.

See "Engliſh Orator," P. 36 and 39.

VI.

L. 6. No—not a Bone!

The Tranſlator could not introduce this Term (though it appears eaſy and natural) without ſome Violence to the Original. He ſuſpected, however, ſome Corruption, and was happy to find the Conjecture of REISKE confirming his Suſpicion. Οστεων ἀδε τεφρα—*the Aſhes of a Bone.* After all, it may be objected, that the cloſing Point does not ſuit the Gravity of antient EPIGRAM.

IX.

In the common Editions of THEOCRITUS we have only the two firſt Lines of this EPIGRAM. The other four were tranſcribed by GRÆVIUS, from a Manuſcript in the *Palatine* Library. See the original Lines in WARTON's Edition, Vol. II. Page 318.

XIII.

According to PLATO, the celeſtial VENUS was the Daughter of Ουρανος or *Heaven*—hence called URANIA. See his Sympoſiam. Πρεσβυτερα Ουρανε Θυγατης, ην και Ουρανιαν ονομαζομεν, η δε νεωτερα Διος και Διωνης, ην δη πανδημον καλεμεν. This URANIA-VENUS (PAUSANIAS tells us) had Temples erected to her in ATHENS, PHOENICIA, &c. She was painted in complete Armour. As the popular VENUS (ſays XENOPHON) preſided over the Pleaſures of the Body, the celeſtial preſided over the Pleaſures of the Mind.

XVI.

JOSHUA BARNES informs us, that this EPIGRAM exiſts at VENICE, inſcribed on an antient Marble, in the Area of a Palace belonging to one of the *Venetian* Nobles. The Tranſlator remembers to have read, ſomewhere, that a learned *Venetian* ſo enthuſiaſtically preferred CATULLUS to MARTIAL, that he uſed to make an anniverſary Offering, in his Library, of a Volume of MARTIAL's EPIGRAMS to the Manes of his favorite Epigrammatiſt.

XVII.

EPICHARMUS was a Diſciple of PYTHAGORAS, and the Inventor of Comedy. All his Comic Pieces (according to ſome, thirty-five in Number) are loſt. He was brought to SICILY from the Iſle of Cos, when an Infant, and lived (as LUCIAN tells us) to the Age of ninety-ſeven.

XIX.

ARCHILOCHUS was a *Greek* Poet, born at PAROS, in the third Olympiad—the Inventor of *Iambic* Verſe.

ARCHILOCHUM proprio rabies, &c.

XX.

See Univerſal Hiſtory, B. 2, C. 1, for an Account of PISANDER.

Many of theſe EPIGRAMS of THEOCRITUS are Inſcriptions on Statues. Whoever is acquainted with antient Hiſtory, needs not be informed, that ſcarce any Thing was more common among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, than the Erection of Statues to the Memory of diſtinguiſhed Perſonages, at the Expence of the Public. Poets, Orators, and Hiſtorians, Stateſmen and Warriors, have been all honoured, in their Turn, by this conſpicuous Mark of public Attention and Gratitude. Statues have not only been erected to an EPICHARMUS, an ANACREON, or a PISANDER, but to an HORTENSIUS, a CATO, or a POLYBIUS.

XXI.

HIPPONAX was a Satiriſt of EPHESUS—as remarkable for his Wit as the Deformity of his Perſon. BUPALUS and ANTHERMUS, two eminent Statuaries, caricatured him in a Statue: On which he wrote ſuch bitter Invectives againſt them, that they both diſpatched themſelves—or—(as others ſay) left EPHESUS on the Occaſion.

Acer hoſtis BUPALO, ſays HORACE.

In the Anthologia, there are ſome EPIGRAMS on HIPPONAX.

We are, here, reminded of CHURCHILL and HOGARTH.

NOTES

NOTES ON BION.

IDYLLIUM the FIRST.

IN the EPITAPH on ADONIS, we contemplate with Admiration, all the Beauties and Graces that can adorn a Poem of this Nature. So impaſſioned is its Sentiment—ſo curious its Felicity of Elocution—ſo delicate the Poſition of its melodious Words—ſo numerous and ſweet the Variation of its Verſes, and ſo delightful the Harmony of its Pauſes, that our Fancy is ſoothed by Pathos the moſt melting, while our Ears are charmed with Muſick the moſt exquiſite!—To this Purpoſe LONGEPIERRE. For the Tranſlator's Sentiments, ſee DISSERTATION on BION and MOSCHUS.

L. 12. As the *black* Crimſon ſtains his *ſnowy* Limbs.

HESKIN (the Chriſt-Church Editor) might poſſibly have been juſtified in changing λευκῳ to λυγρῳ in this Place, to avoid an affected Antitheſis, did not Expreſſions equally abſurd occur in this Author, too plainly evincing his Fondneſs for Puerilities.

L. 21. —— His Dogs ſtand howling round.

SENECA, Hyppolit. L. 1108, repreſents the faithful Dog affected in a ſimilar Manner:

Mæſtæque domini membra veſtigant canes.

ERIGONE diſcovered the Death of her Father ICARUS, by the inceſſant Barking of the Bitch *Mera* at his Tomb. In OSSIAN's Temora we read, 'His Dogs are howling in their Place.' It is a common Opinion among the *Highlanders* to this Day, that Dogs are ſenſible of the Death of their Maſter, at whatever Diſtance it may happen; his Ghoſt appearing to them, at the Moment of his Deceaſe, although inviſible to human Beings. The antient *Greeks* entertained the ſame Notion. In HOMER's Odyſſey, the Dogs of EUMÆUS perceive the Appearance of MINERVA, at the ſame Time that the Goddeſs is inviſible to TELEMACHUS.

That this Species of Perception often exiſts in brute Animals, is believed in almoſt all our Villages. If a Horſe ſuddenly ſtand ſtill on the Road, without any Cauſe perceivable by his Rider, it is immediately attributed to an Apparition that obſtructs his Way. The Incident of BALAAM and his Aſs may ſeem to give ſome Sanction (as poſſibly it might have given Riſe) to this vulgar Superſtition.

L. 39. ——— the Rivers, as they flow.

When the Poet makes the Rivers moan for VENUS, he very properly calls her Αφροδιτα: But this Propriety, perhaps, was merely accidental, as he hath given her the ſame Appellation, when ſhe wanders the Deſert.

LANGHORNE.

Our Poet, probably, meant to play upon the Word Αφροδιτα. The Conceit is quite characteriſtic.

L. 41. The Flowerets bluſh, in Sorrow, at her Feet.

Paleneſs being the known Effect of Grief, we do not, at firſt Sight, accept the Expreſſion Ερυθραινεται; but when we conſider, that the firſt Emotions of it are attended with Bluſhes, we are pleaſed with the Obſervation. LANGHORNE.

The Tranſlator muſt here alſo diſſent from his favorite LANGHORNE; though his Partiality for a Writer whoſe Poems have ever afforded him the moſt exquiſite Pleaſure, had almoſt converted him to a different Way of Thinking.

L. 43. CYTHERA chaunts ———

Doctor LANGHORNE obſerves, that the Scholiaſts have entirely miſunderſtood this Paſſage. They make Κυθηρη VENUS; for which they have neither any Authority (the *Doric* Name ſhe borrows from that Iſland being always Κυθρεια) nor the leaſt Probability from the Connexion.

L. 56. I'll catch the quivering Spirit of thy Soul.

Thus ANNA, DIDO's Siſter, in VIRGIL:

Extremus ſiquis ſuper halitus errat
Ore legam.

And ALCMENA, in SENECA, Herc. Oct. Line 1339:

——— *Spiritus fugiens meo*
Legatur ore.

And TULLY:

Ut extremum filiorum ſpiritum ore excipere liceret.

Thus alſo PETRONIUS, C. 114:

Si verè Encolpion dilexiſti, age, da oſcula, dum licet, et ultimum hoc gaudium ſatis properantibus rape.

This Uſage prevailed among the *Greeks* as well as *Romans*. HESKIN.

L. 63. Wretch that I am, to breathe immortal Breath—

O what avails it, of immortal Seed
To been ybred, and never born to die!
Far better I it deem to die with Speed,
Than waſte in Woe, and wailfull Miſerie.

SPENSER's Fairy Queen.

——— *Why delays*
His Hand to execute, what his Decree
Fix'd on this Day? Why do I over-live?
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs Pain? ———

MILTON.

L. 74. Why, ſweet ADONIS, urge the ſavage Chace?

Te quoque ut hoc timeas, ſi quid prodeſſe monendo
Poſſet, ADONI monet, &c. OVID.

See NONNUS DIONYS. B. 41, where it is fabled that ADONIS was ſlain by MARS in the Form of a Boar. St. CYRIL on ISAIAH, mentions the ſame Circumſtance.

Partly HESKIN.

L. 80. And from her Tears Anemonies ariſe.

See OVID's Metam. Book X, Fab. 12.

Thus CAMÖENS, Book X:

And here bedew'd with Love's celeſtial Tears
The woe-markt Flower of ſlain ADONIS rears
Its purple Head, prophetic of the Reign
When loſt ADONIS ſhall revive again.

On which CASTERA remarks: 'This is applicable to the celeſtial VENUS; for, according to Mythology, her Amour with ADONIS had nothing in it impure, but was only the Love which Nature bears to the Sun.'

L. 90. That Viſage with the flowery Chaplet crown.

It was cuſtomary among the Antients to crown the Dead with Flowers. Thus in the *Phœnician* Virgins of EURIPIDES, CREON ſpeaking of POLYNICES:

Whoever ſhall be found
Crowning his Corſe, or covering it with Earth, &c.

The Crown (ſays CLEMENS ALEXAND.) was eſteemed the Symbol of undiſturbed Tranquillity: Hence they crown the Dead. In the LEVANT they ſtill crown with Flowers the Corpſes of Virgins.

LONGEPIERRE.

L. 97. Shear their bright Locks, in Agony of Woe.

The Ceremony of cutting off the Hair in Honor of the Dead, was univerſally practiſed among the Antients. In HOMER we have ſeveral Examples of it, ſee Odyſſey, Book 4, L. 197; ſee alſo the Iliad, Book 23, L. 135. In the ſame Book, ACHILLES offers up his Hair to PATROCLUS. In SAPPHO, 2d Epig. the Companions of TIMAS ſhear their Ringlets, and place them on her Tomb. HERODOTUS tells us, that MARDONIUS cut off his Hair after his Defeat. ELECTRA, in EURIPIDES, appears with her Treſſes ſhorn. (Line 450.) The *Epheſian* Matron, in PETRONIUS, ſeems to have *torn* off her Hair: Ruptoſque *crines ſuper pectus jacentis impoſuit.* The Paſſage in OVID is well known:

Sciſſæque capillas
Planguntur matres ———

Thus alſo STATIUS (Thebaid. B. 6):

——— *pectore fuſam*
Cæſariem ferro, minuit; ſectiſque jacentis
Obnubit tenuia ora comis.

A greater Number of Inſtances to this Purpoſe might be eaſily accumulated; but theſe are ſufficient to ſhew the Prevalence of this

this Cuſtom in the Days of Antiquity. It hath been obſerved, that the Ceremony of cutting off the Hair while it was obviouſly expreſſive of violent Emotion, had a latent Meaning couched under it. As the Hair was cut off from the Head, never more to be united to it, ſo were the Dead cut off from the Living, never more to return. This Uſage was not confined to the Heathen World. It is taken Notice of in Scripture. EZEKIEL, deſcribing a great Lamentation, ſays: 'They ſhall make themſelves utterly bald for thee.' Chap. 27, V. 31.

The Antients, however, were accuſtomed to cut off and devote their Hair on other Occaſions than thoſe of Grief; which appears, from a Paſſage in JUVENAL, Sat. 12, Line 82.

——— *Gaudent ibi vertice raſo.*
Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.

And, in the Acts of the Apoſtles, C. 18, V. 18, St. PAUL is ſaid to have ſhorn his Head in CENCHREA; 'for he had a Vow.'

The Cuſtom we have been commenting on ſtill exiſts in the *Eaſtern* Nations, who have retained almoſt all the Uſages of antient Times. The *Grecian* Women (according to M. GUYS) are at preſent ſatisfied with tearing up their Hair, though they formerly cut off their long Treſſes, and ſtrewed them over the Tombs of the Deceaſed.

And in CALABRIA (SWINBURNE tells us) the Widow of the Deceaſed plucks off Handfulls of her Hair, which ſhe ſtrews over the Bier of her Huſband.

L. 114. Reſerve thy Sorrows for the Year of Woe.

NUMA ſeems to have borrowed the Cuſtom he inſtituted of mourning a Year for the Deceaſed, from the *Greeks*. For though it is ſaid only ten Months were ſet apart, yet ten Months were the Year of ROMULUS, 'till regulated by his Succeſſor.

LANGHORNE.

IDYLLIUM the SEVENTH.

SEE the Story of ACHILLES and DEIDAMIA, in the Achilleid of STATIUS, Book 1.

L. 7. And catch the *Scyrian* Grace.

Probably the People of SCYROS (the Iſland where ACHILLES debauched DEIDAMIA) were accuſtomed to celebrate, on ſet Days, this famous Love-Intrigue. MYRSON here alludes to their Muſick on this Occaſion. See HESKIN.

L. 22. The Fleece, for Arms, in ſweet Delirium ply'd.

LYCOPHRON's Deſcription of this Circumſtance correſponds with that of our Poet.

Θηλυν αμφι Ϛωμα τλησεται πεπλον,
Δυναι, παρ' ισοις κερκιδ' ψαυσας κρόων, &c.

A ſimilar Story is told of HERCULES.

Alcidem lanas nere coegit Amor. OVID.

At the Cloſe of the third Book of the Luſiad, the Power of female Beauty over the moſt heroic Minds, is beautifully illuſtrated.

Yet Love full oft with wild Delirium blinds,
And fans his baſeſt Fires in nobleſt Minds:
The female Garb the great ALCIDES *wore,*
And for his OMPHALE *the Diſtaff bore.*
For CLEOPATRA's *Frown the World was loſt,*
The Roman *Terror, and the* Punic *Boaſt,*
**CANNÆ's *great Victor for a Harlot's Smile*
Reſign'd the Harveſt of his glorious Toil.
And who can boaſt he never felt the Fires,
The trembling Throbbings of the young Deſires,
When he beheld the breathing Roſes glow,
And the ſoft Heavings of the living Snow;
The waving Ringlets of the auburn Hair,
And all the rapturous Graces of the Fair!
Oh! what Defence, if fixt on him, he ſpy,
The languid Sweetneſs of the ſtedfaſt Eye!

L. 33. Oft kiſs'd her Hand, in amorous Dalliance warm,
And ſhed the enamour'd Tear, and claſp'd her lifted Form.

STATIUS finely deſcribes this amorous Interview, ACHILL. B. 1, L. 558.

——— *Illam ſequiturque, premitque,*
Improbus illam oculis iterumque iterumque reſumit:
Nunc nimius lateri non evitantis adhæret:
Nunc levibus ſertis, lapſis nunc ſponte caniſtris,
Nunc Thyrſo parcente ferit: modo dulcia notæ
Fila lyræ, tenueſque modos et carmina monſtrat
Chironis, ducitque manum, digitoſque ſonanti
Infringit citharæ: nunc occupat ora canentis,
Et ligat amplexus, et, mille per oſcula, laudat.

NOTES

NOTES
ON
MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM the FIRST.

SEE SPENSER's Fairy Queen, Book 3, C. 6, St. 11.

L. 3. If any one a wandering CUPID ſee.

'I will riſe now, and go about the City in the Streets, and in the broad Ways, I will ſeek him whom my Soul loveth: I ſought him, but I found him not. The Watchmen that go about the City, found me: to whom I ſaid, 'ſaw ye him whom my Soul loveth?' Cant. C. 3, V, 2, 3.

L. 14. Smooth are his Words, his Voice as Honey ſweet.

'The Words of his Mouth are ſofter than Butter, having War in his Heart; his Words were ſmoother than Oyl, and yet be they very Swords.' Pſalm 55, V. 22.

'For the Lips of a ſtrange Woman drop as an Honey-comb, and her Mouth is ſmoother than Oyl. But her End is bitter as Wormwood, ſharp as a two-edged Sword.' Proverbs, C. 5, V. 3, 4.

HESKIN quotes a rhyming Diſtich to the ſame Purpoſe:

Mel in ore, verba lactis:
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

L. 90. —— ev'n to ACHERON, and the infernal King.

It is probable that MOSCHUS had ſtill the Proverbs of SOLOMON in his Eye.

'Her Feet go down to Death: Her Steps take Hold on Hell.' V. 5.

L. 21. A Clue, to trace the Motions of his Mind.

'Leſt thou ſhouldeſt ponder the Path of her Life, her Ways are moveable, that thou canſt not know them.' V. 6.

IDYLLIUM the SECOND.

ON inſpecting two very antient MSS. (ſays URSINUS) one belonging to the Vatican, the other to the Medicien Library, I obſerved that the IDYLLIUM entitled EUROPA, was aſcribed to MOSCHUS.

HESKIN.

Some Critics have thought it the Property of THEOCRITUS. But its Style and Manner afford ſufficient Evidence to the contrary, putting the Authority of MSS. out of the Queſtion. The Antiquity of this Fable is proved (ſays Madam DACIER) by the Picture of EUROPA carried off by JUPITER, in the 35th Ode of ANACREON.

L. 60. In ſculptur'd Gold the beauteous IO ſhone.

The Reader is referred to OVID, Metam. B. 1, for *the Fable of Io.*

L. 80. —— and now, each lovely Maid
Cull'd with fair Hands, the Flowerets of the Glade.

CLAUDIAN (Rape of PROSERPINE, B. 2.) hath imitated this Paſſage, in his Deſcription of PROSERPINE gathering Flowers with her Virgin-Companions.

The "Rape of PROSERPINE" is not often read, either by the Learned or Unlearned. It contains, however, many poetical Beauties, though (like the reſt of CLAUDIAN's Pieces) it is encumbered with a Load of Ornament. See laſt Note on this IDYLL.

L. 135. In rapid Bounds he bore her to the Beach.

In deſcribing the Rape of EUROPA, OVID has cloſely copied MOSCHUS, Metam. B. 2.

In Sir JOHN MOORE's Poetical Trifles, we have theſe ſprightly Stanzas:

Next,

Next, in a milk-white Bull's Diſguiſe,
At fair EUROPA's *Feet he lies:*
Borne on his Back ſhe quits the Shore,
And trembling hears the hoarſe Waves roar;
To be at Sea, a pick-a-pack,
Riding upon a white Bull's Back,
Was droll enough; but 'twas more odd
To ſee the Bull chang'd to a God!
Her Tongue in vain prepar'd to chide,
Her ſmiling Eyes her Tongue bely'd;
Pity began her Heart to move,
His Fault was only—too much Love.
What could ſhe do?—No Succour nigh,
No Friend to help, no Foe to pry;
Jove gain'd his Pardon, and, 'tis ſaid,
Found all his Trouble overpaid.

L. 136. She, turning to her dear Companion-Train,

Though MOSCHUS is not remarkable for his Judgement, his Superiority to CLAUDIAN is very conſpicuous, on comparing their different Manner of deſcribing ſimilar Events. As EUROPA is carried off, in this Place, her Companions are ſilent in Aſtoniſhment: But while PROSERPINE is hurried away (by PLUTO in CLAUDIAN) DIANA makes a Speech—a great Part of which muſt have been loſt in Air. See laſt Note.

L. 162. How can thy Hoofs, ſo heavy, ſteer with Eaſe?

NONNUS, (DIONYS. B. 1.) hath imitated this Part of EUROPA's Speech:

Οφθαλμοι, τι το θαυμα; πωδιν ωσι κυμαϛα τεμνων
Νηχεται ατρυγετοιο δι υδαϛ αγεονομ βες; &c.

This Sentiment is put into the Mouth of a Mariner aſtoniſhed at ſeeing the Bull ſwimming over the broad Ocean. Here all is natural. The Copy ſurpaſſes the Original. For what can be more improper than theſe Expreſſions of Admiration, in EUROPA?—though a Spectator—(as in NONNUS) might expreſs his Wonder, with Propriety, at the Bull's miraculous Appearance on the Waters. The Fears of EUROPA ſhould, at firſt, have precluded Utterance. And, when ſhe begun to ſpeak, ſhe ought to have ſpoken in Terms of extreme Agitation and Diſtreſs. She ſeems, however, quite at her Eaſe—at Leiſure for Similies and Conjectures: And, in the midſt of her pretty ſailing Expedition, indulges her more excurſive Fancy with the Proſpect of an aërial Route.

CLAUDIAN's PROSERPINE, on her Way to the infernal Regions, begins her Speech, ſomewhat to the Purpoſe. Her Oration, however, is much too long; and, at its Cloſe, degenerates into bombaſtic Deſcription. See next Note.

L. 182. Courage, dear Nymph ———

PLUTO's conſolatory Addreſs to PROSERPINE, in CLAUDIAN, (ſee 2d Book) is one of the fineſt Paſſages in all his Works.

As the ſecond Book hath been more than once referred to, containing ſeveral Paſſages, apparently imitated from this IDYLLIUM, the *Tranſlator* ſhall here give an entire Verſion of it. He had tranſlated "the Rape of PROSERPINE," ſome Years ago, with an Intention of printing it: But the Poem is not ſufficiently intereſting, for a ſeparate Publication.

CLAUDIAN's
RAPE of PROSERPINE.

BOOK the SECOND.

'NOT yet the Morn, in broad Effulgence bright,
'The *Ionian* Waters daſh'd with dazzling Light:
'The calm Wave trembles with a roſy Ray,
'And thro' blue Skies the tranſient Ardors play.
'Now, mindleſs of a tender Mother's Care,
'(So will'd the *Deſtinies*) the incautious Fair
'Seeks the freſh Beauties of the roſcid Lawn,
'Alas! by *Dionæan* Treachery drawn!
'Thrice on their ominous Hinges grate the Doors
'Harſh Thunder; and preſaging ÆTNA roars
'Conſcious of Fate, as, thrice, in rueful Wail,
'Its Echoes burſt terrific on the Gale.
'And while, Companions of her flowery Way,
'Rov'd her fair Gueſts, to meet the riſing Day;
'Deaf to all Signs the preſcient Powers beſtow,
'Too vent'rous Maid, ſhe wanders into Woe.
'Replete with Wiles the conſcious VENUS glows,
'And plans ideal Conqueſts as ſhe goes;
'Sees DIS and CHAOS her proud Triumphs prove,
'And all the World of MANES melt with Love.

'Within *Idalian* Claſps her ſtarry Hair
'Steals in ſoft Ringlets on the charmed Air,
'While, VULCAN's Gift, a glittering Gem upholds
'Her beauteous Robe, that floats in purple Folds.
'Next comes the Regent of LYCÆUM's Bowers,
'And ſhe, whoſe Spear protects the *Athenian* Towers;
'The Huntreſs, who with Terror ſtrikes the Wood,
'And ſhe, who dyes the Plain with warlike Blood.

''Grav'd on her golden Helm TRITONIA wears
'TYPHON's dire Form half motionleſs, who rears,
'While ever thro' the Gloom of Death he ſwims,
'The living Portion of his Monſter-Limbs.
'Thick as a Grove of Arrows ſeems to riſe,
'Rang'd in a dreadful Circuit to the Skies,

' Her bright Pall trembles o'er the Gorgon's Head,
' And veils the hiſſing Horrors with its Shade.

' Not TRIVIA thus: Her Brother's ev'ry Grace
' Lighten'd in milder Glories from her Face.
' With PHŒBUS' Cheeks and ſparkling Eyes ſhe
' ſhone,
' Diſtinguiſh'd by her ſofter Sex alone.
' Her Treſſes down her ſilver Shoulders flow,
' And lightly wanton, as the Breezes blow;
' With double Cincture brac'd (while ſleeps unſtrung
' Her Bow, and quiver'd Arrows idly hung)
' Curls her *Gortynian* Garment to the Knee,
' Where her own DELOS and the *Pontic* Sea
' Wander in many a variegated Fold
' Thro' fleeting Shades and Lights, enrich'd with Gold.

' Laſt CERES' Child, her Mother's Pride and Joy,
' (Yet doom'd the Parent's Triumph to deſtroy)
' Swims with an eaſy Geſture o'er the Green;
' And, (with no leſs Attraction in her Mien)
' MINERVA's Self or PHŒBE might appear,
' If arm'd with PALLAS' Shield, or PHŒBE's Spear.
' Gather'd within a poliſh'd Jaſper, float
' Her Robe's rich Figures, beautifully wrought;
' And never at her Woof, induſtrious Maid,
' A happier Sample of her Art diſplay'd;
' Or with ſoft-ſhading Threads more juſtly drew
' Each glowing Figure's imitative Hue.
' Here, from the Seeds of HYPERION born,
' Springs infant SOL, to wake the kindling Morn.
' Here LUNA too, fair Leader of the Night,
' With Form imperfect, and a paler Light.
' And lo, while foſtering TETHYS lulls to Reſt
' The panting Infants on her genial Breaſt,
' Round her young Charge the new-ſprung Luſtre plays,
' And her blue Boſom feels the roſeate Rays.
' Behold her better Arm weak TITAN bear,
' Uncreſted with full Beams, her elder Care:
' Who, as his milder Light illumes the Skies,
' Shrinks from the riſing Fires with timid Cries:
' And there, as LUNA ſucks cerulean Streams,
' Her little Creſcent ſhines with feeble Beams.

' Such Dreſs o'er PROSERPINE luxuriant flows,
' While circled by the *Naids'* Choir ſhe goes;
' And by the *Nymphs*, who celebrate in Song
' CRIMNISUS, as they rove his Founts among;
' Or GELAS, that its Name a City gave,
' Or whirling the rough Rock, PANTAGIA's Wave:
' *Nymphs*, whom ſlow CAMARINA oft hath ſeen
' With Joy deſporting on its margent Green;
' Or ARETHUSA's, or ALPHEUS' Banks,
' While CYANE o'ertops the radiant Ranks.
' Thus joy the embattled Amazons, that raiſe
' Wild Shoutings, where their half-moon'd Targets
' blaze,
' Oft as their Sov'reign leads victorious forth
' Her fair Battalions from the waſted North;
' Whether their Axe the frozen TANAIS broke,
' Or the ſtrong GETÆ bow'd beneath their Yoke.
' Thus too the *Nymphs* his Rites to BACCHUS pay,
' As o'er their HÆMUS' golden Sands they ſtray:
' The River triumphs, in his ſparkling Cave,
' And bends his Urn, profuſive of the Wave.

' From her fair Hill, o'erſpread with living Green,
' Her heavenly Viſitants had HENNA ſeen—
' Parent of Flowers—when thus her Accents flow,
' Addreſs'd to ZEPHYR, in the Vale below:

" O thou, the grateful Father of the Spring,
" By whom theſe Vallies bloom, whoſe wanton
" Wing
" Fans each ſoft Seaſon with a dewy Gale,
" See where yon' Forms with portly Grandeur ſail—
" Majeſtic Nymphs, deſcended from above—
" See o'er my Plains diſport the Race of JOVE.
" Fly; let each Shrub in genial Breezes glow,
" And bright'ning Flowers breathe Incenſe as they
" blow.
" Rob'd in inferior Blooms, inferior Shade,
" Pale at my Glories ev'n let *Hybla* fade.
" Whate'er PANCHAIA's happy Groves diſpenſe,
" To thrill with Fragrance the delighted Senſe;
" Whatever Perfumes are diffus'd around,
" Where thro' deep Woods HYDASPES' Streams
" reſound;
" Whatever Sweets, to build the ſpicy Neſt,
" Brought from the furtheſt Regions of the Eaſt,
" (While for new Life in Flames the Phœnix dies)
" Shed their ſeleƈteſt Influence to the Skies—
" All to this Spot on ready Pinions bear,
" Scatter thoſe Odours thro' circumfluous Air;
" To form the Wreath, that ev'n cœleſtial Powers
" May wander here and pluck the balmieſt Flowers.'

' She ceas'd—and ZEPHYR o'er the Blooms of
' Spring
' Shook the rich Nectar from his ſtreaming Wing!
' Where'er he flutter'd, midſt the gliſtening Dew,
' On all the Ground a vernal Brightneſs flew;
' Swell'd with rich Verdure the luxuriant Soil,
' And with a wider Arch the Heav'ns ſerenely ſmile.
' The Roſe's Bluſh, the Berry's ebon Hue,
' And Violet painted with a deeper Blue,
' Riſe ſweetly blent! Tho' Gems emit the Blaze,
' Can *Parthian* Girdles glance more varied Rays?
' Can Fleeces with *Aſſyrian* Colors gay,
' The Richneſs of ſuperior Tints diſplay?
' Not thus her pictur'd Plumes the Peacock ſpreads;
' Not thus the Rainbow's braided Luſtre ſheds
' The mingling Dyes, where Clouds of Winter lour,
' And its green Drops hang glittering in the Shower.
' Yet could the Lawn with livelier Charms delight,
' Whoſe ſwelling Hillocks ſtole upon the Sight.*
' There Fountains from the living Pumice flow,
' And ſoftly murmur through the Graſs below!

' There

* CLAUDIAN's Taſte for Gardening is by no Means contemptible. Though the Diſpoſition of his Wood, Water, and Lawn, may be not ſufficiently diſtinct and graphical to deſerve the Title of *Picturesque*, it has Merit enough to diſprove Mr. MASON's Aſſertion, that the Antients had no Idea of the true Principles of Gardening.

'There a dark Wood that cools the noontide Ray,
'Guards its own Winter from the Darts of Day.
'The Corneil form'd for Battle—for the Sea
'The ſtately Fir—the Oak, JOVE's favorite Tree—
'The verd'rous Ilex, whoſe rich Honeycombs
'Drop Nectar, and the Cypreſs of the Tombs
'There with the preſcient Laurel blend their
'Glooms.
'There thick Box fluctuates—wanton Ivy twines—
'And round the tall Elm flaunt the claſping Vines.
'Near, thro' dim Shades with trembling Surface
'gleams
'A Lake, (which PERGUS the *Sicilian* names)—
'Each Eye, that wanders o'er the wide Serene,
'Views all the Secrets of the watery Scene—
'And to its deep Receſs, illum'd by Light,
'Thro' the clear Mirror darts th' unſtraining Sight.
'Here, thro' the Beauties of the Garden, rove
'The female Chorus—here the Queen of Love.

"Theſe Sweets (ſhe cries) come Siſters, come away,
"Gather amidſt the kindling Smiles of Day.
"While morning Suns their gentler Heat diffuſe,
"And theſe purpureal Plains my LUCIFER bedews.'

'Ceaſing, ſhe culls the Signs of Woe—and ſtoop
'To ſpoil the various Lawn, the Siſter-Groupe.
'Thus, when their Kings the waxen Camp remove
'Amid the Bloom of HYBLA's thymy Grove,
'From hollow Beeches buzzing Armies pour,
'And riſle the green Herb—the tinted Flower.
'Each Nymph with various Taſte the Wreath deſigns,
'Lo this the Lily with the Vi'let joins—
'See fancy-led, they pluck the Flower-blooms bright—
'This ſtarr'd with Roſes, that with Privets white—
'And this the Amaracus' ſoft Leaves adorn:
'Thee too, pale Hyacinth, whoſe Flower hath borne
'Long thy mark'd Woe—and thee, Narciſſus fair,
'The æthereal Viſitants are proud to wear—
'Once peerleſs Youths—(but youthful Beauty dies)
'Now Flowers, the faireſt of the Spring, ye riſe.
'Youth of AMYCLÆ! 'midſt thy frolic Play,
'Thee envious ZEPHYR hurried from the Day!
'And thou, *Pierian* Boy, wert doom'd to fade
'O'er thy lov'd Stream, in pining Anguiſh laid—
'As PHŒBUS' Boſom for his Favorite bleeds,
'Thee, thee CEPHISSUS mourns with broken Reeds!

'But ſhe, whoſe Parent gives the golden Grain,
'Culls, thoughtleſs Maid, the Treaſures of the Plain
'With keener Joy. Her Oſier-Baſket ſmiles,
'Fill'd with the ſimple Store of rural Spoils.
'Now Flowers ſhe twines—and crowns with Wreaths
'her Head;
'Ah, luckleſs Omen of the nuptial Bed!
'Ignorance her Bliſs! And lo! the Maid of War
'Whoſe Trump's deep Blaſt, and Armour ſounds
'afar—
'Whoſe Hands the City Gates and Walls o'erthrow
'And daſh Deſtruction on the flying Foe—
'Now, as by light Purſuits amus'd, ſhe ſtrays,
'Softens with twiſted Flowers, her Helmet's Blaze.
'Freſh-braided with unwonted Verdure gleams
'The Creſt, where Horror flaſh'd effulgent Beams;
'And ſhe, whoſe deep-flew'd Hounds with Muſic fill,
'Led by ſtrong Scent, *Parthenian* Vale or Hill—
'Lingers at Eaſe, while now inwreath'd her Hair
'Flows leſs licentious to the breezing Air.

'Thus while they rov'd in careleſs Sport, a Sound
'Sudden creeps muttering on, and trembling rocks
'the Ground.
'O'er dark'ned Towns the o'erwhelming Ruin lours,
'And in a thouſand Fragments ruſh the Towers:
'VENUS, alone, appriz'd of JOVE's Decrees,
'With mingled Joy and Fear the Conflict ſees.

'The ſhadowy King, now panting for the Day,
'Preſs'd on thro' gloomy Chaſms, where groaning lay
'ENCELADUS; and urg'd each furious Horſe
'O'er the huge Members of the living Corſe.
'The gaſping Giant, as the Weight he feels,
'Wriths his weak Serpents, round the flaming Wheels,
'Labours to move him from his dark Abode—
'How vain! and ſhakes SICANIA with the God.
'Fervent the rapid Axles ſpurn Controul,
'And cleave his Back ſulphureous as they roll.
'Ev'n as the Soldier works with bold Eſſay
'To oppreſs the unweeting Foe, his ſecret Way,
'Deep penetrates beneath the cavern'd Plain
'And Walls, that rear their Parapets in vain—
''Till ſudden the reſiſtleſs Fury pours,
'Breaks o'er the Fort, and wins the unguarded Towers:
'Thus PLUTO, journeying to the Realms of Light,
'Trac'd many a Maze, and pierc'd the pitchy Night.
'Behold the frowning Rocks around oppoſe,
'And in a dread Embrace the God incloſe.
'But DIS indignant hurls his Sceptre wide,
'And at the Stroke the obedient Rocks divide.
'Strait the *Sicilian* Caverns groan'd around,
'And LIPARE trembled at the thundering Sound.
'VULCAN (his Furnace left) aſtoniſh'd lay;
'The CYCLOPS threw appall'd his Bolts away.
'And he, O TIBER, heard the unwonted Roar,
'Who ſwam thy Streams that yet no Trophies bore;
'And he, who bent his Way thro' *Alpine* Snow,
'Or row'd his Bark of Alder down the PO.

'Thus, when o'er THESSALY PENEUS' Flood
'Inclos'd by Rocks, a ſtagnant Water ſtood,
'And yet uncultur'd lay the delug'd Plain,
'NEPTUNE his Trident at the Mountain-Chain
'In Fury flung—and, ſhiver'd by the Stroke,
'Aſunder from OLYMPUS OSSA broke.
'The looſen'd Waves retire, while brighter Blooms
'Each Spot of renovated Earth reſumes.

'Soon as TRINACRIA's Rocks the God obey'd,
'And wide their Entrails to the Heaven diſplay'd;
'Sunk the dim Stars, and Marks of wild Surprize
'Appear'd o'er all the Concave of the Skies.
'Even ARCTOS haſten'd to the foamy Spray,
'And ſlow BOOTES ſped his hurried Way.
'ORION ſhook—and ATLAS' Spirit fell
'Pale at the Neighing of the Steeds of Hell—

'Steeds,

'Steeds, whose thick Breath obscur'd the venom'd Air
'That bred in Glooms, shrunk backward from the
'Glare
'Of Day, and strove their dashing Car to roll
'Thro' CHAOS, dazzled by a brighter Pole.
'But when they felt the Lash, and learnt to bear
'The Fervor of the Sun-illumin'd Air,
'Wild as the Winter's torrent Stream they flew;
'Swift as the fleetest Dart that *Parthian* threw—
'Impetuous as the Rushing of the Wind—
'Quick as keen Thought that glances o'er the Mind.
'Their Reins drop Blood, and tinge the Sands
'beneath,
'And thro' mid Air a dread Contagion breathe.

'The Nymphs affrighted fly—while ÆTNA's Fair
'Snatch'd in that fatal Moment to the Car,
'Pours to the Gods her supplicating Tears,
'And PALLAS strait her *Gorgon* Terrors rears—
'And chaste DIANA hastens undismay'd,
'Both fir'd with Virgin Feelings, to her Aid—
'Both rushing to prevent so dire a Rape,
'And bar the infernal Ravisher's Escape!
'He, as the Lion wild with Rage, appear'd
'That bears a trembling Heifer from the Herd,
'Her fair Breast mangles with infuriate Claws,
'And each hot reeking Limb asunder draws—
'Clotted with Blood he shakes his grisly Mane,
'And scorns the feeble Efforts of the Swain.

"Thou Monster Brother (PALLAS to the God
"Exclaims indignant) from thy drear Abode—
"Thy World, where ever drowsy Darkness lies,
"What Furies lash'd thee to these purer Skies?
"Who bade thee from *Tartarian* Regions roll,
"And with thy gloomy Chariot taint the Pole?
"Thine be the Nymphs of Hell—the *Diræ* wed—
"Or take the Fury Sisters to thy Bed!
"Hence, and enjoy the Darkness of thy Night,
"Fly, fly the Regions of æthereal Light—
"The Dead, the Living in Confusion hurl'd—
"Break not the Harmony that binds the World.'

'She spoke, and hurried as they paw'd the Plain,
'On the grim Coursers dash'd her Shield amain;
'And, while her Gorgon HYDRAS hiss'd, display'd
'Her Crest, and whelm'd them in a dreadful Shade.
'And strait LATONIA's Arrow pois'd in Air
'Illumining the Blackness of the Car—
'For Vengeance burns—when JOVE his Thunder
'flings
'And speeds the redd'ning Bolt's pacific Wings.
'From Clouds fair opening HYMEN shouts for Joy,
'Waves the connubial Torch, and sanctifies the Tye.
'The heavenly Powers retire, and, check'd with Sighs
'Her Bow, thus mournfully, LATONIA cries—

"Think on these Sighs; and farewell hapless Maid,
"A Sire opposes, and we dare not aid—
"While JOVE consigns thee to the silent Gloom,
"Vain were each Effort to avert thy Doom.
"Snatch'd from these Eyes (thy Tribe for ever left—
"And all the social Plain of Joy bereft)
"Destin'd to rove with flitting Forms below,
"What Stars could work thee such unwonted Woe!
"No more be mine, when scented Morning dawns,
"With Shafts to traverse the *Parthenian* Lawns.
"Secure amidst his Wilds the Boar shall foam,
"And with full Range the lordly Lion roam—
"TAYGETA's Mountains shall be wrapt in Woe
"Nor soon o'er MÆNALA the Chace shall glow—
"For thee shall all the Groves of CYNTHUS sigh,
"Groves—where re-echoed erst the Hunter's Cry—
"And while a Lover mourns thy Loss in vain,
"Silence shall hover o'er the *Delphic* Fane."

'Meanwhile, whirl'd swift along, the frantic Fair,
'Beat her tumultuous Bosom in Despair—
'And pour'd in broken Notes her rueful Wail,
'While stream'd her bursting Tresses on the Gale:

"Oh! strike me with thy Blasts of Lightning dead;
"Thus give my Spirit to AVERNUS' Shade—
"If even a Father's Pity will not spare,
"O let me glide a bloodless Spectre there—
"Ah by what Actions have I mov'd thy Heart
"Thus for a Sire's to act a Tyrant's Part—
"I never warr'd against their bright Abodes
"When PHLEGRA's rebel Hosts assail'd the Gods!
"I never cherish'd the vain Hope, to rise,
"By PELION pil'd on OSSA, to the Skies!
"Behold, unconscious of a Crime I go
"A living Exile to the Shades below.
"Happy the ravish'd Fair-ones, who enjoy
"At least the common Sun, the common Sky!
"But I to view these vernal Skies no more
"Yield, a lorn Captive, to the Tyrant's Power;
"Snatch'd from the World, my fondest Wishes crost,
"And with the Day my Virgin Honors lost!
"Why, spite of all a Mother could advise,
"(How FATE beneath a Smile in Ambush lies)
"Rov'd o'er luxuriant Lawns my heedless Feet
"Where VENUS led, so languishingly sweet?
"O CERES, hear a Daughter's Cries, that flow
"In all the Energy of wildest Woe—
"Whether the Timbrel's Note, that palls with Fear
"In IDA's Vale, comes bursting on thine Ear;
"Or whether DINDYMA (whose howling Wood
"The frenzied *Galli* sprinkle with their Blood)
"Thou lov'st—or, with their drawn Swords mad-
'd'ning by
"Whether the fierce CURETES catch thine Eye:
"Haste, haste—ev'n now the Days last Gleams are fled—
"He hurries to the Regions of the Dead!"

'Charm'd by the beauteous Tears of Virgin Woe,
'PLUTO's grim Heart with Love begun to glow—
'He wip'd the Drops that trickled from her Eye,
'And thus address'd her with a soothing Sigh:

"Cease, gentle Maid, to cherish airy Fears—
"Or waste the Softness of thy Soul in Tears—
"What are SICILIA's Courts compar'd with mine,
"To wield a nobler Sceptre shall be thine!
"No cruel Bridegroom shall thy Beauties prove,
"No Spouse, unworthy of the Rites of Love!

"Lo!

" Lo! I am SATURN's Son—my boundleſs Sway
" Even the vaſt Void, and all the Worlds obey.
" Fear not the Loſs of Light. For Stars ſhall riſe,
" Brighter than ever deck ſupernal Skies—
" Where Heavens more blue their glowing Arch diſ-
" *Elyſian* Suns ſhall beam with purer Ray! ["play,
" There chaſte Adorers at the Shrine appear,
" There bloom the Glories of the eternal Year!
" The golden Age (full ſoon from Earth it flew)
" Still loves to flouriſh there, for ever new!
" There thro' ſoft Meads immortal Zephyrs play,
" Sigh o'er each Flower, and bear its Sweets away.
" Not with ſuch Tints whoſe Freſhneſs never dies,
" Could thy own ENNA pleaſe thy partial Eyes.
" There a tall Tree, the Monarch of the Glade,
" From its rich Branches darts a Light and Shade;
" And ever ſhall the bending Boughs unfold
" For thee their Fruit of vegetable Gold.
" Go, trifling Themes! whatever lives in Air
" Or ſtagnant Lakes and rolling Rivers bear;
" Whatever moves on Earth, or ſkims the Sea,
" Shall own thy Power, and yield at laſt to thee!
" Even Kings ſhall lay their purple Veſtments down,
" Kneel at thy Feet, and tremble at thy Frown;
"' The rich—the poor—the Monarch and the Slave,'
"' Know no ſuperior Honors in the Grave.'
" Fled from thy Judgments ſelf-accus'd and pale,
" In the dark Region ſhall the Guilty wail,
" And at the Sweetneſs of thy plauding Voice,
" In Realms of living Joy the Juſt rejoice!
" To LETHE's Lakes ſhall gliding Ghoſts repair,
" And at thy Summons quaff Oblivion there;
" Thy Nod the willing Deſtinies await—
" And all the Wiſhes thou can'ſt form, be Fate."

' This ſaid—enamour'd of the ſighing Maid,
' He preſt his Steeds, and plung'd into the Shade.
' Sudden light Images around them rove
' As Leaves come fluttering from the blaſted Grove;
' Thick as the Billows break, or Sands ariſe;
' Thick as the Showers, that fall from wint'ry Skies.
' Swift, to ſurvey the Beauties of the Bride,
' In Crowds the Shadows of all Ages glide.
' Attendants, choſen from the Crowd, prepare
' To roll beneath its Shed the lofty Car;
' And bid the Steeds, now looſen'd from the Reins,
' Graze the dark Paſture of COCYTUS' Plains.
' Some at the Canopy their Care divide,
' Or hang with verd'rous Boughs the Portals wide;
' Or lift the richeſt Tap'ſtries of the Loom
' To grace with graphic Forms the bridal Room.
' And as ſuch Triumphs crown the Lover's Toils,
' Softens his grimly Face, relax'd in Smiles.
' Sage PHLEGETHON from Waves of torrent Flame
' Aroſe, while down his Features flaſh'd the Stream.

' A Train came next, to ſoothe the mourning Queen,
" Meek were their Looks, and modeſt was their Mien"
' From the fair Gardens of *Elyſian* Day
' They charm with cheerful Talk her Woes away!
' And bind her ſcatter'd Treſſes, and conceal
' Her mantling Bluſhes in a golden Veil.

' Burſting in wild and animated Notes
' Thro' the dead Gloom unuſual Muſic floats—
' Lo the pale Regions triumph at the Sound,
' And all the buried Nations dance around!
' The Manes grac'd with Wreaths protract the Feaſt,
' And fill'd with genial Cheer, the Shadows reſt.
' Hell ſtills her Groans and rariſies her Breath
' That charg'd the eternal Night with Blaſts of Death.
' MINOS ſuſpends the Terrors of his Urn,
' No Echoes ſcourge, no dying Sorrows mourn!
' The Gloom no tortur'd Ghoſts with Horror fill,
' And writh'd IXION—reſts upon his Wheel—
' See TANTALUS the Stream with Rapture caught
' Allays the thirſty Fever of his Throat;
' And TITYUS lifts his Monſter Limbs away
' From the nine Acres, where outſtretch'd he lay—
' While the fierce Vulture feels her Power repreſt,
' To ſcoop the living Banquet of his Breaſt;
' And, where no renovated Fibres riſe,
' To catch the bloody Morſel, vainly tries.

' Convivial Revels even the Furies hold
' (Their liſtening Snakes relax each placid Fold)
' No more their flaſhing Eyes in Madneſs roll,
' But ſparkle with the Spirit of the Bowl!
' From thoſe fell Lips, that pour'd the Threats of ['Woe,
' The Melodies of melting Muſick flow!
' And, while no ſanguine Torch betrays the Gloom,
' Lights of pure Flame the Canopies illume!

' No baleful Vapors from AVERNUS riſe,
' There the fleet Bird on eaſy Pinion flies—
' The Floods, that fence his ſable Jaws around,
' No more, to fright the Ear of Horror, ſound.
' Where roar'd rough ACHERON, ſee a milky Wave
' Sudden his Banks in gentle Murmurs lave—
' And flaunting o'er his purpling Lake of Wine,
' See verdant Ivy round COCYTUS twine!
' Each faultering Thread of Life the Fates renew,
' No ſacred Chorus mourns the broken Clue!
' With Sighs no Parents o'er the breathing Urn,
' Pay the laſt Honors to the Shade they mourn.
' No black Proceſſion breaks the City's Eaſe,
' No Battles rage, or Tempeſts ſweep the Seas.
' With Reeds old CHARON veil'd his Treſſes frore,
' Singing in Concert with each daſhing Oar.
' Now HESPER, mildly riſing thro' the Shade,
' Illum'd the Chambers of the fluttering Maid;
' There Night with ſtarry Boſom ſtood confeſt
' Sanction'd the genial Bed, the auſpicious Omens bleſt.
' And while the Good with generous Triumph glow'd,
' Thus thro' the Hall, th' plauſive Numbers flow'd.

" Hail JUNO—and thou, Brother, hail, and Son
" Of him, who thunders from the æthereal Throne!
" Sleep on, bleſt Lovers! May a happy Race
" Riſe the bleſt Offſpring of the warm Embrace!
" Lo CERES ſmiles upon theſe charm'd Abodes,
" As joyful Nature waits for future Gods.
" Sleep on *bleſt* Pair—in fond Embraces curl'd
" Create new Deities, to bleſs the World.

IDYLLIUM the THIRD.

L. 4. Ye Flowers, breathe ſickly Sweets o'er BION's Grave.

THE Diſtreſs of a modern *Greek* Lady, on the Death of her Brother, is finely repreſented in M. GUYS' entertaining Memoirs. Her Expreſſions of Sorrow are in the ſame romanticStrain with the Elegy before us: But they affect us with all the Force of genuine Pathos. The Reaſon is—the *Greek* Lady's Elegy contains *particular* Alluſions. The Flowers, &c. which ſhe invokes (in Fact every Thing around her) have an obvious Reference to the Perſon ſhe laments. The Garden of the Deceaſed is thus deſcribed. 'The Sea was ſeen from this Garden, which was ornamented by beautiful Flowers, Fruit-Trees, and an Area full of Birds. There was likewiſe a Reſervoir of Water recruited by the Sea, in which all Sorts of Fiſh were kept. This Garden, theſe Birds and Fiſh, were the Amuſement of the Sage who had been juſt torn from his Siſter and Friends. '*Where is my Brother?* (ſaid this deſpairing Siſter, as her Eyes wandered over the Garden) '*He is gone—has paſſed away like a Sha-*
'*dow—Ye Flowers which he cultivated with ſo*
'*much Pleaſure! Ye have already loſt the Freſh-*
'*neſs his Hand beſtowed!—Periſh with him!*
'*Droop and wither, even to the Root! Ye Fiſh,*
'*ſince ye have no longer a Maſter nor a Friend, to*
'*watch over your Preſervation, return ye to the*
'*great Waters! Return and ſeek uncertain Life!*
'*And ye little Birds, if ye may ſurvive your*
'*Grief, accompany my Sighs with your plaintive*
'*Songs! Thou peaceful Ocean, whoſe Surface be-*
'*gins to be diſturbed, art thou alſo ſenſible to my*
'*Sorrows?*' Then, turning towards her Slaves, ſhe ſaid: '*Weep, my Children, weep! Ye*
'*have loſt one who was kinder than a Father to*
'*you! My Brother is no more! Theſe Haunts,*
'*which his Preſence rendered ſo delightful, muſt*
'*now become the Reſidence of Gloom and Affliction!*'

L. 6. Expand, pale Hyacinth, thy letter'd Leaf.

OVID's Fable of *Hyacinthus* is well known.

—— *dj dj*
Flos habet inſcriptum, &c. &c.

The Hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai,
And calls the Tribute of APOLLO's *Sigh;*
Still on its Bloom the mournful Flower retains
The lovely Blue that dy'd the Stripling's Veins.
Luſiad. Book IX.

L. 39. The Trees reſign'd their Fruitage, at thy Death.

The following Lines from GAY's fifth Paſtoral, are a good Specimen of the Mock-Elegiac, and no bad Burleſque of the above.

Henceforth the Morn ſhall dewy Sorrow ſhed,
And Evening Tears upon the Graſs be ſpread.
The rolling Streams with watery Grief ſhall flow,
And Winds ſhall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as Autumn ſhall return,
The dropping Trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn!
This Seaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the Country's Pride,
For 'twas in Autumn BLOUZELINDA *died.*

Let us, however, compoſing our Countenances to a becoming Gravity, recollect old SPENSER's Numbers, which are meant as a ſerious Imitation of the *Greek* Elegiaſt.

The faded Locks fall from the lofty Oak,
The Flouds do gaſp, for dried is their Source,
And Flouds of Tears flow in their Stead perforce.
The mantled Meadows mourn
Their ſundry Colours torn.
The feeble Flocks in Field refuſe their former Food,
And hang their Heads as they would learn to weep:
The Beaſts in Foreſt wail, as they were Wood,
Except the Wolves that chaſe the wand'ring Sheep,
Now ſhe is gone that ſafely did 'em keep.

L. 47. Not with more Grief the Dolphin fill'd the Seas,

It is among the Stories of antient Naturaliſts, as well as Poets, that the Dolphin is delighted with Muſick. The Fiction was not only admitted into Poetry, but Natural Hiſtory.—PLINY hath recorded ſeveral Examples of the Dolphin's muſical Ear, and benevolent Feelings: See Book 9, C. 8.

ÆLIAN hath given us, in his lively Manner, many little detached Hiſtories of the Dolphin. He relates, in his 12th Book, C. 45, the well-known Story of ARION. In reſpect to this Paſſage, SCHOTTUS aſſures us, that he ſaw a ſimilar Inſtance of Fiſhes being allured by Muſick,

Quod oculis meis ſpectavi.

In the "Electra" of SOPHOCLES, Dolphins are deſcribed as gamboling round the *Grecian* Ships. The Paſſage in our Author alludes (according to LONGEPIERRE) to the Story of HESIOD, which is recorded in PLUTARCH. We are there informed, that a Gang of Aſſaſſins, having diſpatched the Poet, threw his Body into the Sea, which was received by a Shoal of Dolphins, and, on the Feſtival of

of NEPTUNE, conveyed by them to the Shore, near the City of MOLICRIA. Hence the Murderers were diſcovered, and brought to condign Puniſhment.

L. 51. Or faithful Cerylus ———

The Cerylus was a very extraordinary Bird of Antiquity—much celebrated for conjugal Affection. It is ſaid that when he grew old and feeble, his Spouſe was accuſtomed to carry him about on her Wings; and that, on the Death of either, the Survivor was obſerved to hover over the Spot where the dead Bird lay, uttering for a conſiderable Time, the moſt miſerable Cries.

HESKIN.

L. 53. Or MEMNON's ſcreaming Birds ———

For an Account of theſe Birds, ſee PLINY, B. 10, C. 36th, and OVID, Metam. B. 13. Fab. 3.

Terque rogum luſtrant, et conſonus exit in auras
Plangor. LONGEPIERRE.

The Introduction of the feathered Race, mourning the Death of BION, reminds the Tranſlator of a very ſingular Idea in one of the Gothic Poets.—His blood-thirſty Hero, who had been a liberal Benefactor to the Birds of Prey, was fallen, in the Field of Battle—And 'for him' (cries the Poet)—

For him mourned all the Hawks of Heaven!

L. 71. And GALATEA, too, bewails thy Fate ——

The Poet here alludes, perhaps, to BION's IDYLL. on GALATEA; of which we have only a ſmall Fragment. LONGEPIERRE.

The diſcerning Reader will ſee frequent Alluſions in this IDYLLIUM to that of BION, on the Death of ADONIS.

L. 85. ——— MELES, muſical in Woe.

MELES, a River of IONIA, waſhes the Walls of SMYRNA, where BION was born. Here alſo was ſuppoſed to have been the Birth-place of HOMER.

L. 109. ——— and every Swain, &c. &c.

This and the five following Lines are a Tranſlation of ſix *Greek* Verſes which were not in the old Editions of MOSCHUS. MUSURUS of CRETE, is ſaid by ſome Critics to have written, and inſerted them in this Place, to make up the Deficiency of the Original. SCALIGER thinks them genuine.

SICELIDAS, LYCIDAS and PHILETAS have been already introduced to us, in the ſeventh IDYLLIUM.

L. 127. Ah! ah! the Breath of Spring their Life renews,
And bids them flouriſh, in their former Hues.

C. PEDO ALBINOVANUS hath the ſame Sentiment on the Death of MÆCENAS.

Redditur arboribus florens revirentibus ætas.
Ergo non homini quod fuit ante redit?

Thus alſo CATULLUS:

Soles occidere & redire poſſunt:
Nobis cum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.

And SPENSER:

Whence is it that the Flow'ret of the Field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winter's Bale?
Yet ſoon as Spring his Mantle hath diſplay'd,
It flow'reth freſh, as it ſhould never fail,
But Thing on Earth that is of moſt Avail,
As Virtue's Branch, and Beauty's Bud,
Reliven not for any Good.

'Man cometh up (ſays JOB) like a Flower, and is cut down. There is Hope of a Tree if it be cut down, that it will ſprout again, and that the tender Branch thereof will not ceaſe. But Man dieth and waſteth away; yea, Man giveth up the Ghoſt, and where is he? He lieth down, and riſeth not, 'till the Heavens be no more.' Chap. 14.

HESKIN.

Even this laſt Paſſage (from the ſacred Volume) is ſcarce ſuperior, in the Tranſlator's Opinion, to MOSCHUS's inimitable Lines:

Αι αι, ται μαλαχαι μεν οταν καλα καπνος ολωνται,
Η τα χλωρα ζελινα, το τ' ευθαλες υλον αηδον,
Υστερον αυ ζωουσι, κ' εις ετος αλλο φυουσι·
Ημεις δ' οι μεγαλοι κ' καρτεροι η Σοφοι ανδρες,
Οππολε περσωμες, ανακτοι εν χθονι κοιλα
Ευδομες εν μακρον ατερμονα νηγρετον υπνον.

LANGHORNE, in his elegant Obſervations on COLLINS, hath intimated, that 'there is ſurely ſome powerful Charm in the liquid Melody of Sounds; ſince he could never read or hear the following Verſe repeated without a Degree of Pleaſure, otherwiſe entirely unaccountable'——

Their Eyes, blue Languiſh, and their golden Hair.

Were the Tranſlator to memorize his Feelings in this Manner, he might be accuſed by the ſeverer Critic, of Affectation or Vanity. Yet he cannot ſuppreſs himſelf.

There

There is ſo refined a Pleaſure in recollecting thoſe *Pierian* Days.

(Pierioſque dies, et amantes carmina ſomnos)

when no Incident occurs, to interrupt the Deluſions of the Muſe, that he eagerly retraces the Senſations he felt, on firſt peruſing theſe beautiful Lines of MOSCHUS. Theſe were the very firſt Verſes that charmed him in the *Greek* Language, as (he well remembers) GRAY's Ode, 'on a diſtant Proſpect of ETON College,' were the firſt that delighted him, in his own.

The Sentiment is obvious. Neither PEDO ALBINOVANUS, CATULLUS, or SPENSER, are to be ſuſpected of Imitation. But there is ſuch Energy of Expreſſion, ſuch a muſical Cadence, ſuch a melting Melody, and ſuch an Air of Solemnity at every Pauſe, in this wonderful Paſſage, that its Parallel can ſcarcely be found in the *Greek* Poetry.

L. 153. She once, amidſt theſe golden Meadows, play'd.

——— *not that fair Field*
Of ENNA, *where* PROSERPINE *gathering Flowers,*
Herſelf a fairer Flower, by gloomy DIS
Was gather'd; which coſt CERES *all that Pain*
To ſeek her through the World.
Paradiſe Loſt, B. 4.

IDYLLIUM the FOURTH.

L. 25. But as a hapleſs Bird her Young bewails.

IN the *Hercules Furens* of EURIPIDES, AMPHITRYON is compared by the Chorus to a Bird that bewails its

Loſt unfeather'd Young.

There is no Doubt but our Author had this Place in View; and, indeed, many other Paſſages of the Tragedy in Queſtion.

L. 55. But thou, like Water, art diſſolv'd away.

This Expreſſion is much in the Style of the *Hebrew* Writers. See JOSHUA: 'Wherefore the Hearts of the People melted, and became as Water.' Chap. 7, V. 5. And Pſalms: 'I am poured out like Water:—My Heart alſo in the midſt of my Body is even like melting Wax.' Chap. 22, V. 14. 'Let them fall away, like Water that runneth apace.' Chap. 58, V. 6.

HESKIN.

L. 80. Its own mark'd Ills—'ſufficient to the Day?'

'Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof.' See MATTHEW, Chap. V. 34.

L. 83. But I excuſe thy ever-pining Care, &c. &c.

The Tranſlator hath aimed, in this Dialogue, (as in ſome of the narrative Parts of THEOCRITUS) at a certain Degree of Looſeneſs and Incompactneſs—the Lines flowing careleſsly into each other, the better to expreſs the Negligence and unembaraſſed Air of Converſation. The ſame Manner is attempted in the 25th IDYLLIUM of THEOCRITUS, where HERCULES relates his Conflict with the *Nemean* Lion.

IDYLLIUM the FIFTH.

'THE Choice' (and indeed 'the Addreſs to the Evening Star'—ſeventh IDYL.) hath much pictoreſque Beauty. This has been ſeldom aimed at, by the Antients, in any little Compoſition. In the Anthologia we have ſcarce an Inſtance of ſtill-life Painting pure and unmixed. The IDYLLIUM before us is in the Style of the modern Sonnet. The Tranſlator hath attempted ſomething, not very unlike it in a Publication entitled "PICTURES FROM NATURE." His Sketch of an autumnal Evening, he ſhall beg Leave to inſert in this Place.

SONNET the FOURTEENTH.

See the light Breeze the quivering Aſpin ſtirs,
Whoſe ſnowy Bark and yellow Foliage throw
Their mingled Glimmering thro' the ruſſet Row
Of ſtripling Oaks, and Green-inveſted Firs!
Yet Fancy, with delighted Voice avers,
That to the Muſe's Eye new Beauties flow;
For, as the Charms of melting Color glow,
The ſweet Deluſion of the Scene is hers!
And ſee that Cloud empurpled ſails away,
And on its ſoft and fleecy Fragments ſteal
Faint lilac Tints, while now the weſtering Day
Scarce flings, amid this variegated Vale,
Thro' yon' cleft Rock, a twilight-tinctur'd Ray
To meet the feebler Glance of Heſper pale!

NOTES

NOTES
ON
TYRTÆUS.

ELEGY the FIRST.

L. 1. I would not value, or tranſmit the Fame,

SUCH (as we have before had Occaſion to obſerve) was the peculiar Office of the Αοιδοι—the Rhapſodiſts of antient GREECE—who, in the early Periods of her Civilization, were Characters of the firſt Diſtinction. They much reſembled, in reſpect to their Profeſſion, the BARDI of the Northern Nations. The Manners and Policy of the *Celtæ* were formed and ſupported by the Influence of their BARDS, whoſe heroic Hymns were alike the Incentives to Virtue, and the Records of her Exploits. Βαρδοι μεν υμνηται ſays STRABO, B. 4. DIODORUS SICULUS calls them Ποιηταιμελων, Book 5. Thus alſo AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS: *BARDI quidem fortia virorum illuſtrium facta heroicis compoſita verſibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantitarunt.* Book 15, C. 9.

And the Poet LUCAN ſings, in Conſonance with the Hiſtorians:

Vos, quoque, qui fortes animos belloque peremptos
Laudibus in longum vates diffunditis ævum,
Plurima ſecuri fudiſtis carmina BARDI.
Pharſal. B. 1.

In the mean Time the Poems of OSSIAN, and other Compoſitions, of a like Nature, abound with Tranſactions, Examples, and Alluſions, that evince the Dignity of theſe venerable Perſonages.

From the Characters of the BARDI we may form a juſt Idea of the Αοιδοι, as they exiſted in the earlier Ages of GREECE. Such were ORPHEUS, TYRTÆUS, and HOMER.

As ORPHEUS was the firſt diſtinguiſhed Rhapſodiſt of GREECE, (whom PINDAR calls πατερα αοιδας) he may here deſerve our particular Attention. The Hiſtoriographer and the Poet have profuſely celebrated the Name of ORPHEUS, in whom we have been taught to view the ſeveral Characters united of the Rhapſodiſt, the Legiſlator, and the Prieſt. Amidſt the Legends of Superſtition, it is in vain we ſearch for well-authenticated Truths. But (we are told) it was ORPHEUS who introduced into GREECE the firſt Elements of Civilization—who ſoothed the boiſterous Paſſions by the Muſic of his Lyre, drew the uninſtructed Multitude from the Wilds of Barbarity and Rapine into the Paths of meliorated Society, and infuſed into their Minds the true Notions of Morality and Legiſlation. He inſtructed them in the holy Myſteries*—*ſacer interpreſque Deorum.* He was the Inventor† of the ſacred Hymn—the firſt Teacher of Polytheiſm.§ To the religious Ceremonies of OSIRIS and ISIS, tranſplanted by him from ÆGYPT‡ into GREECE, under the Names of BACCHUS and CERES, he is ſaid to have added Myſteries of his own, in which the Initiated were called Ορφιωτελεσται Of his Age we have uncertain Accounts; though ſome Critics have been inclined to fix it to the Time of GIDEON, one of the Judges of ISRAEL. All theſe are doubtful Facts—inveloped in the Darkneſs of Conjecture and fabulous Tradition.

In reſpect to the Works of ORPHEUS, the Controverſy hath been carried to ſo tedious a Length, that to touch on the leading

 Circumſtances

* ARISTOPHANES Βατραχοι—Act 4, Scene 2. HORACE, Epiſt. ad Piſon.
† Schol. in HESIOD. § JUSTIN MARTYR, Parænes. 1. ‡ See DIODORUS, Bibl. B. 1.

Circumſtances of it, would be, inſtead of a Note, to write a Volume. The principal Work attributed to ORPHEUS, is the ARGONAUTICA; which, according to RUHNKENIUS, is a very antient Poem, whether written by ORPHEUS, or (as ſome will have it) ONOMACRITUS, the *Athenian*. Not a Veſtige (ſays RUHNKENIUS) can be found in this Piece of an Age later than HOMER's. The *Indigitamenta*, or *Orphic* Hymns, are doubtleſs of very high Antiquity.* They are allowed by moſt Writers to be older than the Invaſion of GREECE by XERXES. They were, probably, a Set of Devotional Forms. —DEMOSTHENES hath cited a Paſſage from one of them, in his firſt Oration againſt ARISTOGEITON, as the Saying of ORPHEUS, the Founder of their holy Myſteries. Yet have the *Indigitamenta* been aſcribed alſo to ONOMACRITUS, by CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS and others; and GROTIUS conſiders them as the Effuſion of the PYTHAGOREANS, who profeſſed themſelves the Diſciples of our myſtic Poet.

The Poem Περι Λιθων is referred‖ by TYRWHITT to the Age of CONSTANTIUS. But the *Orphic* Fragments preſerved by JUSTIN MARTYR, EUSEBIUS, CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS, PROCLUS, MACROBIUS, and others, and collected by H. STEPHENS, are the Pieces which chiefly intereſt the Tranſlator. Whether *they were* compoſed by the real ORPHEUS, or by one of the later Sophiſts, they are unqueſtionably the Product of an elevated Mind. Let us ſuppoſe them to have been written by the hoary Prieſt of the Myſteries of GREECE. If the Suppoſition be unfounded, the Wanderings of the Fancy, are more pardonable than the Deviations of the Judgement. The Deluſions of Poetry may amuſe; but the Errors of Criticiſm perplex, while they miſlead. Let us imagine, therefore, our holy Rhapſodiſt attuning theſe Poems to his Harp, in the midſt of his initiated Diſciples. Struck by the awful Minſtrelſy, let us catch the Enthuſiaſm of the Religioniſt—the Fervors of Inſpiration! Here, indeed, we may recognize the Features of a Muſe 'that ſoared above the *Aonian* Mount'——and

——— *on the ſacred Top*
Of OREB *or of* SINAI *did inſpire,*
That Shepherd, who firſt taught the choſen Seed
In the Beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Roſe out of CHAOS.

In theſe Fragments we may perceive a Theology, whoſe Source is clearly diſtinguiſhable in the Writings of MOSES. The Unity of the Godhead was the grand Secret of the Myſteries. Such a Notion (as it might have been drawn from the Light of Reaſon) we by no means deduce from Scripture or Tradition. But for the *Orphic* Attributes of the Divine Nature that are ſet forth with a wonderful Sublimity, we muſt recur to ſacred Writ—to the Revelations of the One incomprehenſible JEHOVAH!

What the *German* Editor ESCHENBACH ſo ſublimely ſays of the Hymns of ORPHEUS, may be more juſtly applied to the FRAGMENTS. Accidentally meeting with them, at LEIPSIC, he exclaims:

"*Theſaurum me reperiſſe credidi; et, profecto, theſaurum reperi . . Incredibile dictu quo me ſacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta iſta deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel ſolum horrorem incutere animo poteſt,* nocturnum. *Cum enim totam diem conſumpſerim in contemplando urbis ſplendore, et in adeundis, quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris doctis; ſola nox reſtabat, quam* ORPHEO *conſecrare potui. In abyſſum quendam myſteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis deſcendere videbar, quotieſcunque, ſilente mundo, ſolis vigilantibus aſtris et lunâ,* μελαινφαΐως *iſtos hymnos ad manus ſumpſi.*"

Let us now draw aſide the Veil! Let us approach with Reverence—Behold the venerable Figure—Liſten to the ſolemn Preludes of his Harp—And hark—he addreſſes MUSÆUS who ſtands foremoſt in the Groupe of the Initiated:——

FRAGMENT the FIRST.

'CLOSE, cloſe the Doors—away profaner Crew!
'My Strain flows only for the choſen few!
'Yet thou, MUSÆUS, lend a liſtening Ear;
'Son of the Silver Moon, in Silence, hear!
'Nor, while unveil'd the Oracles of Light,
'Graſp airy Forms, to ſink thy Soul in Night.
'O come, and, with Attention's ſtedfaſt Eye,
'Thro' the dark Lore intuitively pry;
'Ope to the holy Leſſons I impart,
'The ſecret Foldings of thy inmoſt Heart:

'Thy

* See GESNER's Prolegomena to his Edit. of ORPHEUS, for Information on this Subject.
‖ See his Edition of Περι Λιθων—Octavo, 1781.

'Thy Steps aſcending, the ſtrait Path be trod;
'And, lo, the World's ſole Sovereign, the ONE
'GOD!

'Know, then, ſelf-ſprung, He holds the eternal
'Throne;
'And all Creation owns His Hand alone!
'Thro' boundleſs Space diffus'd, thro' Earth and
'Skies,
'He lives, tho' viewleſs to our mortal Eyes!
'Yet, in His Sight, each Being ſtands diſplay'd;
'And every God, beſides, is but a Shade.
'Thro' Him, the Source of Ill in Good appears—
'War clad in Terrors, and Grief drench'd in Tears.
'Seek'ſt thou ſuch Myſteries, of cœleſtial Birth?
'Mark his pure Eſſence, ere commixt with Earth;
'Ere, ſhadowing the Supreme, the moulded Clay
'Start into mimic Shapes, to mar thy Way.

'Attend, my Son, attend, while I unfold
'The God, whoſe wide-ſpread Glories I behold!
'For, tho' His Spirit far eludes my Sight,
'I ſee His Footſteps and His Arm of Might!
'But round His Form a veiling Cloud he throws;
'To Mortals, ten deep Curtains interpoſe!
'Tho' all bend, trembling, to His awful Law,
'The Almighty Monarch no Man ever ſaw—
'But he, the Sole-begotten, whoſe high Race
'From CHALDEE's antient Progeny we trace;
'He, who the Courſes of the Planets knew,
'And ev'n deſcrib'd the rolling Circle true;
'Who of the Sphere the central Motion found,
'And mark'd it on its Axis wheeling round.

'HE rules the ſtormy Deep—the troubled Air—
'Graſps the wing'd Lightning, and expands the Glare!
'Behold, the Sovereign of the unbounded Skies,
'(While proſtrate Earth beneath his Footſtool lies)
'With Arm outſtretch'd o'er Ocean's utmoſt Wave,
'The deep Rock ſhatter'd, and the Mountain-Cave—
'Firm roots His golden Throne, tho' rent the Poles,
'And daſhing at its Baſe Creation rolls!

'HE—He alone, whoſe Power and Eſſence fill
'The Heavens, holds Earth obedient to His Will!
'He ſees—Himſelf the Firſt! Himſelf the Laſt!—
'The Future, as the Preſent and the Paſt.
'So, in the Days of old, the Sages ſung:
'And ſo, the Child from ruſh-clad Waters ſprung—
'The Teacher, who JEHOVAH's Glory ſaw,
'While Heaven in Thunder op'd the twofold
'Law.

'Thus far, the Secrets of the High Supreme
'I tell—but let us cloſe the dreadful Theme!
'Lo! o'er the Scene myſterious Darkneſs ſwims;
'Chill Terror freezing, as I ſpeak, my Limbs!
'Son! in thy Boſom hide theſe Precepts deep:
'In Silence the divine Depoſit keep.
'Speak not, my Son! but, fill'd with holy Fear,
'Muſe on ſuch Truths as ſuit no vulgar Ear.

FRAGMENT the SECOND.

'KING of the ætherial Heights, and Earth below,
'Who bidſt the great Expanſe of Waters flow;
'Whoſe Eye pervades the Depths of HADES' Gloom,
'Whoſe pealing Thunder ſhakes OLYMPUS' Dome;
'Whom briſtling Demons dread, and every God
'Reveres; ev'n Fate all-bending, at thy Nod—
'Immortal Sire, whoſe Anger, as it ſhrouds
'The whole incumbent Atmoſphere in Clouds,
'Sudden (whilſt in a Flaſh all Heaven deſcends)
'With vollied Whirlwinds the broad Æther rends!
'Thou reigneſt, in eternal Order great,
'Amid the Stars immutable thy Seat!
'Angels around thy bright Pavilion ſtand,
'And watch the Sons of Earth at thy Command!
'Freſhly thy Spring its purple Flower relumes,
'And, lo, in Clouds of Cold thy Winter glooms;
'Clouds, which, as erſt he bade his Revels riſe,
'Gay BACCHUS ſcatter'd o'er the autumnal Skies!

* * * * * * *

FRAGMENT the THIRD.

'ETERNAL and unutterable Name,
'Which ev'n the Immortals tremble to proclaim!
'Come Thou, while ſtern Neceſſity and Fate
'The dreadful Sanction of thy Will await;
'Firſt of the Deities, who know'ſt no Bounds,
'Whom Æther, in Infinitude, ſurrounds—
'Come, holy Spirit, open thy pure Ear,
'And the deep Myſteries of Creation hear!

* * * * * * *

For an Account of our Rhapſodiſt TYRTÆUS, ſee Diſſertation.

According to Sir ISAAC NEWTON's Chronology, TYRTÆUS was born a few Years before the Foundation of ROME; about two hundred Years before the *Peloponneſian* War, or Age of SOCRATES; and about one hundred Years after LYCURGUS had eſtabliſhed in SPARTA thoſe Laws and Inſtitutions, by a religious Obſervation of which, the *Lacedæmonians* became, in Proceſs of Time, the moſt warlike of all Nations. See *Glaſgow* Edit. of TYRTÆUS, 1760.

Many of the Pieces of SOLON now extant, were evidently written for the Purpoſe of inſpiring the *Athenian* People with the Love of Liberty aud Virtue. It is well known that SOLON's Poetry had the Power of rekindling the Spirit of the *Athenians* drooping in conſequence of their Ill-ſucceſs, in War; and that, hence, they gained the Victory over their Enemies.

But long after theſe Times, the Siſter-Arts of Poetry and Muſick preſerved their Union in GREECE, though in an inferior Degree.

Poets

Poets were all Muſicians. The Effect, therefore, of ſuch Harmony muſt have exceeded any Thing we can experience at the preſent Day. Yet have we aſtoniſhing Stories told us even of modern Artiſts. If the *Grecian* ORPHEUS and TYRTÆUS could civilize a Multitude, or animate an Army to Victory, the *Italian* PALMA and STRADELLA could ſubdue by Muſick and Song the Avarice of the Creditor, or the Fury of the Aſſaſſin.

L. 32. He rules, intrepid Chief, the Waves of War.

Thus in LODBROG's Epicedium (afterwards referred to) *Armorum nimbo*—A Metaphor not very diſſimilar.

L. 34. His City by the beauteous Death renown'd.

We may infer, from the Effect of this fine poetical Portrait on the Imagination, that actual Paintings exhibited to the Eye, may poſſeſs the Power of influencing a military Character, even to ſuch a Degree as to operate on his Conduct. To gaze on the Picture of an expiring Hero, who died in Defence of his Country, muſt animate the Warrior with an Enthuſiaſm that burns to diſplay itſelf in the Energies of public Action, diſdaining the Shade of Obſcurity. 'The true Poet is a public Good.' Such alſo is the genuine hiſtoric Painter. Many a Soldier hath felt the Fervor of the Patriot, and the Hero, on viewing the Portrait of WOLFE. The Tranſlator hath often ſurveyed this exquiſite Piece with a Pleaſure which its Admirers in general have not, perhaps, experienced. Yet the claſſical Scholar muſt have remarked, (though the Tranſlator hath no where ſeen the Obſervation) that the Death of WOLFE, at the Siege of QUEBEC, reſembles, in all its Circumſtances, that of BRASIDAS before the Walls of AMPHIPOLIS.—The Points of Similarity are ſurprizing. The Leaders of the oppoſite Armies, CLEON and BRASIDAS, both fell at AMPHIPOLIS. The two Commanders, MONTCALM and WOLFE, fell at QUEBEC, in AMERICA. The *Athenians* fled, as BRASIDAS was dying—the *French* fled, as WOLFE was expiring. BRASIDAS, ſupported by his Soldiers, being told that his Men were victorious, died in Tranquillity. WOLFE, being informed that the *French* ran, ſunk on the Breaſt of the Soldier who was ſupporting him, and exclaimed, I die happy. THUCYDIDES thus relates the Death of BRASIDAS, which, with the ſlighteſt Alteration, would apply to that of WOLFE.

Οι δε, τον Βρασιδαν αραντες εκ της μαχης, κ) διασωσαντες, ες την πολιν ετι εμπνουν εσεκομισαν. κ) ησθετο μεν οτι νικωσιν οι μετ' αυτου, ου πολυ δε διαλιπων ετελευτησε.

L. 38. His Country's heavy Grief bedews the Grave.

What Reader of Taſte but recollects with Delight that beautiful Ode of COLLINS:

How ſleep the Brave who ſink to Reſt,
By all their Country's Wiſhes bleſt! &c. &c.

L. 41. Tho' mix'd with Earth ———

—Υπο Γης rather means, indeed, *in the infernal Regions.*

L. 44. How firm the Hero ſtood, how calm he fell!

—Borrowed from a beautiful Epitaph, which the Tranſlator highly values, both for the Sake of its Author, and of him to whom it was dedicated.

——— *Piety, in Tears of Joy ſhall tell,*
How firm the Chriſtian ſtood! how calm He fell!

L. 55. Nor would in Thought diſhonour ——

Credebant hoc grande nefas et morte piandum
Si juvenis ſenio non aſſurrexerat—

obſerves the moſt ſenſible Poet of Antiquity.

L. 56. The hoary Soldier of the well-fought Field.

This Paſſage recalls to the Tranſlator's Memory GOLDSMITH's fine Painting of the old Soldier:

Shoulder'd his Crutch and ſhow'd how Fields
were won ——

ELEGY the SECOND.

L. 11. When, to defend a trembling Wife, we bleed.

ACcording to ARISTOTLE, the Love of War and of Women is combined in the Character of barbarous Nations. That Women were of great political Importance in antient GERMANY and GAUL, we learn from TACITUS and PLUTARCH. They enjoyed, alſo, diſtinguiſhed Privileges under the *Gothic* Conſtitutions. This was probably the Caſe in the earlier Ages of GREECE, when the true Spirit of Heroiſm and Independence pervaded her States. It is an

Honor

Honor and an Ornament to a Man, (ſays TYRTÆUS) to fight in Defence of his Country, his Children, and his *tender Wife*. We may obſerve, that the Grandeur of *extenſive* Dominion is no where held out to the warlike Youth, as an Incentive to Action. No ſuch Sentiment occurs in TYRTÆUS. The *Lacedæmonians* are the only Inſtance, perhaps, on Record, of a military People, who, by Syſtem, abſtained from Conqueſt. Our Poet, therefore, breathes the true Spirit of SPARTA. The Place of his Birth is a Subject of Diſpute. But may we not preſume, from a Sort of Internal Evidence in his Poems, that he was a *Spartan*, by Inſtitution?

L. 13. What Time the Fates ordain, pale Death appears.

Fataliſm ſeems to have been the prevailing Principle of Action, in all warlike Nations. The *Turks* are, at preſent, the moſt remarkable for their Belief in a Predetermination of Events. Hence, though not conſtitutionally brave, they have been known to fight in the moſt daring Manner; aſſured that no Soldier ſhall fall in Battle, unleſs his Death be preordained. This Perſuaſion obtains much among our own Soldiers and Seamen; and the Tranſlator hath heard a Chaplain of the Navy obſerve, that he had always made a Point of encouraging it, having inculcated, on every Occaſion, the Doctrine of Predeſtination.

The Followers of ODIN annexed to their Ideas of Fataliſm, a Notion, that thoſe who fell in Battle would be eminently rewarded in a future State. Indeed Courage was almoſt their only Virtue.

The 'Epicedium, or Funeral Song,' compoſed, at the Hour of Death, by REGNER LODBROG, (one of the Kings of DENMARK, who was an eminent Scalder or Poet, in the eighth Century) contains many heroic Sentiments, much reſembling thoſe of TYRTÆUS. This curious Monument of *Gothic* Poetry is preſerved, and literally tranſlated into *Latin* by OLAUS WORMIUS, in his Book *de Literaturâ Runicâ*.

The Tranſlator preſents his Readers with a haſty Verſion of the concluding Part of the Poem.

'WHAT's ſurer to the Warrior brave,
'Than to meet Death's griſly Form—
'Tho' he ſeem to mock the Grave,
'Firm amidſt the Battle's Storm?

'He alone in Sorrow dies,
'Who hath never felt a Pang!
'Lo, where pale the Daſtard flies,
'Eagles ſtretch the bloody Fang.

'Life its lingering Light in vain
'To the coward Soul affords;
'While he dreads the carnag'd Plain,
'Trembling at the Sport of Swords.

'Fairly match'd to Battle go:
'This is glorious—this is great!
'Striplings, deal the mutual Blow,
'Nor let Man from Man retreat.

'Long was this the Warrior's Fame—
'Foremoſt in the Roar of Arms!
'Till ſuch Valor marks thy Name,
'*Claim not thou the Virgin's Charms!

'Led by Deſtiny, we fight;
'And if Fate our Being bound,
'Seldom 'tis in mortal Might
'To o'erſtop the iron Mound.

'Little did my Heart forebode
'ELLA'S† Power to take my Life,
'On the Day when Vengeance glow'd,
'Snuffing wild the hoſtile Strife;

'Fainting when I cover'd o'er
'Torrents of my ſever'd Blood;
'And, in haſte, from off the Shore
'Puſh'd my Bark into the Flood.

'Then, on every *Scottiſh* Bay,
'All in Triumph, had we ſpread
'The Repaſt for Beaſts of Prey
'Gorg'd with Bodies of the Dead.

'Yet I glory!—yet I laugh!
'Since I know, while now I fall,
'With my Comrades I ſhall quaff
'Mantling Ale, in BALDER's Hall.

'Yes! on many a feſtal Bench—
'Yes! our Joys ſhall then be full,
'When our Thirſt we ſhouting quench
'From the Foeman's hollow Skull.

'Courage never drooping there
'Groan'd at Death, in ODIN's Dome!
'Nor with Accents of Deſpair
'To the deſtin'd Hall I come.

* *None but the Brave deſerve the Fair.* DRYDEN.

† His Enemy, who had condemned him to Death.

'Now would all ASLAUGA's Race
'Ruſh to Battle, red with Ire,
'Could they ſee their Father's Face;
'Could they ſee their writhing Sire.

'To my Sons a Nurſe I've giv'n,
'Who with Valor fill'd their Heart—
'Ah! I feel my Body riv'n!
Ah! I feel the venom'd Smart!

'Many a Viper tears my Limbs;
'Lo! I hurry to my End!
'Dim in Death, each Eye-ball ſwims—
'Snakes my inmoſt Boſom rend!

'Yet, I truſt, my Sons will drench
'Swift their Spears in ELLA's Breaſt,
'From his Hands the Sceptre wrench;
'Nor repoſe in idle Reſt.

'Fifty Battles have I fought,
'Rearing the tall Standard high:
'And my early Youth was taught
'Deep in Blood the Sword to dye.

'Then I hop'd no earthly King
'More renown'd than I, drew Breath—
'Ah! I feel the mortal Sting!
'But I muſt not mourn my Death.

'The terrific DYSÆ call!
'Let me—let me cloſe my Song—
'ODIN ſent them from his Hall—
'How they beckon! how they throng!

'On a lofty Seat elate,
'I ſhall quaff the foaming Ale;
'With the Goddeſſes of Fate,
'And with ODIN's ſelf regale.

'Now my bright Career is run!
'Quivers yet my vital Fire!
'Gaſping—panting—lo! 'tis done!
'With a Smile I ſhall expire!

The Tranſlator is apprehenſive, that he hath already tired his Readers by the Extent of his Illuſtrations. He ſhall beg, however, to be indulged with the Liberty of citing a beautiful (though well-known) Paſſage from *claſſic* Hiſtory, by way of contraſting the characteriſtic Features of the *Daniſh* Monarch with thoſe of the *Roman* Emperor, at the Period of Diſſolution. In the one are diſcoverable the ſtern Lineaments of ferocious Triumph; in the other, the placid Traits of a ſportive Aïrineſs, with a light Shade of penſive Reflexion.

The dying ADRIAN to his Soul.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca.

PRIOR's Tranſlation.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering Thing!
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight, thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humorous Vein, thy pleaſing Folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And penſive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt, thou know'ſt not what.

POPE's Tranſlation.

Ah fleeting Spirit! wandering Fire
That long haſt warm'd my tender Breaſt!
Muſt thou no more this Frame inſpire!
No more a pleaſing, chearful Gueſt?
Whither, ah whither, art thou flying?
To what dark undiſcover'd Shore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhivering, dying—
And Wit and Humour are no more.

In the Tranſlator's Opinion, PRIOR's Verſion is infinitely ſuperior to POPE's, tho' there are ſome who have preferred the latter.

L. 20. Or yields, unwept, at home, his coward Breath.

We meet with the ſame Sentiments in OSSIAN's TEMORA.

'Go then, ye feeble Race! Knowledge with you there is none! Your Joys are weak, and like the Dreams of our Reſt, or the light-winged Thought that flies acroſs the Soul. Shall CATHMAR ſoon be low? Darkly laid in his narrow Houſe? where no Morning comes with her half-opened Eyes? Away thou Shade! to fight is mine! All further Thought away! I ruſh forth, on Eagle Wings, to ſeize my Beam of Fame. In the lonely Vale of Streams abides the narrow Soul. Years roll on, Seaſons return, but he is ſtill unknown. In a Blaſt comes cloudy Death, and lays his grey Head low.'

Book IV. P. 9.

ELEGY the THIRD.

THE Tranſlator had, at firſt, given a different Turn to this Piece, in which there is confeſſedly great Obſcurity. He is ſtill in Doubt whether a Verſion in the following Manner might not better expreſs the Sentiments of TYRTÆUS.

'YE

'YE are the Race of HERCULES—a Race
'Unvanquiſh'd in the Fight, and nobly proud:
'Then ſtand—for JOVE not yet averts his Face—
'Then ſtand, ſuperior to the hoſtile Crowd.

'Fear not, advancing to the bloody Striſe,
'Let each oppoſe his Buckler to the Foe!
'And, ready to reſign his Load of Life,
'Thro's Fate's dark Path, with Warrior-Spirit, go.

'Yet is that Path delightful to the Sun,
'His Radiance ſmiling on heroic Death!
'The military Courſe ye oft have run:
'Then lightly value Life's precarious Breath.

'For ye have ſeen, on many a toilſome Day,
'How ſad the ruthleſs Work of War appears;
'Seen Anger furious in the Battle's Bray,
'And MARS exulting in abundant Tears.

'For ye have known, full well, the Rage of War;
'Whether, o'erpower'd, your gaſping Squadron's
'bled,
'Or ſcatter'd o'er the purple Plains afar,
'Your Victor-Arms the Foe in Terror fled.'

If, as a learned Friend of the Tranſlator ſeems to think, the Verſion in the Text be a true Copy of the Original, this little Poem was addreſſed to a Band of Youth who had met with a Repulſe from the Enemy. They had, at one Time, been put to Flight; and, at another, been too eager to purſue;—both of which were accounted diſgraceful. The Poet exhorts them to be in Readineſs to lay down a Life that muſt be hateful to them; and meet the dark Deſtiny of Death, which the Sun would behold with Pleaſure, as delighting in the Grave of a Warrior.

One of the Commentators on TYRTÆUS remarks, that the Senſe of Ανγαισιν Κηρας, &c. (in the Original, Line the ſixth) is very obſcure. He explains the Paſſage thus:—"Look on Life as odious in the Light of the Sun, unleſs you conquer: But think that he will ſhine with Pleaſure on your fallen Bodies, however dark and gloomy Death may be to others."

L. 1. Yet are ye HERCULES' unconquer'd Race—

Thus we read in FINGAL, B. 4, P. 291. 'Go, ULLIN, go, my aged Bard, begun the King of MORVEN. Remind the haughty *Gaul* of War. *Remind him of his Fathers.* Support the yielding Fight with Song; for Song enlivens War.'

LYCURGUS (in his fine Oration publiſhed by H. STEPHENS, among the *Oratores Veteres*, Fol. 1572,) reminds the *Athenian* Judges *of the glorious Character of their Anceſtors*, their manly Sentiments and heroic Actions, their Contempt of Cowards, their Veneration for the Brave, and their Attachment to thoſe Poets, who, awakening and cheriſhing the Spirit of War, were the Ornament aad the Safeguard of their Country.

Οι μεν γαρ προγονοι τυς βαρβαρυς ενικησαν, &c.

See Note on Eleg. 4.

L. 30. Stand firm, and fix on Earth thy rooted Feet.

Here we ſee diſtinct Rules, in the Science of Tactics, It is probable, therefore, that theſe Pieces were repeated with a clear emphatic Tone, rather than ſung with a muſical Cadence. TACITUS informs us, that the *Germans* in their War-Songs, ſtudied a harſh unequal Sound. To produce this Effect, they applied their Shields to their Mouths in ſinging. Hence the Voice rebounded with an indiſtinct and ſwelling Murmur. If we may judge from OSSIAN, the *Caledonians* had a ſimilar Cuſtom. "He humm'd a ſurly Song, like the Noiſe of a falling Stream."

This, however, could not have been the Caſe with TYRTÆUS. We may infer, from the Nature of theſe Compoſitions, that not a Word was meant to be loſt, amidſt the Murmur of a muſical Recitative.

L. 48. Creſt ev'n to Creſt, and Helm to Helm——

Lance to Lance, and Horſe to Horſe.
GRAY's Bard.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

LYCURGUS, after having paid the higheſt Compliments to TYRTÆUS, (in the Oration already referred to) repeats the whole of this fourth Elegy.

——Ελεγεια ποιησας——(ſays he) ων ακουοντες παιδευονται προς ανδρειαν—And (in the Sentence preceding his Citation of the Piece before us) χρησιμον δ' εστι κ τυτων ακουσαι των ελεγειων ναεπισησθε οια ποιουντες ευδοκιμων παρ' εκεινοις.

L. 6. Far from his native Town and fertile Plain.

——*Nos dulcia linquimus arva*
Nos patriam fugimus. VIRGIL.

L. 15. To Hunger, and dire Infamy a Prey——

To bitter Scorn a Sacrifice
And grinning Infamy. GRAY.

L. 36. His ſilver Temples, and breathe out his Soul!

The Remainder is omitted in the Tranſlation, partly on Account of its Indelicacy; and partly, becauſe the ſame Expreſſions that conclude the Piece have already occurred.

PRIAM's Speech to HECTOR, Iliad B. 22, contains Sentiments not unlike the above:

Who dies, in Youth, and Vigor, dies the beſt,
Struck thro' with Wounds, all honeſt on the Breaſt.
But when the Fates, in Fullneſs of their Rage,
Spurn the hoar Head of unreſiſting Age,
In Duſt the reverend Lineaments deform,
And pour to Dogs the Life-Blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is Miſery! the laſt, the worſt
That Man can feel; Man, fated to be curſt!

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